THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Booth Tarkington's List

IN OUR last issue we printed a paper on "Choosing the Children's Library," and some paragraphs about the books that had made the greatest impression on the mind of Kate Douglas Wiggin in her childhood. There was no one, we felt, in the country today better fitted to speak of books from the girl's point of view than the author of *Rebecca;* and we are equally sure that there is no one better fitted to express the boy's opinion than the creator of "Penrod." Mr. Tarkington confesses that his recollection is perhaps a little faulty, but heads his list of ten with *Les Miserables.* Then he has written The Bible, but has partially scratched it out with the comment "sorry to annul—but conscience, conscience!" Then, in turn, come *Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, Ivanhoe, Ragged Dick, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Little Men, Deadwood Dick,* and Goodrich's *History of England.* "Perhaps," adds Mr. Tarkington, "from another standpoint, the first six should be altered to:

1. Munroe's First Reader.
2. Munroe's Second Reader.
3. Munroe's Third Reader.
4. Munroe's Fourth Reader.
5. Munroe's Fifth Reader.
6. Munroe's Sixth Reader.

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"However," Mr. Tarkington goes on to say, "my more considered belief is that you asked me to name ten books helpful to the male young—or necessary to their poetic and fictional *Kultur.* In that case:

1. Huckleberry Finn.
2. The Prince and the Pauper.
3. Life on the Mississippi.
4. Joan of Arc (Mark Twain).
5. Rhymes of Childhood (Riley).
6. Ivanhoe.
7. Kidnapped.
8. Robinson Crusoe.
9. Uncle Remus.
10. Gold (Stewart Edward White).

"Of course this is a 'literary' selection. I could make a list that boys would more enjoy, I suppose. In that case I should substitute Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville books for some of the aforementioned, and also add *Deadwood Dick, Tom Sawyer, Treasure Island,* and various modern substitutes for 'Beadle's Dime Library' classics, of which I always considered the 'Deadwood Dick' series the most worthy and fascinating."

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Zola's Methods

In the second edition of *Affirmations,* which has just been issued by the Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, Mr. Havelock Ellis has presented studies of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova, and St. Francis of Assisi. In his picture of Emile Zola he contrasts the French realist's method of

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studying life with that of Tolstoy. When Zola wished to describe a great house he sat outside the palatial residence of M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, and imagined for himself the luxurious fittings inside, discovering in after years that his description had come far short of the reality. Before writing *Nana* he obtained an introduction to a courtesan, with whom he was privileged to lunch; his laborious preparation for the wonderful account of the war of 1870, in *La Débâcle,* was purely one of books, documents, and second-hand experiences; when he wished to write of labour he went to the mines and to the fields, but never appears to have done a day's manual work. "Zola's literary methods," suggests Mr. Ellis, "are those of the *parvenu* who has tried to thrust himself in from outside, who has never been seated at the table of life, who has never really lived. That is their weakness. It is also their virtue. There is no sense of satiety in Zola's work as there is in Tolstoy's." Another phase of Zola is reflected in James Huneker's *Ivory Apes and Peacocks* (Charles Scribner's Sons). That is Zola as "best seller." Mr. Huneker finds the figures for the sale of Zola up to the end of 1911 very instructive. The collected works number forty-eight volumes. Of the Rougon-Macquart series 1,964,000 have been sold; other novels 764,000; essays and various works bring the total to 2,750,000, approximately. In a word, a few years hence Zola will easily pass 3,000,000. *Nana* still holds its own as the leader of the list, 215,000; *La Terre,* 162,000; *L'Assommoir,* 162,000. Mr. Huneker thinks that this would seem to prove what Zola's critics have asserted: that books in which coarse scenes are treated have sold and continue to sell better than his finer work, *L'Œuvre,* for example, which has achieved only 71,000. But *L'Assommoir* is Zola at his best. "And then how about *La Débâcle,* which has 229,000 copies to its credit? The answer is that patriotism played a greater rôle in the fortune of this work than did vulgar curiosity in the case of the others." Another popular book, *Germinal,* shows 132,000.

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In 1893, Mr. Huneker tells us, the figures for the prinicpal novels of Zola stood thus: *Nana,* 160,000; *L'Assommoir,* 127,000; *La Débâcle,* 143,000; *Germinal,* 88,000; *La Terre,* 100,000; *La Bête Humaine,* 83,000; the same number for *Le Rêve; Pot-Bouille,* 82,000; whereas *L'Œuvre* only counted 55,000; *La Conquête de Plassans,* 25,000; *La Curée,* 36,000, and *La Joie de Vivre,* 44,000. *La Terre,* then, the most unmentionable story of them all, has jumped since 1893 to the end of 1911 from 100,000 to 215,000, whereas *L'Œuvre* moved only from 55,000 to 71,000 in fourteen years. In addition Zola was paid large sums for the serial rights. *Nana,* in *Voltaire,* brought 20,000 francs; *Pot-Bouille,* in *Gaulois,* 30,000 francs; *Bonheur des Dames, La Joie de Vivre, Germinal, L'Œuvre, La Terre,* in *Gil Blas,* each 20,000 francs; *L'Argent,* in the same journal, 30,000 francs; *Le Rêve,* in the *Revue Illustrée,* 25,000 francs; *La Bête Humaine,* in *Vie Populaire,* 25,000 francs; *La Débâcle,* in the same, 30,000 francs, and *Docteur Pascal* in *Revue Hebdomadaire,* 35,000 francs. That amounts to about 300,000 francs. Each novel cost from 20,000 to 25,000 francs for rights of reproduction, and to all this must be added about 500,000 francs for the theatrical works, making a total of 1,600,000 francs.

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From Zola the money maker, Mr. Huneker turns to Guy de Maupassant and that writer's earnings from his pen. Maupassant was paid one franc a line for his novels in the periodicals, and five hundred francs for the newspaper rights of publication only; good prices in the Paris of twenty-five years ago. "His annual income was about 28,000 to 35,000 francs, and it kept up for at least ten years. A table shows us that to December, 1891, the sale of his books was as follows: short stories, 169,000; novels, 180,000; travel, 24,000; in all 373,000 volumes. Maupassant was even for these

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GEORGE STERLING STEWART EDWARD WHITE JACK LONDON GEORGE ADE HARRY LEON WILSON ERNEST PEIXOTTO

A LITERARY GROUP AT THE "JINKS" OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

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days of swollen figures a big "seller." His mother has an income of 5,000 francs, but she far excelled the amount in her living expenses. Guy was an admirable son—tender, thoughtful, and generous. He made her an allowance, and at his death left her in comfort, if not actually wealthy. She died at Nice, December 8, 1904, his father surviving Guy until 1899." In connection with the tragic hours that preceded de Maupassant's death in a madhouse in July, 1893, Mr. Huneker records that the only pleasure the shattered writer experienced was the hallucination of bands of black butterflies that seemed to sweep across his room. M. Maynial, in his biography of a few years ago, did not tell of the black butterflies. But Mr. Huneker writes that he can vouch for the truth of the hallucination, as he heard the story from Lasalle, the French baritone, a friend of Maupassant's.

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As a boy Mr. Huneker paid a visit to Walt Whitman. It was some time after the fourth of July, 1877, and to the poet's house on Mickle Street, Camden, the visitor was directed by a policeman at the ferry. A ring at the bell, and the old man appeared, and cordially invited the youth to enter. But here is Mr. Huneker's story.

"Walt," I said, for I had heard that he disliked a more ceremonious prefix, "I've come to tell you how much the *Leaves* have meant to me." "Ah!" he simply replied, and asked me to take a chair. To this hour I can see the humble room, but when I try to recall our conversation I fail. That it was on general literary subjects I know, but the main theme was myself. In five minutes Walt had pumped me dry. He did it in his quiet, sympathetic way and, with the egoism of my age, I was not averse from relating to him the adventures of my soul. That Walt was a fluent talker one need but read his memoirs by Horace Traubel. Witness his tart allusion to Swinburne's criticism of himself: "Isn't he the damnedest simulacrum?" But he was a sphinx the first time I met him. I do recall that he said Poe wrote too much in a dark cellar, and that music was his chief recreation—of which art he knew nothing; it served him as a sounding background for his pencil improvisations. I begged him for an autograph. He told me of his interest in a certain asylum or hospital, whose name has gone clean out of my mind, and I paid my few dollars for the treasured signature. It is now one of my literary treasures.

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Vance Thompson

From James Huneker it is natural to turn to Vance Thompson, for, since the days when the world was young and in Paris and New York they hunted together for the vanished Bohemia, the two have been firm and fast friends. To Vance Thompson Mr. Huneker dedicated his *Book of Images*. In the *New Cosmopolis,* which was discussed in THE BOOKMAN last spring, there was a line which read: "Nothing can prove to me that either my Burgundy or my Bordeaux palate has deteriorated." Whether Mr. Thompson agrees with Mr. Huneker on the discrimination of the latter's palate is another matter. On Burgundies and Bordeaux in general, and "Burgundy men" in particular, Mr. Thompson has very definite views to which he gives expression in his new book, *Drink and Be Sober*. Also he has something to say on the subject of beer. "Can you," he asks, "buy a glass of pure beer, made of malt and hops in the United States? I doubt it—since a little old man, a beer enthusiast, died over on Staten Island a little while ago. He was of German extraction, having been painlessly extracted from Germany in his early youth. He came to Staten Island long ago. In the little garden behind his house he set up a domestic brewery and there—in this age of adulteration—he brewed a real beer. But he is dead, the little man, and he left no son."

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Particularly vigourous is Mr. Thompson in his denunciation of cider. It is a bad drink, he says. "It does not broaden a man out as beer does, or set him dancing-gay like wine. It hardens

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him and corrodes. In the end it makes for the madness, so common in the cider countries, of melancholia, which is a darker, down-going madness. But before that end it acts curiously on the man. It begets none of the wine-y and beery 'generosity'—the carelessness of possessing of which I have written. It breeds, rather, a curious, ingrowing selfishness. It is the father of avarice. They are tight folk, in a twin-sense of the word, those cider drinkers. And it is the 'father of liver,' as the Latin poet said; for this form of alcoholic poison produces a harsh and crabbed kind of envy. They are an envious, hard, ill-contented lot and avaricious. It is worse than wine, it is more fatally active than beer—it is, in a word or two, the worst of the three brothers. We drink wine to be gay and beer to be emotionally loosened. But he who drinks hard cider drinks it for the one compelling reason that he would fain be sourly drunk. On that dirty little rustic brother of the 'mild drink' family the law should lay a heavy hand."

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E. L. Reizenstein

The days of the sudden winning of large fortunes are by no means past, as the publication this month of Elmer L. Reizenstein's *On Trial,* in "novelised" form, reminds us. The story of Mr. Reizenstein's success almost in the proverbial single night is the most encouraging instance for the struggling young writer of which we have heard recently. Mr. Reizenstein is a young man, twenty-three years of age, who received, as he writes, just enough education to make him unfit for manual labour. Starting at the age of fifteen in a business office, he sought refuge from the competitive struggle which he detested in the study of law—"that haven of waifs and strays," as he again most picturesquely writes about himself and his doings. For five years he applied himself at this work, in the meantime of course supporting himself, and at the end of that time had successfully removed all the obstacles which impeded the path of the young aspirant to the precincts of the bar. At this point, however, he became interested in the writing of plays, and in collaboration with a brother attorney wrote two or three little dramas which never

VANCE THOMPSON

reached production. To quote his own words regarding the production of his *On Trial:*

I had read with undisguised scepticism a great deal about the existence of the "commercial theatre," and I determined at length to convince myself of its purely legendary character. Foregoing collaboration for the nonce, I dashed off a play which bore all the earmarks of the mythical "commercial suc-

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cess." My object, of course, was to demonstrate that it was impossible to obtain a production for such a play and thereupon to expose and utterly confound the calumniators of the American drama. I submitted copies of the play to two producers. Two days later I received offers from both of them; four days later I came to terms with one of them; and three months later *On Trial* was turning 'em away. The rest, as some one has said, is silence.

BERTA RUCK

Berta Ruck

Berta Ruck (to call her by her pen name, really she is Mrs. Oliver Onions, the wife of the well-known young English writer) has published two books in this country, *His Official Fiancée* of last spring, and *The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre* of this autumn. Her ambition is "to write live stories that shall be as modern as the latest pattern of a biplane wing, while at the same time as full of sentiment as the old three-volume novel." She thinks that nowadays people are too much afraid of being thought "sentimental." Berta Ruck was born in India, the daughter of a soldier, though she was taken home as a baby to England on a troopship to begin her education. Her family have always been soldier folk and so her earliest recollections have been of barracks and of red-coated soldiers on a rifle-range. And as she was brought up to cherish the ideal of Universal Military Service, doubtless in the present crisis she favours conscription. Indeed she writes that she greatly admires Kipling's suggestion in "The Army of a Dream," and feels sure that military training will give a physical and mental health to the nation. She has written a number of soldier stories that have been published in England. One boy in the Engineers wrote that he took her stories into the trenches to read, and one English review says that her stories are "the best recruiting poster yet published." In *The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre* the hero is a young English officer.

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Louis Couperus

Just a year ago this month the first of a tetralogy of novels by the Dutch author, Louis Couperus, under the title of *Small Souls,* was published in this country. Now comes the second of the series, *The Later Life,* largely a continuation of the fortunes of characters introduced in the first book. The prefatory note by the translator, Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, tells us that, "In the present story, Couperus reverts, at times and in a measure, to that earlier 'sensitivist' method which he abandoned almost wholly in *Small Souls* and which he again abandons in *The Twilight of Souls* and in *Dr. Adriaan,* the third and fourth novels of the series." Couperus himself was born at The Hague in 1863, and although he is known in Holland as one of its foremost realistic novelists, his work has hitherto not achieved any great notice in the United States. *Eline Vere, Extasy* and *Majesty,* all translated by Mr. de Mattos and published a number of years ago, did not seem to make a lasting impres-

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sion, and it is only with the publication of *Small Souls* last year that Couperus, according to his publishers, shows signs of coming into his own. Little is known about the author himself other than the bare facts recorded above and what may be gleaned from the statements of one of his characters, Paul van Lowe, who appears in both *Small Souls* and *The Later Life* and who is supposed to serve to some extent as the author's mouthpicee.

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"The Bread-Winners"

Although it is years since the authorship of *The Bread-Winners* has ceased to be a mystery, the story of that book as told by William Roscoe Thayer in *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (Houghton Mifflin Company) is exceedingly vivid reading. The novel was written apparently in the winter of 1882-83, for the purpose of expressing the ideas that had been revolving in Hay's mind for several years. He sent it to Mr. Howells, who, although no longer the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* was in close relations with his successor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells read the manuscript with enthusiasm, and urged Aldrich to accept it. This Aldrich was eager to do, provided the author would let his name be published. But Hay clung to anonymity, and gave the book to Mr. Gilder of the *Century*. It ran through six instalments,—the first appearing in the magazine for August, 1883,—caught the public at once, and became the novel of the year. Although the secret of its authorship must have been shared by eight or nine persons, it was never so authoritatively divulged that curiosity ceased. Any one familiar with Cleveland could not fail to recognise that city; further reasoning might have reduced the number of Clevelandites capable of writing to one—John Hay; but he, of course, gave an evasive answer.

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The success of *The Bread-Winners* during its serial publication outran that of any previous American novel. Three things contributed to this—the cleverness of the book, the timeliness of the subject, and the mystery as to authorship. Readers and critics alike set themselves to guessing. The literary journals devoted columns to correspondents, some of whom proved that the author must be a man, while others insisted that only a woman could understand the heart of

LOUIS COUPERUS

woman as the unknown writer had done. The name of nearly every literary worker was suggested. One woman in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote that, having "barely escaped a siege of brain fever in endeavouring to pin it on to the *guilty one* by an analytical process," she would "save others from the calamity which threatened" her by suggesting that the culprit "may be, and perhaps is, the Rev. Washington Gladden." A Western Doctor of Divinity insisted that, although he was the author, the publishers had never paid him. A New York woman made a rather astonishing pro-

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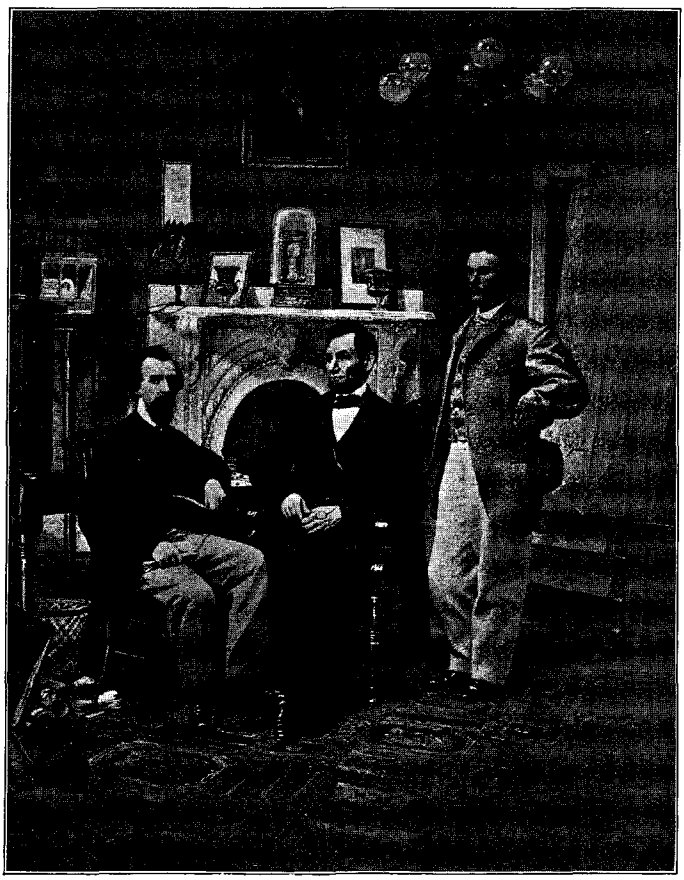
posal. "Mr. Hay," she wrote, "I understand that you repudiate the parentage of *The Bread-Winners*. As it is now a foundling, thrown upon the world without father or mother, would you object to my adopting it as my own child and giving it my name? If you are willing to resign all rights and title to it, I shall be most proud to give it a permanent home and standing." *The Bread-Winners* was widely read in England. It was brought out in French, serially and in book form, under the title *Le Bien d'Autrui*. Tauchnitz reprinted it; there were translations into German and other foreign languages, besides various replies to it, one of which, *The Money Makers*, achieved some notoriety.

John Hay may be said to have grown up with a pen in his hand. Like other youths he unconsciously imitated the writers who had most impressed him. In his earlier poems are reflections of Poe, of Byron, of Shelley, and of others. In the autumn of 1870, just after Bret Harte introduced, in the pages of the *Overland Monthly*, the "Heathen Chinee" to an international audience, Hay is said to have written his two famous poems, "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso." Some one reports that he was with Hay in a hotel overlooking the river at Keokuk when he dashed off "Jim Bludso." There have been other statements and counter-statements, and much speculation. After Whitelaw



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES, NICOLAY AND HAY

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Reid's death in 1913 there was attributed to him a statement, made three years before, to the effect that he had claimed responsibility for the last lines in "Jim Bludso," although he did not write them. "Hay brought in the poem, having finished it on the train. I told him it wouldn't do, that there must be something besides the recital of an heroic act, some thought drawn from it that was vital and would live. He immediately sat down and added another stanza, closing with:

> Christ ain't going to be too hard
> On a man who died for men.

John Hay throughout his life cherished a deep liking for "Jim Bludso" even if Mark Twain did write him, saying that he was all wrong making Jim an engineer,—that only a pilot could have done what he was represented as doing. But in time he came to loathe the very mention of "Little Breeches," much as General Sherman loathed the sound of "Marching Through Georgia." Everybody quoted it to him: wherever he went among strangers he was introduced as its author; the parodies on it were numerous. He used to say that the rattle of it dinned in his ears like a tin can tied to a dog's tail. When he republished his Poems, he put "Jim Bludso" first in its place. To E. C. Stedman, who wrote to consult him in regard to selections for *An American Anthology,* Hay replied: "I do not want to interfere with your editorial conscience, but would like timidly to suggest that you do not use 'Little Br——' in your *recueil.* You would pardon the cheeky request if you knew how odious the very name of that hopeless fluke is to yours faithfully." Again, in 1889, he wrote to Joseph B. Bishop who had been a former colleague on the New York *Tribune:* "I thoroughly appreciate a good word spoken for 'Jim,' who is a friend of mine. I shudder and hide in the cellar only when the boy with the small Knickerbockers is mentioned."

For the "Lincoln" Hay and Nicolay had begun to collect material soon after they reached the White House in 1861. They perceived the significance of the administration and the greatness of the man. After Lincoln's death the secretaries felt that, sooner or later, they ought to tell to posterity their story of their martyred chief. The largest body of material, indispensable in every respect, belonged to the President's son, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln; and in due time he put it at their disposal, with the proviso that, before publishing, they should submit their work to him. The earliest record that has come to hand is a letter dated March 3, 1874, in which Nicolay reports to Mr. Lincoln that he is examining the Lincoln manuscript; the following year, Hay having resigned from the *Tribune* and settled in Cleveland, the collaborators began in earnest. Nicolay resided in Washington, where he was near the official archives. His library was the central storehouse of material; but Hay collected also, and, as the work went on he bought many manuscripts and documents and rare books for their joint use. Nicolay blocked out the schedule of chapters, which they then discussed together, and, after coming to a decision, each chose the topics he preferred. As fast as these were written, they passed to the other partner, for criticism, trimming, verification, and additions.

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Soon publishers learned of the work that was in progress, and offers were made for the copyright. But Hay and Nicolay declined them all until they saw the end in sight. Finally, in November, 1885, they signed a contract with the Century Company, selling to it the serial rights in the history. The price agreed upon—fifty thousand dollars—was the largest any American magazine had paid. Their first instalment appeared in the *Century* for November, 1886; their last, in May, 1890. In the course of the serial publication there were the inevitable little conflicts between the authors and the editor. Under date of April 15, 1889, Hay wrote

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to Nicolay: "I told Gilder that he could cut and slash all he liked, provided we were to do nothing in the way of rewriting. He expressed his thanks for the permission but thought that he would not need to avail himself of it." As a finished work the "Life" was published in ten volumes in the autumn of 1890. Five thousand sets were sold by subscription within a short time. Since then some fifteen hundred more sets have found a market. Not long before his death in 1901 Nicolay made a one-volume abridgment, which has reached a sale of about thirty-five thousand copies.

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The eighteen-seventies were the days of Mental Photograph Albums. In the spring of 1913 there appeared in THE BOOKMAN two articles written by Miss Laura Stedman, telling the story of certain of these albums that were filled out by Richard Henry Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Kate Field, Bayard Taylor, William James Linton, Noah Brooks, and Martha J. Lamb. In February, 1873, John Hay made this portrait of himself:

1. Your favourite color? Tri*colour*.
2. Flower? Buckwheat.
3. Tree? Industry.
4. Object in Nature? School girls.
5. Hour in the Day? The Shepherd's Hour.
6. Season? Currie-powder.
7. Perfume? The odor of sanctity.
8. Gem? Jem Brady.*
9. Style of Beauty? The accessible.
10. Names, Male and Female? Jack and Jill.
11. Painters? Fresh air and sunshine.
12. Musicians? Infants (aetat. 6 mos.).
13. Pieces of Sculpture? The Sphinx.
14. Poets? The unpublished.
15. Poetesses? The Nine (none since).
16. Prose Authors? Lindley Murray.
17. Character in Romance? George Washington.
18. Character in History? Susan B. Anthony.

* A prize-fighter.

19. Book to take up for an hour? *Jonathan Wild.*
20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last? Dante (because there is no temptation to waste time in reading it).
21. What epoch would you choose to have lived in? The Twentieth Century.
22. Where would you like to live? Everywhere.
23. What is your favourite amusement? Worrying the wicked.
24. What is your favourite occupation? Sleep.
25. What trait of character do you most admire in man? Luck.
26. In woman? Pluck.
27. What trait do you most detest in each? Undue prosperity.
28. If not yourself, who would you rather be? Her second husband.
29. What is your idea of happiness? A bad character and a good digestion.
30. Of misery? Life.
31. What is your *bête noire?* A pen.
32. What is your *bête noire* dream? Tiflis.
33. What is your favourite game? *Woodcock's Little Game.*
34. What do you believe to be your distinguishing characteristics? Sweetness and light.
35. If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristic of your better-half? Self-sacrifice.
36. What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? Waltzing.
37. What are the sweetest words in the world? "It's early yet." (*Bleib ä Bisserl.*)
38. What are the saddest words? Too late.
39. What is your aim in life? The Universal Commune.
40. What is your motto? Love your neighbour, but be careful of your neighbourhood.

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Identification

Corra Harris's new novel, *The Co-Citizens,* has for co-heroine a certain Susan Walton, a woman who ran her husband for Congress "till his tongue hung out," and who, when opportunity offered, successfully engi-

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neered the fight for woman suffrage in a somnolent little Southern town. In Georgia they claim to have found already the original of Susan Walton. According to reports this woman has been an active propagandist for many years. One of her pet hobbies has been the keeping of a large library of scrap-books recording every published bit of information about men in public life. At times she has brought forth these scrap-books with telling effect. A short time ago the Atlanta *Constitution* saw a story in this clue, and came out with head-lines reading, "Spirit of Mrs. Felton inspired Corra Harris to write *The Co-Citizens.*" It then went on to say, "From Georgia's brilliant and gifted woman leader, writer, speaker, patriot, Mrs. William H. Felton, Corra Harris has drawn for the creation of the character Susan Walton, in her latest book, called *The Co-Citizens.* Those who have seen Mrs. Felton as the majestic figure at the White House receptions during Dr. Felton's life at Washington, who have heard her measure wit in the drawing-room with the most scholarly men of the state and time, who have seen her in later years with her beauty, not lessened, but grown richer, in the crown of silver hair upon her smooth brow, and the light of her eyes still buoyant with life, may be disappointed not to find this picture of her in the 'Susan Walton' the character she inspires in literature. But it is the spirit, the mind intellect and the power of Mrs. Felton that the writer has drawn from rather than Mrs. Felton in the many-sided fulness of her useful life. It is as the leader of the woman movement, for the oppressed woman and the pleader for the remote farm woman, Corra Harris portrays 'Susan Walton.'"

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While we are on the world old subject of the identification of the originals of characters in fiction a word must be said about a letter written by Charles Dickens, which has recently come to light in England, which seems to establish, once and for all, the fact that the prototype of Wackford Squeers of *Nicholas Nickleby,* was a certain Yorkshire schoolmaster, by name William Shaw. The letter is written from Doughty Street, W. C. London, dated December 29, 1838, and, except for the deletion of a line mentioning a mutual friend, is as follows:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note, and the interesting anecdote which you tell so well. I have laid it by in the MS. of the first number of Nickleby, and shall keep it there in confirmation of the truth of my little picture.

Depend upon it that the rascalities of those Yorkshire schoolmasters cannot easily be exaggerated, and that I have kept down the strong truth and thrown as much comicality over it as I could, rather than disgust and weary the reader with its fouler aspects. The identical scoundrel you speak of, I saw —curiously enough. His name is Shaw; the action was tried (I believe) eight or ten years since, and if I am not much mistaken another action was brought against him by the parents of a miserable child, a cancer in whose head he opened with an inky penknife, and so caused his death. The country for miles around was covered, when I was there, with deep snow. There is an old church near the school, and the first gravestone I stumbled on that dreary winter afternoon was placed above the grave of a boy, eighteen long years old, who had died—suddenly, the inscription said; I suppose his heart broke—the camel falls down "suddenly" when they heap the last load upon his back—died at that wretched place. I think his ghost put Smike into my head, upon the spot.

I went down in an assumed name, taking a plausible letter to an old Yorkshire attorney from another attorney in town, telling him how a friend had left a widow and wanted to place her boys at a Yorkshire school, in hopes of thawing the frozen comparison of her relations. The man of business gave me an introduction to one or two schools, but at night he came down to the inn where I was stopping, and after much hesitation and confusion—he was a large-headed, flat-nosed, red-faced, old fellow—said with a degree of feeling one would not have given

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him credit for, that the matter had been upon his mind all day—that they were sad places for mothers to send their orphan boys to—that he hoped I would not give up him as my adviser—but that she had better do anything with them—let them hold horses, run errands—fling them in any way upon the mercy of the world—rather than trust them there. This was an attorney, a well-fed man of business, and a rough Yorkshireman.

Mrs. Dickens and myself will be delighted to see the friend you speak of . . . and I throw myself single-handed upon your good nature, and beseech you to forgive me this long story—which you ought to do, as you have been the means of drawing it from me.

• • •

According to the *Daily Telegraph* of London, the letter is in the clear, firm hand of Dickens, and from beginning to end of the four closely written pages there is neither deletion nor correction, and only one interlineation—the word "rough," which has been introduced before the "Yorkshireman" near the end of the letter. In the September number of the *Dickensian,* "the magazine for Dickens lovers," the above letter is reproduced in fac simile, and the editor, Mr. B. W. Matz, adds:

It will be gathered from this letter that Shaw was the schoolmaster who raised Dickens's ire and indignation more perhaps than any other, and that doubtless the "identical scoundrel" played no small part in the molding of the character of Squeers. There are other points in the letter of extreme interest.

The "old church near the school" was Bowes Church, and it was in the churchyard that Dickens stumbled on the gravestone of the boy whose "ghost put Smike into his head, upon the spot." The boy's name was, according to the inscription, "George Ashton Taylor, son of John Taylor, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, who died suddenly at Mr. William Shaw's Academy, of this place, April 13, 1822, aged 19 years."

• • •

In an editorial provoked by this discovery the *Telegraph* recalls other famous identifications. For example, that Dinah Morris, in *Adam Bede,* was suggested to George Eliot by her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, who used to go about preaching, like Dinah in the story. When Browning was pressed as to the identity of the "Lost Leader" of his poem, he acknowledged that he had "used the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model," but protested against the assumption that he had meant it to be "the very effigies of such a moral and intellectual superiority." Again, George Eliot took her father, Robert Evans, as model for her hero in *Adam Bede,* and there is a story that an old friend of her father's, having the tale read to him, exclaimed at intervals, "That's Robert, that's Robert to the life." A pleasing story is told of a lady who once confided to Thackeray her admiration of *Vanity Fair.* "The characters are so natural," she said, "all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley. Surely he is overdrawn. It is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life." Thackeray smiled. "That character," he said, "is almost the only exact portrait in the book."

• • •

Was He Bertha M. Clay?

The interesting controversy as to whether Thomas W. Hanshew, the author of the Cleek detective stories, was also Bertha M. Clay has been revived by the publication of Mr. Hanshew's posthumous novel, *The Riddle of the Night.* It will be remembered that at the time of Mr. Hanshew's death in London, about two years ago, cable reports definitely stated that he was Bertha M. Clay. This was denied both by the American publishers of Bertha M. Clay and by others in this country, and apparently very properly. But later information, largely based on the story of his widow, Mrs. Mary E. Hanshew, seems to indicate that after all Hanshew did write one or two of those books. That Hanshew was one of the most prolific writers of his time has been proven over and over again, as under his own name he has had published many plays and enough short stories to do sev-

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eral average writers a lifetime. Besides these several novels by Mr. Hanshew have appeared under pseudonyms, and one of these pen names, it was said at his death, was that of Bertha M. Clay.

• • •

The Bertha M. Clay story was denied in this country (incidentally, it must be said the publishers of Mr. Hanshew's later work have never in any way used the Bertha M. Clay story) and proof of the denial was advanced on the argument that Bertha M. Clay actually lived and that her grave may be seen to-day in England. The whole question seems to have been not one as to whether Hanshew wrote *all* the Bertha M. Clay novels, but whether he wrote *some* of them, and writing from London Mr. Hayden Church gives an interesting account of an interview he has had with Mrs. Hanshew. Mrs. Hanshew inclines toward the side of the controversy which places Bertha M. Clay as one of the pseudonyms of the English author, Charlotte M. Braeme, who died in 1884 and is buried at Hinkley, in Leicestershire. "I can say quite positively," she said, according to Mr. Hayden Church, "that my husband's only connection with the 'Bertha M. Clay' novels was that, after the death of Charlotte M. Braeme, a New York publishing house kept on issuing novels as by her, some of which were written by Mr. Hanshew, and the rest by other writers."

• • •

Mrs. Hanshew is herself an American woman, coming from Kentucky, and now lives with her two unmarried daughters, both of whom are writers, in a London suburb, where her husband settled when first he went to England, and where "Cleek's" rose garden still may be seen. "My husband was not 'Bertha M. Clay,'" Mrs. Hanshew went on; "he was two or three other supposedly woman writers, among them 'Charlotte May Kingsley' and the story of how he 'became' the latter is amusing. See," she added, pointing to a nearby bookcase, "there is a whole shelfful of books which he wrote under that name. At one time, when Mr. Hanshew was doing a tremendous lot of work for Norman L. Munro and other publishers, he asked for an advance in the rate of pay which he received for his work and was refused. This annoyed him, and he told Mr. Munro that never again should he get a single line of his work, and fully intended to keep his word.

• • •

"Not long afterward, however," Mrs. Hanshew went on, "an idea for a serial occurred to him which he knew would make exactly the kind of story that Munro was wanting most. Accordingly he wrote it, using for the first time the invented name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and to complete the illusion, I copied it out word for word in my own handwriting, after which the story was sent to Munro. He fairly jumped at it, offering at once a higher rate per thousand words than my husband had previously demanded, and at the same time asking for more work by 'Charlotte May Kingsley,' which, of course, was forthcoming. For several months after, in fact, my husband published a considerable part of his work under the name of Charlotte May Kingsley, and every word of it was copied out by me. And when later on," Mrs. Hanshew added, "Mr. Munro desired to meet Charlotte May Kingsley in person it was I who called on him. The best joke, however, remained for the last; for when, considerably later, my husband and Munro made up their differences, Munro was anxious to have Mr. Hanshew meet Miss Kingsley. An introduction, however, that was never effected."

• • •

"Jerusalem"

As yet the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, the prize awarded to Kipling, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann, is Selma Lagerlöf, whose novel, *Jerusalem,* has just been presented to American readers through the medium of the translation by Velma Swanston Howard, and with an introduction by Henry Goddard Leach. The book is a novel of Dalecarlia, the author's home

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province in Sweden. It pictures the every-day life of the simple Swedish peasants, their toil in the fields, or at the lonely forest kilns, their loves and their hates, their gradual religious awakening, and finally their supreme sacrifice, when, leaving home and country, they set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "Truth is stranger than fiction," says Mr. Leach in his introduction. *"Jerusalem* is founded upon the historic event of a religious pilgrimage from Dalecarlia in the last century. The writer of this introduction had opportunity to confirm this fact some years ago when he visited the parish in question, and saw the abandoned farmsteads as well as homes to which some of the Jerusalem-farers had returned. And more than this, I had an experience of my own which seemed to reflect this spirit of religious ecstasy. On my way to the inn toward midnight I met a cyclist wearing a blue jersey, and on the breast, instead of a college letter, was woven a yellow cross. On meeting me the cyclist dismounted and insisted on showing me the way. When we came to the inn I offered him a krona. My guide smiled as though he was possessed by a beatific vision. 'No! I will not take the money, but the gentleman will buy my bicycle!' As I expressed my astonishment at his request, he smiled again confidently and replied, 'In a vision last night the Lord appeared unto me and said that I should meet at midnight a stranger at the cross-roads speaking an unknown tongue and "the stranger will buy thy bicycle!"' "

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Boy Scout Activities

An interesting effort is being made by the Boy Scouts of America, in conjunction with the American Booksellers Association and the American Library Association, to develop a taste for the really good things in literature for boys and girls. A "Safety First Juvenile Week" has been planned for, from November 28th to December 4th, during which time the Boy Scouts, through their Library Commission, will make a country-wide canvass for better books for children by appeals to the various Scout Libraries and through the co-operation of booksellers' exhibits. Ministers also are being asked to preach upon the iniquity of the modern "thriller"; newspapers will be furnished with special articles, and leaders of women's clubs, Parent Teacher Associations, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other women's organisations, are being invited to arrange for addresses, or the reading of articles that will at this time emphasise the importance of children's reading. Regarding the books to be used to promote better standards, we learn that the Boy Scouts Library Commission are preparing a list to be known as "Books Boys Like Best." It will be ready for distribution about the time this issue reaches our readers. These books have been selected from reports received from the public libraries and bookstores representing all parts of the country.

• • •

"Drums"

This is the poem which by many persons in England has been hailed as the best the war has as yet inspired. It appeared in the London *Weekly Despatch* and was signed "Edwin Smallweed." "Edwin Smallweed" has since been identified as A. Neil Lyons, the author of *Arthuro, Sixpenny Pieces,* and *Cottage Pie.*

My Ned has gone, he's gone away, he's gone
away for good;
He's called, he's killed.
Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in
the rain where they was stood,
Where they was stilled.
He was my soldier boy, my Ned,
Between these breasts he'd lay his head.
But now he's killed.

My soldier's gone. His head lies now be-
tween two naked stones.
His drum is broke.
There's none to mourn him in the rain, only
the rooks which watch his bones:
Which Watch and croak.
His great red hand is wasted bare,
That tapped his drum, that touched my hair.
Hark! Not a stroke.

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But what is this beside my heart, beside my heart that sounds?
Tap tap, tap tap!
Oh, what is this that beats within, like drummers beating bounds
Rap upon rap!
What wonder have I felt and heard?
Is it the wing-beats of a bird?
Tap tap, tap tap!

My boy is gone, yet near my heart another boy lies now.
Though he be dumb,
He thumps my heart like soldiers thump, he thrumps a tow-row-row,
To say he's come.
A drummer boy, all gaily dres't,
Will yet again be at my breast.
Hark! There's his drum!

• • •

Palmer's War Book

By the middle of November we may expect the publication of Frederick Palmer's book on the European War. In recent issues we published letters from Mr. Palmer on his progress at the front as well as an illustration of his press license, a unique document, as Mr. Palmer is the only accredited American correspondent with the British forces—the license reading "to act as the representative of the *Press of the United States of America.*" Now comes a letter regarding the new book.

Had I chosen to write a chronicle, there was a book in what I saw of the first six weeks of the war; another in what I saw in Germany and in Belgium under the Germans; another in the life of any of the nations behind the armies; another on winter in the trenches. But I was disinclined to make a book in a hurry. I wanted time for my experiences to cool; to walk around them, and measure them, and find what they meant, and what was worth while and what was not. Their value was in their yield. Thus I have made this book as a book for its own sake, not dependent for such appeal as it may have upon the hour of going to press. It is a book of personal phases; of personal interpretation of the war from first hand sources.

My sympathies in the Great War were with the men who were fighting to hold the soil of France and Belgium. It was my good fortune to see something of the French army, and to be the accredited American correspondent with the British army in France. I preferred to be in the heart of things with one army to shaking hands and passing the time of day with many armies.

In one of these chapters which I have grouped between covers I may generalise; in the next, I may tell only of the incidents of a half hour at the rear or at the front, which is a bright light illuminating the features of the whole. Each chapter has its theme; each is the expression of an idea. Always one was asking, Why? What does it all mean?

The war's horrors you have had in print on your breakfast table. They form the grim background of all observation and all thought, which speaks for itself. But against that background shine heroism and sacrifice by men, women and children; an exaltation in the unity of human purpose, striking the gold scales from the eyes of the sordid, and awakening fellowship in the selfish, which, if applied to the works of peace would bring us near Utopia.

• • •

Mr. Palmer also writes that he alone of American correspondents has been permitted to visit the British fleet and that he is including a number of chapters on the "Sea Power of England" in his book. A belated chapter on the great stand of the "Princess Pats," the crack Canadian regiment, is also being sent. Those who follow the daily news from the front will remember that the Princess Patricia regiment held an important salient in the second battle of Ypres and, after successfully withstanding a heavy artillery bombardment, rolled back three successive waves of the Teutonic hordes and gave up their first line trench only at the end of the day when it had become completely demolished and the "Princess Pats" had suffered seventy-five per cent. casualties.

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PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I

One can hardly take up any biography of Longfellow without being confronted with the remark of Emerson, when his memory was breaking but his spiritual insight was as keen as ever. Standing by the coffin of the dead poet, he said, "I do not remember the name of our friend, but he had a beautiful soul."

The perpetual repetition of the phrase might provoke a petulant reaction against it, if it did not acquire fresh depth and significance with every step we make forward in the knowledge of Longfellow's life. Two observers, so different from each other and from Emerson as Lowell and Mr. Howells, use language even stronger. Lowell said, in dedicating the Westminster Abbey monument, "Never was a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. Never have I known a more beautiful character." And Mr. Howells writes: "As for his goodness, I never saw a fault in him. . . . All men that I have known, besides, have had some foible, . . . or some meanness, or pettiness, or bitterness, but Longfellow had none, nor the suggestion of any."

This is high eulogy for frail human nature, but the careful study of Longfellow's life and work, in close comparison with a great many other lives and works, goes a long way toward bearing it out.

Let us consider first the qualities more personal to the man himself. His purity of life and thought, from youth up, hardly needs attesting. When he was living alone, as a student, in Paris, at the age of nineteen, he writes, "I am delighted with Paris, where a person if he pleases can keep out of vice as well as elsewhere."

He did keep out of it, and we need no more than his own word to convince us; for if he was notable for purity, he was notable for truth also. A singular, sweet candour marks all his words about himself, whether reported by others or recorded by his own pen. This sometimes goes so far as an expression of noble confidence in his achievement. For instance, he says of *Hyperion:* "I look upon the work of my hands with a very complacent smile; and it will take a good deal of persuasion to convince me that the book is not good." But with all his frankness, such self-satisfaction is rare, because, though he spoke of himself honestly, he spoke seldom. A friend, seeking information and not getting it, urged, "Yet you confessed to me once—" "No," interrupted Longfellow, laughing, "I think I never did." Even in his intimate letters, even in his diary, where his own affairs are necessarily discussed, absolute and genuine modesty is as marked as candour.

He was eminently modest as to his scholarship, though it was sound and broad. From early youth he was a teacher, but he took on none of the teacher's tendencies to pedantry and disposition to enlighten the world. He was a good deal more ready to learn from others than to teach them. And though he naturally loved and sought refinement and even luxury, his manners were perfectly simple because his heart was. It did not come easy to him to mix loudly with his fellows, whether high or humble; but there never was a truer democrat in the deepest essentials of democracy.

It might seem at times as if he lived a life of leisure and even indolence. Yet if to be proudly busy in achieving things of immense profit and delight to millions

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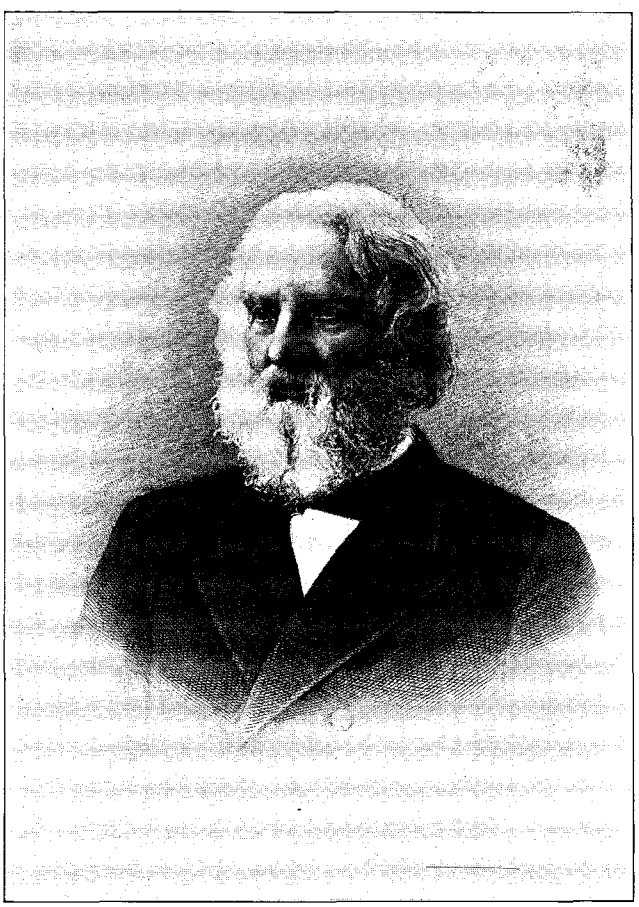

"I DO NOT REMEMBER THE NAME OF OUR FRIEND, BUT HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL SOUL"—EMERSON'S FAILING MEMORY DID NOT BETRAY HIS SPIRITUAL INSIGHT

be to be active, no man's life was more so. He himself earnestly denies that indolence has any part in things neglected.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet.

And when grief threatens to overcome him, his remedy is strenuous labour: "I find no other way of keeping my nerves quiet than this—namely, to do with all my might whatever I have to do, without thinking of the future, in which most people live."

Even, under his apparent rich serenity, he has a strong touch of the Puritan, New England conscience, which grows restless in the enjoyment of leisure that is perfectly innocent. "How lazy the seaside is. If one only had no conscience! But idleness makes me unhappy." And that cunning, relentless taskmaster, conscience, makes him not only labour, but labour with far-reaching precision and design. He plans his study. He plans his work. He keeps every book and paper in exact order and

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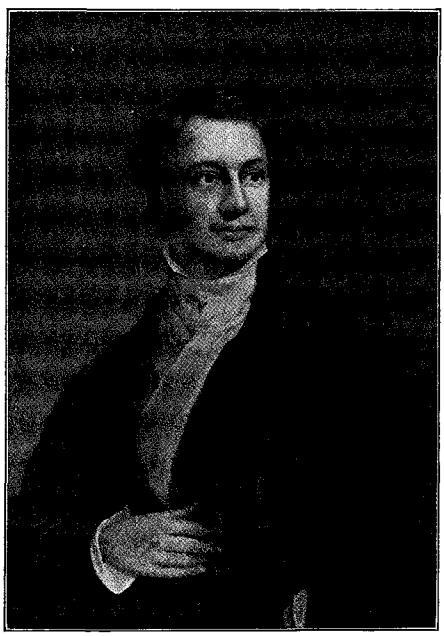

"HIS PURITY OF LIFE AND THOUGHT, FROM YOUTH UP, HARDLY NEEDS ATTESTING. 'I AM DELIGHTED WITH PARIS, WHERE A PERSON IF HE PLEASES CAN KEEP OUT OF VICE AS WELL AS ELSEWHERE'"

arrangement, so that what is needed may be found and used the moment it is needed.

So much for some personal excellences. But the man's chief charm comes in all his relations with others. And the basis of this lay in two simple things: that he understood men, and that he loved them. We often get these two things separately; but separately neither works perfection, and either alone sometimes works havoc. This man combined the two in a rare degree. He saw in others the good and evil that he found in himself and he cherished the good and forgave the evil.

That he abounded in mere external charity need hardly be said. In later life, at any rate, his means were plentiful and he gave of them freely. Many impositions were no doubt practised upon him, but he had a clear eye as well as an open hand. "Let me see your wound," he said to an apparently crippled soldier. "The sight might be disagreeable," said the crippled soldier. "I will try to bear it," said the poet. "If that is your spirit," said the crippled soldier, "I wish you good morning."

But Longfellow's charity went far deeper than the open hand. Persons very generous with their money are often not generous with their time, and they sometimes embitter the gift by the manner of giving it. This man had the fullest appreciation of human weakness and an instinctive reluctance to expose, or dwell upon, or emphasise it. After a supper with many brilliant people, not probably unkind beyond the ordinary, he notes in his diary: "General depreciatory tone about everything. I hate this." Though he stood everywhere and always for the noble and the ideal in politics, partisan controversy and the bitterness of argument were always distasteful to him. Owing to his great reputation, few men were more afflicted with bores. And he knew a bore when he saw one, scented the dry and soporific odour afar off. Of the terrible Count Gurowski he remarks, in his intimate record: "We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us. He has a fifty-ogre power

"FROM EARLY YOUTH HE WAS A TEACHER, BUT HE TOOK ON NONE OF THE TEACHER'S TENDENCIES TO PEDANTRY AND DISPOSITION TO ENLIGHTEN THE WORLD"

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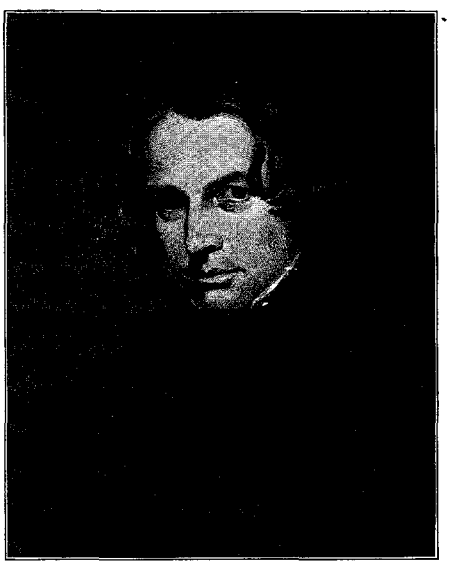
of devouring time." Yet the counts and the other bores came again and sent their friends, so gentle and ample was the poet's humanity.

It was not that he had not power of resistance or lacked a keen discrimination between good and bad, wise and foolish, profitable and frivolous. He can write, when occasion really calls for it, a harsh and biting judgment, like the following, "—— has published a poem(?)—most rabid trash, trash with a tin pail tied to its tail." Yet his general tone toward the frailty and error of humanity is one of the largest comprehension and the most patient tolerance, and he rarely, if ever, violated the spirit of his own noble and beautiful counsel to a friend: "Pray don't let those unpleasant thoughts haunt and torment you. Dismiss them from your mind as disagreeable guests. Not the wrongs done to us harm us, only those we do to others."

If he had tenderness for even the bores and trouble-makers of the world, how much greater his tenderness for those bound to him by ties of blood and ties of spiritual affinity. His love for the young wife he so early lost and for the other who shared his best years is shown by many an allusion in both prose and verse. We need not go far in his writing to discover his extreme sympathy with children and delight in them. Occasional touches of petulant candour as to the drawbacks necessarily incident to work done at home only serve to emphasise the general attitude. Thus, he writes, with his charming, gentle humour, "bought two velocipedes for the boys, who made a great noise with them in the morning, riding through the hall. Saturday is a bad day to buy playthings for children." Which does not detract in the least from the grace and witchery of the following: "My little girls are flitting about my study, as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls; and on the table I find this programme, in E.'s handwriting, which I purloin and send you, thinking it may amuse you. What a beautiful world this child's world is! So instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me."

Longfellow's genius for friendship is almost proverbial. Many of the noted men of his time, Sumner, Felton, Lieber, Agassiz, Emerson, Lowell, Norton, and many more not noted, loved him and were beloved by him, with a sweet and



LONGFELLOW AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-THREE

peculiar tenderness. I will not say that they all knew him intimately, because it was not his nature to be known intimately. But I do not think one of them ever felt undue secretiveness on his part or anything but perfect openness and candour. It was simply that he could not intrude his deepest feelings even upon those who knew him best. And no appeal for sympathy, no demand upon his time for interest, or attention, or advice, was ever met with anything but the warmest and most entire response. How the whole heart of friendship glows in this vivid figure, conveying affection in a letter to a friend: "Did you ever, in a circus, see a man leap through a paper balloon, tearing his way before him, and

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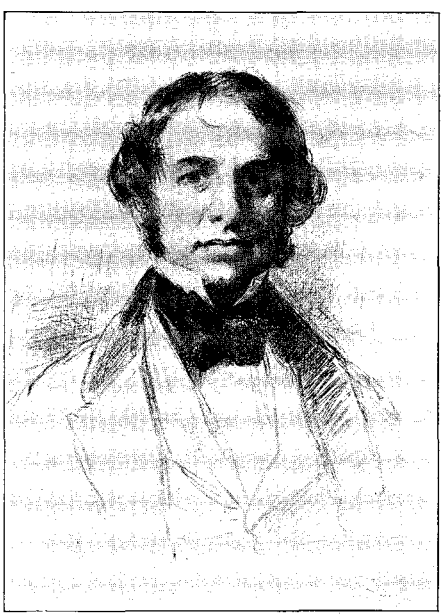
falling into the arms of an associate? If you have, then have you some image faint and feeble of the manner in which my heart comes tearing through this letter (as you break the seal) to fall upon yours. Receive it gently, do not let it fall to the ground."

With his friends, as with humanity generally, Longfellow was keen of vision. Their faults did not escape his notice and in the privacy of his diary he sometimes records them. "Dined with ——. He



LONGFELLOW AT FORTY-FIVE. FROM A PASTEL BY F. ALEXANDER

seems to me much my friend, and I like him—all save his confounded positive way about everything." Nothing can be more curious than his frequent references to Sumner, whom he loved and who loved him. Longfellow evidently understands all his friend's numerous deficiencies, makes it plain that he does, but always with a touch so gentle that the deficiencies seem about to be turning into virtues. And against the criticism of others, even just, he has ready some defence of kindly sympathy or human comprehension.

To a being so affectionately constituted society was naturally attractive. He did not indeed seek large and promiscuous gatherings. "I like intimate footings; I do not care for general society." Nor did he shun long hours of solitude, either with nature or with his own thoughts. But a company of two, or three, or a dozen, whom he knew and cherished, was delightful to him. He was not usually a great talker himself, being contented with an apt word in the right place. But he liked good wit, good wine, good fare, entered with the most delicate zest into the mellow atmosphere of such temperate conviviality as Milton commended to "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son." How charming, from just this social point of view, is the comment of the restless Ruskin, "Strange, that both you and Norton come as such *calm* influences to me and others." How doubly charming this, when combined with the festive exhilaration of a picture painted by Lieber, in 1843. A delightful dinner at young Perkins's with Hillard, Longfellow, Sumner, Greene, etc. A right charming day, —fine wine, fine moonshine, fine country-seat,—and we actually put flowers in our hair." "Flowers in our hair," especially in Sumner's, is irresistible.

II

As you read this account and many others similar, you are tempted to say, "It is easy enough for anybody to be a saint, or something like one, when life is all roses and moonshine and tenderness and laughter." Viewed in its broad aspect, Longfellow's life does seem to have been a peculiarly happy and fortunate one, one that offered little excuse for ill-nature or repining. He was born in a small New England city, and small New England cities are charming places, some of them. His family was sufficiently well-to-do to assure him leisure in pursuing the occupations he delighted in. He became a college professor at an age when most students now are beginning the drudgery of the doctorate with a professorship ten years away, and he re-

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linquished teaching as soon as it became seriously irksome. He married once delightfully, and a second time even more delightfully, and had children who gave him pleasure and content. He was able to follow the vocation that most attracted him, and in that vocation he was successful from the very outset, without failure, or difficulty, or hardly even struggle. He had a most attractive home and could leave it practically when the fancy seized him.

He had the finest possible taste for all the pleasures of life and had sufficient—not excessive—liberty to indulge them. We have seen him in society. For art his appreciation was as delicate as it was varied. He was at home in all literature, could own rare books, and read them, and did. He loved the other arts, also, as a connoisseur, knew painting and sculpture and architecture and studied them all over Europe. Music meant more to him than to many literary men. And when the beauty of man's creation failed him, he could always turn to nature and find delight in the song of birds and the motion of clouds and stars.

The pleasure that came to him from his profession of literature was probably as great and as unalloyed as ever came to any man from such a source. He felt keenly, as every creator does, the enthusiasm, the rapturous exhilaration, of seeing desired beauty grow under his hands. Again and again he speaks of the delight of his work, the fascination of his subjects, the immense contentment of adding the perfecting touches which thrill dead matter into life. Things have gone a little wrong in the publication of *Hyperion,* "No matter," he says, "I had the glorious satisfaction of writing it."

"HE HAD A MOST ATTRACTIVE HOME AND COULD LEAVE IT PRACTICALLY WHEN THE FANCY SEIZED HIM"

And it was not often that anything went wrong about publication. For few authors, and especially few poets, have found their work so profitable from a material point of view. Editors courted him, publishers favoured him. Even in the early days he could always get a few dollars for a few stanzas, though dollars were then scarce and stanzas common, as they have always been. Later, the few dollars became hundreds.

What is even dearer to poets than dollars, glory, was showered freely, and likewise from the very beginning. The fact is keenly and constantly noted, though without one trace of vanity or unseemly self-congratulation. "The

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poem 'Kéramos' has gone to the Harpers, who will harp it to one hundred and fifty thousand households, or say half a million ears,—if they will listen to such music as comes from a potter's wheel." One thinks of the thousands of poets dead and gone whose verses were harped in hardly any households at all, and realises that Longfellow's amiable disposition had much to favour it.

"FEW AUTHORS AND ESPECIALLY FEW POETS HAVE FOUND THEIR WORK SO PROFITABLE FROM A MATERIAL POINT OF VIEW. EDITORS COURTED HIM, PUBLISHERS FAVOURED HIM"

Also, besides these great sources of happiness, he had the fortunate temperament which makes pleasure out of little things, to others indifferent or even tedious. Life turned its sunny side to him, which, when all is said and done, is surely the greatest of felicities. "Human life," he says, "is made up mostly of a series of little disappointments and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime; as marriage and death." He might have added that there is an instinctive alchemy for turning common dust into little precious pleasures and that he was master of it. "Another golden autumnal morning. Translated Anacreon's 'Grasshopper'—an exquisite ode. A dream day." Dream days, spun out of such fragile tissue as golden mornings and grasshoppers, are within the reach of all of us, might sweeten all our tempers, if we were more alive to them.

This gentle, winning optimism of

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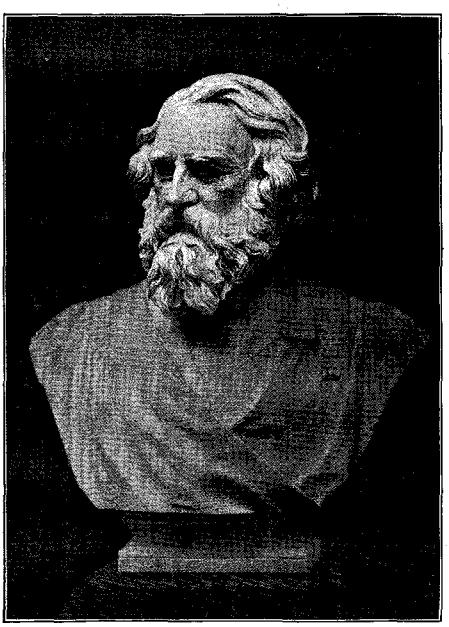
Longfellow's is charmingly illustrated by a little comparison with Pepys, who was himself no pessimist and made dream occasions out of various pretty little odes of his own. Yet he goes to a wedding and his comment is, "Strange what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them." Longfellow remarks, under similar circumstances: "I like to go to weddings, and be married over again, as it were. It freshens our feelings." Such is the difference in temperaments, which is more accountable than anything else for the happiness and the unhappiness of life.

It must not for one moment be supposed, however, that Longfellow was one of those fatuous optimists who shut their eyes to reality. Like the rest of us, he had his hours of complete dissatisfaction with the blessings that came to him. "Worked, walked, and wished for many things," is one of the brief and pregnant entries in his diary. He even expresses discontent with the rare good fortune of early success, which so many authors long for in vain. "For my part I have been meditating on the great importance it is to a literary man to remain unknown till he gets his work fairly done. It can hardly be overstated."



BUST OF LONGFELLOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

LONGFELLOW AT FIFTY-FOUR. "LIFE TURNED ITS SUNNY SIDE TO HIM, WHICH, WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, IS SURELY THE GREATEST OF FELICITIES"

Moreover, the poet had his positive trials and misfortunes, some of them, perhaps, not serious in themselves, yet such as have often served others as an excuse for ill-nature and complaint. To begin with, during a large part of his life he was a teacher, and teaching, however noble and satisfying in its aims, is wearing in its practice, especially to a nervous and sensitive temperament. He felt the drag of it, the tediousness of contracting your thoughts and adapting your ideas to those whose compass is narrow and their response limited. "Perhaps the worst thing in a college life is the having your mind constantly a playmate for boys—constantly adapting itself to them, instead of stretching out and grappling with *men's* minds." He felt the drag of set days and hours, the necessity of subordinating the wide sweep of

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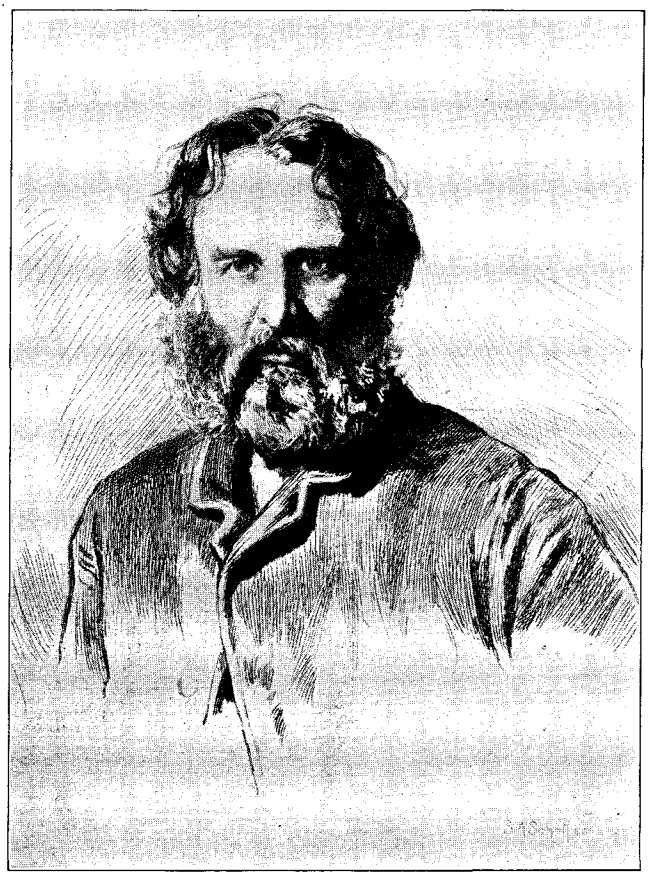
his imagination to the systematic round of regular lessons and oft-repeated tasks. "A delicious spring day. How I long to break from my moorings and be away! The weight and work of the college is crushing me. It is not the labour, but the being bound hand and foot, the go-



"THIS SANE, UNTROUBLED SPIRIT KEPT IN GENERAL A BROAD AND HOPEFUL OUTLOOK UPON THE SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES THAT WENT ON AROUND HIM"

ing round and round in the tread-mill that oppresses me. Air, air, more air! more freedom!"

So much for his necessary work of teaching. In his chosen work of literature, even he could not altogether escape the evils that beset every one. "A literary man leads an agreeable life only after he is dead," said Voltaire. To make a man persist steadily in the pursuit of that inconstant will o' the wisp, glory, through outward obstacles of indifference and rivalry, through inward obstacles of distraction and indolence, there must be the sting of the pestilent gadfly, ambition. I had almost said that that fierce sting carries a man further on his way than intellectual power or spiritual grace. Well, Longfellow, tranquil and well-balanced as he was by nature, felt the sting in his youth. "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." In later years he some-

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times disclaims such ardour. Yet till extreme old age he laboured on, toiling after a new and richer beauty, something that should more enrapture others and better satisfy himself. I believe that to the end the gadfly was still there, stinging, stinging.

Now a life so stung is full and active, and with outward success it may be happy, but it has its great and serious drawbacks. There are moments of ecstasy, when limitless visions open before you, so rich and so abundant that words will not contain them, much less fingers write them down. There are dull and barren moments, when what you have achieved seems worthless and what you would achieve impossible. And Longfellow knew these swift, unhinging alternations, as others have known them.

There are external difficulties, also, all the more vexatious because of their pettiness. The whole world knows what a hell that stinging gadfly made Carlyle's life, because cocks crew, and organs played, and fools asked idle questions. Longfellow had no such morbid susceptibility. Yet even he was often driven to despair by the tormenting trifles that beset him. Bores haunted him daily, nightly. Good friends, even, had a habit of becoming bores when work was to be done. If he looked forward to a long morning of uninterrupted reflection and activity, there were swarms of letters knocking at his conscience when pressing intruders were not knocking at the door.

> All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people, with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands, take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of life's fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man, far off in some foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad.

Then there are the critics, a poisonous and inhuman generation, all the more annoying to popular authors whose works sell by thousands and are read by millions. It is just as easy to say that your work is worthless because you succeed as because you fail, and it hurts just as much. You may stop your ears and shut your eyes, avoid criticism altogether, as Longfellow professes to do, and make believe that you have not a hostile reader in the world. But when Margaret Fuller derides you and Edgar Allan Poe accuses you of plagiarism, you know it and suffer from it, however you may forgive them with sunny and gentle charity. Also, one critic cannot be shunned, or avoided, or silenced—yourself. There are times when he stands by you nobly and bids the world go hang. But just when you need his comfort most, he is too apt to turn upon you, and say, as to Longfellow, of *Evangeline,* "Alas, how difficult it is to produce anything really good! Now I see nothing but the defects of my work. I hope the critics will not find so many as I do." And perfect glory, when you have achieved it, million-mouthed glory, too often seems pale and empty and miserably inadequate to repay the effort and the suffering: "Then we go to the Museum. The play, wretched stuff: A young woman in yellow satin, representing the fashionable life of New York, holds a red-covered book, which she says is her 'dear Henry W. Longfellow's poems;' and she asks her milliner which she prefers, Longfellow or Tennyson!"

Nor was Longfellow's apparently fortunate life free from the disasters which sooner or later make almost any human life a burden. Though he reached old age, and was exempt from serious maladies, he was constantly plagued by the ills that afflict sensitive temperaments and sedentary pursuits. He himself writes to Sumner, begging pardon for the insult—it certainly was one—that he does not see how any human being with a heart and a brain can ever be perfectly well. Swift and stinging neuralgias torment him for days and even months. Dyspepsia is a frequent guest and, in his own opinion, at any rate, makes him petulant and irritable.

Besides these comparatively minor

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evils, which, however, spoil more saints than the great sorrows of the world, Longfellow had to meet one of the sudden and terrible catastrophes that call for every ounce of manliness long training can store up. As the result of a trivial accident, his dearly loved wife was burned beyond recovery, under his very eyes, and even in his arms. Souls petted and cossetted by fortune out of their native vigour are apt to fail in circumstances like these, to lose their energy of reaction, even if they do not settle into whining misery. Not so Longfellow. He rarely spoke of his grief, not to his nearest friends, not in the intimate pages of his diary. How deep and keen it was is shown by his quick reply to one who hoped he might be enabled to bear his cross. "Bear the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it?" Yet the smooth stream of his life flowed on in its outward tranquillity. He did his work. He met men and women with the same gentle kindness he had always shown them. For under the gentleness and the tranquillity there was good measure of the rude strength that came from New England stock and Puritan descent. In face of a great moral ordeal, even of stern danger, who can doubt that this man would have been as firm and patient as a hero or a martyr? His nerves might have quivered and shuddered, but the something that is back of the nerves would have been absolutely unmoved. "Yesterday I was at Mount Auburn, and saw my own grave dug; that is, my tomb. I assure you, I looked quietly down into it, without one feeling of dread." Minds of this temper may be caressed by fortune, they cannot be spoiled by her.

Nor was this spiritual vigour wholly passive or attuned only to endurance. There was plenty of action in it, plenty of movement, plenty of endeavour. In extreme youth the poet practised pugilism against a dummy of his own devising, much after the fashion of the excellent Oliver Proudfute in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. I am not aware that this led to any combative results in later years, but we see the same spirit, when he declares, "activity,—constant, ceaseless activity,—this is what I need." From the nature of his life the spiritual effort more often took the form of control, and it is evident that his outward serenity was in many cases the result of victory in a tempestuous inner struggle. Sometimes, however, as in his references to slavery and other moral wrongs, there is an attitude of violent indignation. And one entry in his diary is especially interesting as bearing traces of a spiritual conflict involving deep emotion and stern determination to accomplish a necessary result: "This has been to me a day of indescribable mental suffering. I have given great pain to others; but I could not do otherwise and be true to myself. God grant it may be for the best!"

So, everywhere in diary and letters you catch glimpses, under the superficial serenity, of quick and petulant nerves that danced with joy or sorrow. You have to look carefully, for, as he himself says, "with me all deep impressions are silent ones. I like to live on, and enjoy them, without telling those around me that I do enjoy them." Yet the nerves gleam through. He holds a college examination and some dull face, or awkward gesture, or frivolous word annoys him. "How sensitive I am to the appearance of my scholars." He visits Niagara, and what to others is merely a curious spectacle fills him with strange uneasiness and almost suffering: "Niagara is too much for me; my nerves shake like a bridge of wire; a vague sense of terror and unrest haunts me all the time. My head swims and reels with the ceaseless motion of the water." Again, you think he is floating along easily on the sweet current of his fortune, doing the same pleasant things today as yesterday, and entirely content to do them. And you come upon this outburst of gypsy waywardness, in the full spirit of Fletcher's vagrant verses,

> Let rogues be stayed that have no habitation.
> A gentleman may wander.

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"I chanced to cast my eyes this morning upon a map of Italy, where my old route was marked in red,—the red vein of my young life-blood. Instantly I went mad for travel. It is spring, and the sun shines bright; and it seems a waste of life to stay here." Such things make a Cambridge professor seem like a human being, do they not?

As Longfellow's tranquillity has misled some critics in regard to his capacity for emotion, so it has deceived others as to his depth of thought. Certainly he was not one to wear himself out by day and night in wrestling with profound philosophical problems. But his intelligence was clear, accurate, and persistent. He was a close and careful scholar in his special fields of literature and language and during his first trip abroad he devoted himself with faithful study to acquiring the speech of the countries he visited. He was a very wide and discriminating, if not very systematic, reader and penetrated more deeply into the world's thinking than some who talk a great deal more about it. No man could have grappled so closely with Dante's *Paradiso* who had not an acute as well as an energetic intelligence.

So with religion. This sane, untroubled spirit kept in general a broad and hopeful outlook upon the spiritual struggles that went on around him. His optimism was by no means of the blind or foolish variety, but it was solid and above all fruitful. That it was not always unshaken, however, is shown by his remark to a friend who persisted in discussing

> Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

"I told him that in general I was pretty quiet and calm in regard to these matters, and troubled only when at times a horrible doubt cut into the cool, still surface of my soul, as the heel of a skate cuts into smooth ice."

Finally, in Longfellow's spiritual life and in all other phases of his character I think we must note, perhaps rather vaguely, the perfecting touch of what I should call distinction, a delicate refinement which does not belong to all American authors, and which should be cherished in proportion to its rarity. This is the more valuable because it implies not one atom of snobbishness or aristocratic exclusiveness. As I have already said, there never lived a man more thoroughly imbued with the essential principle of democracy, that is, the belief, the native, instinctive conviction, that the elements of resemblance in all human beings are far more important than the elements of difference. Yet with this fundamentally democratic sense Longfellow managed to combine the fineness of nature which is supposed to be a gift of aristocratic breeding. Just what I mean is admirably indicated in Mr. Howells's account of the poet's bearing on a social occasion. "He did not talk much, and I recall nothing that he said. But he spoke always both wisely and simply, without the least touch of pose, and with no intention of effect, but with something that I must call quality for want of a better word." *Quality,* as here used, is perhaps indefinable. But every reader of Longfellow's *Life* will realise what Mr. Howells means.

III

It is not my purpose, in these portraits of authors, to attempt literary criticism. At the same time, a man's character is intimately bound up with his work in life, and is often best illustrated by it. Thus, when writing of military figures, though admitting an incompetence for deciding technical questions, I found it necessary to refer to what great soldiers had done in their chosen career and to what, in my judgment, they had failed to do. A similar consideration of literary achievements, confined as far as possible to the psychographic standpoint, is quite unavoidable.

I confess, then, that it puzzles me to find in Longfellow's character this marked element of distinction, or as Mr. Howells terms it, "quality," which

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seems to me to be conspicuously lacking in his poetry. It is true that all critics do not agree about this. Lowell, speaking in connection with the Westminster Abbey bust, affirmed that Longfellow's poetry had not only simplicity, but distinction, and others have echoed Lowell's judgment. Yet I believe that these exceptionally favourable estimates are much affected by the poet's character and that most of those who read widely and critically will admit at once that the verse of Longfellow, with some excellent qualities, simplicity, sincerity, facility, freshness, grace, does lack just that element of distinction which is necessary to make poetry count from the literary point of view. In short, these readers, if they were pushed to it, would confess that they found the bulk of Longfellow's poetry rather commonplace; not common with any implication of vulgarity, or such positive defect,—it is as far as possible removed from that; simply commonplace, without peculiar quality to elevate it as literature above the average of clever writing, that is, simply without distinction.

I am not going to attempt to illustrate this. Most readers who habitually dwell with the great poets of the world can turn to almost any page of Longfellow and feel what I mean. Yet I will make one suggestion, which may help. In Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* there are two well-known lines eminently marked with what I mean by distinction.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

If Longfellow had written those lines, I venture to assert that he would have used the word "beautiful" instead of the words "a number of." The couplet would then be perfect Longfellow and all distinction would have gone out of it.

Perhaps I should not have said that the lack of distinction in Longfellow's verse puzzled me, when it was so notable an element in his character. We know, of course, that many persons of the finest artistic temperament could never do fine work. But then they do not try to do it. To have such a temperament, to have apparently the keenest sensitiveness to the distinction of others' work, and then to do work one's self of an entirely inferior order—this is what is puzzling—or would be if we did not see it happen in the history of art over and over again. And still I find it puzzling. The most curious case in this regard, with Longfellow, is the translation of Dante. Of all the poets who have ever written, Dante is the one who has the quality of distinction most. Longfellow knew this perfectly well and spent years in endeavouring to transfer Dante's distinction into English, and failed utterly, and does not seem aware that he failed. On the contrary, he triumphed in having conveyed, as he expressed it, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," whereas what he conveyed was the shell, the mere husk, dried apples, withered leaves, the same, yet the same with the informing life and spirit quite vanished away. Who that remembers the four lines which stand among the greatest tragic poetry of the world, can read Longfellow's version of them without a shudder?

When as we read of the much longed-for
smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.

So I have heard some persons say, after a prolonged dose of Longfellow's poetry, "Really anybody could have written it." Which sets one reflecting, because if anybody could have written it, anybody would, and the world would be flooded with "Evangelines" and "Hiawathas."

There are, I think, two things which account chiefly for Longfellow's immense literary success. One is technical. It is simply that he had the power of telling a story in verse. This is something the great poets often lack and writers of a very inferior order abound in. Lope de Vega had it far more than

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Shakespeare. Dumas had a similar gift in prose far more than Balzac or Flaubert. The great Georgian poets, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, were quite unable to tell a simple story effectively. Longfellow, on the other hand, understood how to hold his readers from beginning to end. He is often called diffuse, though he himself hated diffuseness and what he termed "watered poetry." From the point of view of narrative interest, he is not diffuse. Every detail helps fix and hold and carry forward the reader's attention. This is true of the long poems and equally true, in a different way, of the shorter lyrics and ballads. They seize some simple, genuine phase of human feeling and present it in a manner which is certain to touch the heart. That Longfellow knew perfectly well what he was aiming at and exactly how to achieve it is shown most curiously by a passage in one of his earlier letters, referring to the "Wreck of the Hesperus." "I think I shall write more. The *national ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides, I have a great notion of working upon the *people's* feelings."

The other justification for Longfellow's glory is far more important than any mere secret of dramatic technique. It is simply that his poetry reflects the beautiful qualities we have discovered in the study of his character. The sweetness, the gentleness, the noble effort, the devoted self-sacrifice, the broad and tolerant optimism, the lofty hope,—all these are mirrored in his verses, all these, to a greater or less extent, must pass into the hearts of his readers. And when you reflect what and how many these readers are, you will wonder whether any poet in the world before had ever such a glorious opportunity. Not Homer, not Virgil, not Dante, not Shakespeare even, ever spoke to men as Longfellow speaks. His verses are on millions of tongues at an age when the tongue and the ear are in their closest contact with the heart. And who shall say that any one of those great poets was, on the whole, more fitted to be master of such a mighty and enormous influence?

It is a great thing to have a beautiful soul. It is a far, far greater thing to leave that soul as an eternal possession, and example, and inspiration to millions of one's fellow-men.

HIGH COMEDY IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

No other type of drama is so rarely written in America as that intelligently entertaining type which is variously known as High Comedy, or Comedy of Manners, or Artificial Comedy. The purpose of High Comedy is to satirise the social customs of the upper classes, to arraign with wit the foibles of the aristocracy. It must conform to the requirement of comedy that the plot shall never stiffen into melodrama nor slacken into farce, and it must attain the end of entertainment less by emphasis of incident than by the nice analysis of character. The medium of Artificial Comedy is conversation; it dallies with the smart sayings of smart people; and the dialogue need not be strictly natural, provided that it be continuously witty. The world of High Comedy is a world in which what people say is immeasurably more important than what they do, or even what they are. It is an airy and a careless world, more brilliant, more graceful, more gay, more irresponsible than the world of actuality. The people of High Comedy awaken thoughtful laughter; but they do not touch the heart nor stir the soul. By that token they are only partly real. They have merely heads,

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not hearts,—intelligence and not emotion. They stimulate an intellect at play, without stirring up the deeper sympathies. For this reason High Comedy is more difficult to write than the sterner types of drama. It cannot strike below the belt, like melodrama, nor, like tragedy, attack the vital organs of compassion; it can only deliver light blows upon the forehead; it must always hit above the eyes.

In the genealogy of English drama, High Comedy can boast an ancient and an honourable lineage. It was introduced in England in 1664 by Sir George Etheredge, who imported it from France; for, during that exile of all gentlemen to Paris which is known in history as the Protectorship of Cromwell, Etheredge had studied manners at the French court and the Comedy of Manners at the theatre of Molière. He was soon followed by that great quartet of gentlemanly wits, composed of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, who carried English comedy to unexampled heights of brilliancy and irresponsibility. Unfortunately for their fame the work of these masters was tinged with an utter recklessness of all morality at which later generations have grown to look askance. Of this tendency—as Charles Lamb has defined it—"to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience," High Comedy was purged by Colley Cibber and Sir Richard Steele, who introduced, however, the infra-intellectual alloy of sentiment. Then came the richer period of the genial Goldsmith and the incomparable Sheridan, which gave us the greatest of all Comedies of Manners, *The School for Scandal*. Charles Lamb, who had seen this masterpiece performed by many of the members of the original company, lived long enough to pen the solemn sentence,—"The Artificial Comedy, or Comedy of Manners, is quite extinct on our stage." But even while this requiem was being written, the type was being kept alive in occasional comedies like the *London Assurance* of Dion Boucicault; and, late in the nineteenth century, it was brilliantly revivified by the clever and witty Oscar Wilde and the more humourous and human Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

It is the privilege of American writers to share with their British cousins the common heritage of English literature, and most offshoots of the ancient stock have been successfully transplanted overseas; but there are certain of these offshoots which thus far have failed to flourish in America because we have had so little time, comparatively, to till our literary soil. Our native drama is already thoroughly alive in respect to melodrama and to farce; but it is not yet thoroughly alive in respect to High Comedy.

This fact, however, is not at all surprising; for High Comedy is the last of all dramatic types to be established in the art of any nation. It has frequently been said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; but it takes more than three to develop a Comedy of Manners. Manners do not become a theme for satire until they have been crystallised into a code; and, to laugh politely, a playwright must have an aristocracy to laugh at. To all intents and purposes, the United States is still a country without an upper class; and the chaos of our social system precludes the possibility of social satire.

Before we can develop a Comedy of Manners in America, we must first develop an aristocracy to satirise. At present our few aristocrats are cosmopolitans; and, if they should be mirrored on the stage, our audience would think them un-American. For not only do we lack the subject-matter for High Comedy, but we also lack an audience that is educated to appreciate it. Compare the *clientèle* of the Criterion Theatre in London with the *clientèle* of any of our theatres on Broadway. Our American audience is more heterogeneous, more democratic, and possibly more human; but it is certainly less cultivated, less refined. It is composed for the most part of the sort of people who are embarrassed by good breeding and who consider it an affectation to pronounce the English language

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properly. It is not surprising, therefore, that—as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has pithily remarked—most of our American comedies must be classed as Comedies of Bad Manners. We laugh uproariously at impoliteness on our stage, because we have not yet learned to laugh delicately at politeness. We are amused at the eccentricities of bad behaviour, because we have not yet learned to be amused at the eccentricities of good behaviour. We are still in the stage of learning how to laugh, because we are still in the stage of learning how to live.

There are very few ladies and gentlemen in the American drama,—there are none, for instance, in the very popular and thoroughly representative plays of Mr. George M. Cohan; but the primary reason is that there are very few ladies and gentlemen in the American audience, and the secondary reason is that there are very few ladies and gentlemen in American life. It would not be fair to blame our native dramatists for the dearth of High Comedy in America. Bronson Howard, in the first generation, and Clyde Fitch, in the second, strove earnestly to give us a native Comedy of Manners; but their successors in the present generation have, for the most part, given up the difficult endeavour. It is a thankless task to write about aristocrats for an audience that is unprepared to recognise them, and to search for subject-matter for a Comedy of Manners in a country that is still a little proud of the misfortune that it has no upper class.

"THE NEW YORK IDEA"

For these reasons, the achievement of a genuine American High Comedy should be celebrated with especial praise. *The New York Idea,* by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, is perhaps the only play of American authorship which conforms to all the requirements and exhibits all the characteristics of the traditional Comedy of Manners. There is only enough action to keep the characters conversing; and this action is never serious enough to stir the deeper sympathies. The characters are airily intelligent; and while their levity precludes them from ever lifting the play to any mood more serious than that of comedy, their intelligence prevents them from allowing it to lapse to farce. All the characters are deftly drawn; and every one of them is witty. The dialogue is, from first to last, unfalteringly brilliant; and, while it never calls forth the loud guffaw that speaks the vacant-minded audience, it is continuously accompanied by a ripple of delighted laughter.

The New York Idea is a satire of the tendency of a certain section of American society to indulge unduly in the inspiriting adventure of divorce. Cynthia Karslake really loves her husband; but she has divorced him in a moment of pique and has become engaged to the stolid Phillip Phillimore. Thereupon Karslake proceeds to make himself good-naturedly annoying by openly making love to the divorced wife of Phillimore. Cynthia is stimulated by the sting of jealousy to realise her love for the husband she has lightly tossed away; and, at the very moment when her marriage to Phillimore is about to be pronounced, she balks at the ceremony, and flees from Phillimore to become reconciled with Karslake. The former Mrs. Phillimore ultimately marries Sir Wilfred Gates-Darby, a witty Englishman who, throughout the play, has made love to both the women and announced to each of them that the other is his second choice.

The New York Idea was first produced nine years ago by Mrs. Fiske, and is now revived by Miss Grace George. Its brilliancy has not been dimmed by the decade that has passed since the time that it was written; and in that decade no other High Comedy of American authorship has been brought forth to rival it in excellence. It is not only a good play for the theatre, but a good play for the library as well; for it attains that tone of literary distinction which is very rarely reached in our plays of native authorship.

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"HUSBAND AND WIFE"

This tone of literary distinction was also attained in the dialogue of *Husband and Wife,* an unusually well-written play by Mr. Charles Kenyon, the author of *Kindling.*

The plot of this piece was rather commonplace; but the characters were new and true, and were carefully and subtly studied. A husband and wife had drifted apart because each of them had failed to understand the other. The husband had immersed himself in business in order to earn enough money to finance his wife's frivolities; and the wife had immersed herself in these frivolities because her husband was always too busy to spend his time at home. The crisis came when, in a single hour, the husband discovered that his wife had arranged to elope with another man and the wife discovered that her husband had stolen money from the bank of which he was an officer. In this tragic hour, both of them were forced to realise the wreck which they had made of each other's lives; and this realisation brought about their reconciliation. The lover with whom the wife had intended to elope, convinced at last that she really loved her husband, not only gave her up, but generously loaned the husband enough money to cover up his shortage at the bank.

This plot, in a brief summary, does not sound particularly interesting; but it was well conducted by Mr. Kenyon, and was intensified at many points by unexpected expedients which exhibited unusual theatric skill. The characters were seriously studied; and it was apparent that the author had sincerely tried to tell the truth about the people in his play. The dialogue was excellently written; it was easy and natural, and yet at times attained the tone of eloquence. *Husband and Wife* was a failure in the theatre; but it was a creditable play and justified the confidence in Mr. Kenyon's abilities that was aroused in many minds by *Kindling.*

"THE TWO VIRTUES"

One of the cleverest writers of High Comedy in England to-day is Mr. Alfred Sutro; and *The Two Virtues,* though by no means his best play, is fully as entertaining as many of his former efforts. The characters are deftly drawn and subtly satirised; and the dialogue is keen and sparkling.

The thesis of Mr. Sutro's comedy is that chastity is not the only virtue concerning which a woman should be judged; but that another virtue, charity, is no less to be desired in a woman. The hero, Jeffery Panton, is an historian who for years has nursed a sentimental memory of the one love of his life. A pretty but rather frivolous young girl had jilted him to marry a fashionable poet. She now comes in distress to Jeffery, informs him that her husband has grown dangerously intimate with a certain Mrs. Guildford, a lady of questionable virtue, and urges the historian to call on Mrs. Guildford and use his influence to break off the attachment. After many misgivings, this unpleasant task is undertaken by the hero. To his surprise, he finds that Mrs. Guildford is a very charming woman, deeply interested in the study of history; and not only does he easily persuade her to dismiss the poet who has always bored her, but before long she is working with him in his study many hours every day on the history that he is writing. In this new situation she is discovered by Jeffery's former fiancée and by his sister, Lady Milligan, a social leader with a serpent's tongue. These two chaste but uncharitable women drag forth the questionable past of Mrs. Guildford and so insult her that she leaves the study, never to return. But their victory is soon turned into defeat; for it is the very vehemence of Lady Milligan's attack on a woman he has learned to honour and respect that persuades Jeffery to pursue the fleeing Mrs. Guildford and to offer her his hand and name.

Perhaps the most laudable point in the conduct of this play is that no attempt is made to palliate the past of Mrs. Guildford. The audience is merely asked to agree with Jeffery Panton that, whatever may have been her past experience,

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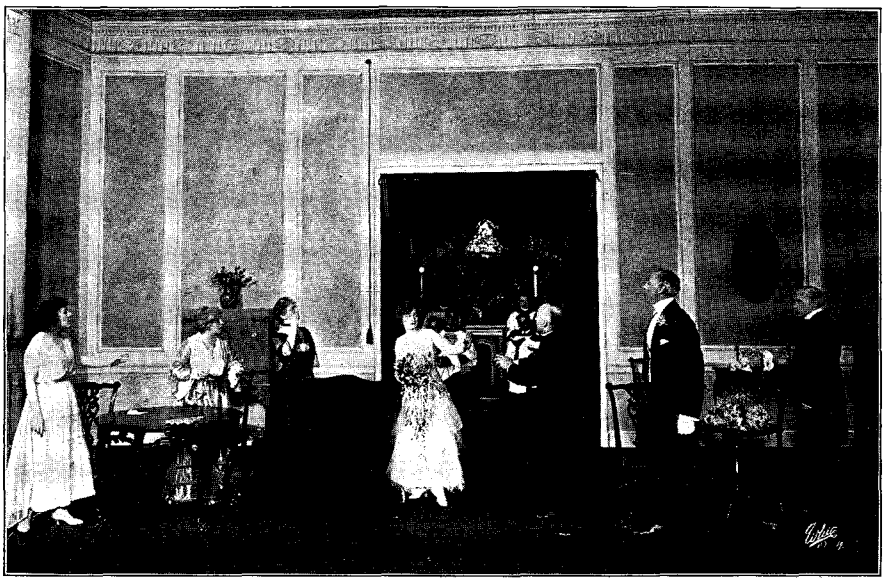

"THE NEW YORK IDEA"—ACT III

"Cynthia is stimulated by the sting of jealousy to realise her love for the husband she has lightly tossed away; and, at the very moment when her marriage to Phillimore is about to be pronounced, she balks at the ceremony, and flees from Phillimore to become reconciled with Karslake."

"HUSBAND AND WIFE"—ACT II

"The lover with whom the wife had intended to elope, convinced at last that she really loved her husband, not only gave her up, but generously loaned the husband enough money to cover up his shortage at the bank."

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"THE TWO VIRTUES"—ACT III

"These two chaste but uncharitable women drag forth the questionable past of Mrs. Guildford and so insult her that she leaves the study, never to return."

she is at present a woman worthy of respect and love. Particularly brilliant are the duologues between the hero and his sister, Lady Milligan. The latter seems to have stepped bodily out of the pages of Thackeray, and her lines are written in accordance with the best tradition of High Comedy.

"HELENA'S HUSBAND"

Satire is so rare in the American theatre that *Helena's Husband,* by Mr. Philip Moeller, should be particularly praised. It is only a one-act play; but its merit is not measured by its magnitude. Mr. Moeller has retold the tale of Helen of Troy in a mood as original and spirited as that in which the history of Cæsar and Cleopatra was told anew by Mr. Shaw. Helen is a fluffy little creature, and Menelaus is heartily tired of her. So, when a handsome shepherd wanders thither from the hills, Menelaus contrives to have him left alone with Helen, in the hope that she will fall in love with him and run away from the palace. The plot succeeds, and the king is greatly relieved by the elopement. But then somebody discovers that the shepherd was no other than Paris, Prince of Troy; and the elopement, instead of remaining a family affair, assumes the proportions of an international incident. Against the wishes of Menelaus, who is a professional pacifist, his country is hurried into war to avenge his honour; treaties are declared to be mere scraps of papyrus; and the king is assured that he and Jove will surely conquer. Thus a little play which began as a satire on Homer grows gradually into a satire of many matters of great consequence that are happening in the world to-day. The piece is written with extraordinary cleverness; and it does not seem excessive to state that a three act comedy that should sustain itself upon the same high level of delightful wit would earn an enviable reputation for the author.

Helena's Husband is the one really interesting feature of the bill of four brief plays with which the Washington Square Players have opened their second season at the Bandbox Theatre. The

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"HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY"—ACT I

"The best act is the first, which is set in a barber-shop. This act gives Mr. Cohan ample opportunity to apply his talent for delineating a varied group of amusing minor characters and to display his happy gift for recording details of local colour."

other three pieces are so inferior to this that they do not call for examination in detail. Their titles are *Fire and Water,* by Mr. Hervey White; *Night of Snow,* translated from the Italian of Roberto Bracco by Mr. Ralph Roeder, and *The Antick,* by Mr. Percy Mackaye.

"HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY"

There is no attempt to attain the level of high comedy in *Hit-the-Trail Holliday,* a thoroughly characteristic farce by Mr. George M. Cohan, which was developed from a scenario by Messrs. George Middleton and Guy Bolton. This play repeats the pattern that was employed in *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Broadway Jones, The Fortune Hunter, Ready Money,* and many other popular farces of recent date which have come to be considered "typically American." In all these plays the hero makes a fortune for himself and for a host of other people by putting into practice a commercial scheme which is so preposterous that it succeeds by the impetus of its very absurdity; and the plays are popular with American audiences because they deal with the desired subject of success.

In *Hit-the-Trail Holliday,* the hero is a bar-tender who has been imported to a small New England town to preside over the bar of the new hotel. The town, however, is inclined toward temperance; and when his rich employer tries to prevent by force the holding of a prohibition meeting, the hero is prompted by the spirit of fair play to go over to the other side. Inspired by the enthusiasm of the moment, he delivers an impromptu speech on the prohibition platform that is so eloquent and so persuasive that it wins a multitude of converts and makes him famous in the town. His renown is soon telegraphed about the country, until he finds himself a second Billy Sunday. Money begins to pour in from many unexpected sources; and, in the end, the hero enriches the town and carries all his friends to fortune and success.

This play exhibits several weaknesses in structure. The chief of these is the fact that the biggest scene is imagined off the stage between the first act and the second, and has to be expounded in retrospective narrative throughout the second act. There are moments in the last two acts in which the interest is allowed to flag; but these are soon redeemed by other moments which are exceedingly amusing. The best act, however, is the first, which is set in a barber-shop. This

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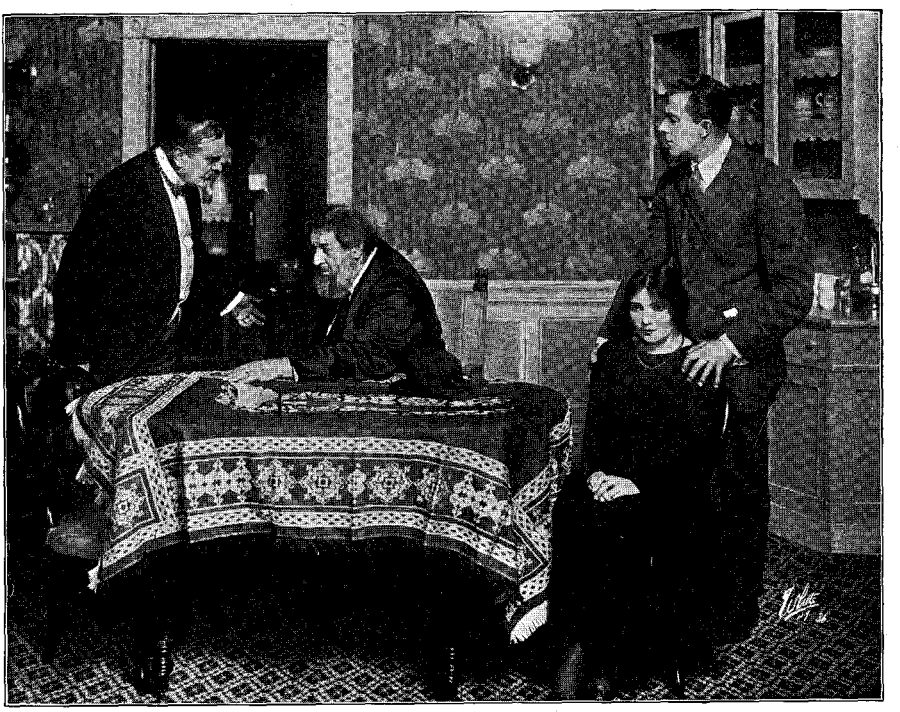

"THE BARGAIN"—ACT III

"The hero is a patriarchal Jew. . . . His daughter, in defiance of the tribal faith, allows herself to be seduced and subsequently married by a Christian."

act gives Mr. Cohan ample opportunity to apply his talent for delineating a varied group of amusing minor characters and to display his happy gift for recording details of local colour.

"THE BARGAIN"

The Bargain, by Mr. Herman Scheffauer, betrays the fact that its author is inexperienced as a playwright. The piece is faultily proportioned. Nearly all the first act is devoted to getting the audience interested in a character that is subsequently relegated to the background. A new play, so to speak, is started in the second act and brought to a climax in the third; but these two chapters of cumulative interest are followed by a fourth act that is empty and uninteresting.

The *milieu* depicted in *The Bargain* is the Yiddish Quarter in the East Side of New York. The hero is a patriarchal Jew; and the drama deals with the unsuccessful struggle that he wages to maintain his traditional authority against the rebellious instincts of his son, his daughter, and his second wife. His son, envenomed with the American desire to get rich quickly, robs his employers and flees to Canada. His daughter, in defiance of the tribal faith, allows herself to be seduced and subsequently married by a Christian. His wife runs away from him to try her fortune on the stage, and comes back only because her ambition has been thwarted. In material, the play resembles those Yiddish dramas which are justly popular along the Bowery; but it is lacking in their artless reality of characterisation. The dialogue, also, is not sufficiently colloquial to fulfil the requirements of a realistic play. Mr. Scheffauer's spirit was sincere and willing; but his dramaturgic skill was weak.

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"MOLOCH"

The purpose of Miss Beulah Marie Dix in writing *Moloch* was to preach the cult of peace by impressing the public with the horrors of war. In an episodic composition, rather incoherently constructed in a prologue, three acts, and an epilogue, she successfully accomplished her intention of making war appear a drab and desolating nightmare. She exhibited in detail the inconveniences, the sufferings, the agonies imposed upon a people whose country is invaded by a ruthless foe. She piled up all the horrid facts of war; but she somehow missed the truth that horrors still more horrible than any of her showing might yet be less distressing and destructive to the soul than a pusillanimous refusal to stand up and take the war when the Hun is at the gate.

Our German friends are fond of telling us that the Belgians might have evaded the infliction of all the horrors that are chronicled in the report of the commission presided over by Lord Bryce if only they had been sufficiently self-interested to surrender Liège without firing a shot. But if the Belgians had chosen to follow the line of least resistance instead of standing steadfast and dying for an idea, they would have accepted a moral degradation more devastating to the soul than a hundred burnings of Louvain. There is such a thing as being too proud to run away, when a nation has in keeping not only its own comfort but that high ideal of justice toward which humanity has toiled through many thousand years. It is undeniably uncomfortable to be hanged upon a cross; but men have lived and died who were willing to endure this discomfort in defiance of any tempting to save themselves by surrendering a principle.

Of this essential truth, the play of *Moloch* takes absolutely no account. We behold a nation suffering all the afflictions of frightfulness; but we are never told the reason why it chooses so to suffer. Yet some reason there must be. Men do not die for nothing; but only for an idea, whether truthfully conceived or not, that lives within their souls and is destined to survive the darkest iniquity of suffering. This is the truth of war; and, with this truth eclipsed, the facts mean nothing. Even the Huns are sustained through their campaign of frightfulness by that doctrine of Necessity which has been imposed upon them since their birth; and this principle, for which they fight and die, is the thing that keeps them men and holds them still a little higher than the beasts. Not what is done in war, but why men do it, is the proper subject for investigation by any dramatist who wants to tell the truth. This subject is untouched in *Moloch*. In her most appealing passage, the author exhibits the savage destruction of a home; but she neglects to afford us any hint of the ideas that actuated the soldiers who destroyed it or the civilians who suffered it to be destroyed. Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder? They cannot. But the author of *Moloch* has afforded us no answer to this wonder. She has catalogued the dismal facts of war; but she has missed its essence and its truth.

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BAYARD TAYLOR'S ROMANCE

BY RALPH ARMSTRONG

WHEN Bayard Taylor wrote *The Story of Kennett,* which, for a time at least, made that village famous in American literature, he inscribed it to his friends of Chester County, Pennsylvania, several of whom he had taken as the prototypes of his characters. It was in the village that he had been born and near there that he had grown up and learned the printer's trade. He had contemplated the pastoral landscapes until he knew them by heart, and had listened to the tales of romance and tradition that the Quaker folk delighted in telling until he felt that he himself had been a resident of that place in its good old days.

He wrote the novel less than fifty years ago. Since then there have been many changes in the village and its vicinity—changes more pronounced than those of the half century preceding Taylor's time, and to which he directed attention in his lines:

Gone are the olden cheer, the tavern dance, and the fox-hunt,
Muster at trainings, buxom lasses that rode upon pillions;
Husking-parties and jovial home-comings after the wedding,
Gone, as they never had been!—and now, the serious people
Solemnly gather to hear some itinerant speaker
Talking of Temperance, Peace, or the Rights of Suffrage for women.

Now, since the *Home Pastorals* were written, the subjects of Temperance and Peace have been forgotten; largely in Kennett Square and the itinerant speaker's visitations have been supplanted by the film appearances of Charlie Chaplin, though an occasional suffrage speaker from Philadelphia, thirty miles away, still comes out to declaim her views. The change is largely in personnel. A new people congregate on the streets of Kennett, new proprietors tend the stores and new farmers till the surrounding fields. Many of these are negroes from the Southern States, who have found the Pennsylvania climate salubrious and the Pennsylvania attitude favourable to the best interests of the coloured man. Time was when the county was peopled almost exclusively with rigid Quaker folk, who were above all things upright and just, and who protested at nightly meetings against the institution of slavery. It was here that one of the most important stations of the underground railroad was situated, and it was here that the negro was always assured fair treatment.

Others in the population include scions of the Quaker families—young men and women who have done away, in large measure, with the fashions of the past; and newcomers from Wilmington, and Philadelphia, and other cities. Those whom Taylor had in mind when he made an acknowledgment of "the many quiet and happy years I have spent among you; of the genial and pleasant relations into which I was born, and which have never diminished, even when I have returned to you from the farthest ends of the earth," are now in the minority and they are continually growing fewer in number. Those who are left of them, however, hold the name of Bayard Taylor almost as sacred as they do that of William Penn. Some of them remember the poet when he was a boy, struggling against poverty to achieve a place among the great men of his country, and more tireless in his ambition than any other young man they ever knew. But to the new element the name of Bayard Taylor is virtually unknown. They have little time for the things that have gone before, and less time for a literature that

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is not up to the minute. Their literature is the metropolitan newspaper.

A visitor, after reading *The Story of Kennett,* might expect to see a stage coach or at least a saddle horse and fox hound in front of the Unicorn Tavern, which was the scene of so many meetings of the characters in the novel. What he will probably find is the large red motor 'bus which plies between the village and nearby towns, or, perhaps, some one's private machine or motorcycle. If he looks across the street where the old home of Martha Deane was supposed to stand he will observe a very modern brick building which houses a bank and a picture theatre. An up-to-date hotel occupies another site that once contained a building Taylor was fond of describing in his poems, and a grocery store stands on the spot where the old house in which he was born, January 11, 1825, once stood.

If the visitor goes a mile west to Cedarcroft—which has been sold—and it is summertime, he will find a score of summer boarders keeping fresh the memory of the former occupant by reading some of his poetry or his translation of *Faust,* which is said to have been his greatest work. Occasionally the boarders walk to the cemetery, a few miles distant, to place flowers on Taylor's grave.

In the winter Cedarcroft is used for a boys' school. It is on a slight elevation, a hundred yards back from the turnpike leading from Kennett Square to West Chester, and is sequestered by massive cedars which Taylor himself set out. He had the dwelling fashioned after the ancient manor house of England and so built that it would be "large and stately, simple in its form, without ornament—in fact, expressive of strength and permanence. There must be large windows, and spacious verandas for shade and air in the summer, steep roofs to shed the rain of winter snow, and thick walls to keep out our two extremes of heat and cold. Furthermore, there must be a tower, large enough for use as well as ornament, yet not so tall as to belittle the main building."

The house was built for the occupancy of himself, his second wife, Marie Hansen Taylor, and their daughter, Lilian, a few years after the marriage in Germany, October 27, 1857. Marie Hansen was the daughter of a noted German astronomer. Only a few weeks ago she returned to her native home to live with her daughter, who is the wife of Otto Kiliani, a New York surgeon, now serving in the medical corps of the German

MARY AGNEW. TAYLOR'S FIRST LOVE

army, at Munich. Mrs. Taylor is eighty-six years old. Of the large Taylor family only two are living. Mrs. Annie Carey, a woman now in her nineties, occupies a cottage near Cedarcroft and is frequently called upon to answer questions of literary persons who come to visit the old home. The other sister, Mrs. Charles B. Lamborn, lives in Kennett Square, near the place where Taylor was born.

The father kept a miscellaneous store in the village, but moved to a farm near Cedarcroft when Bayard was three years old. Here the boy spent the opening years of his life and here he got the material for many of his poems, short stories and novels, for he roamed about, rather

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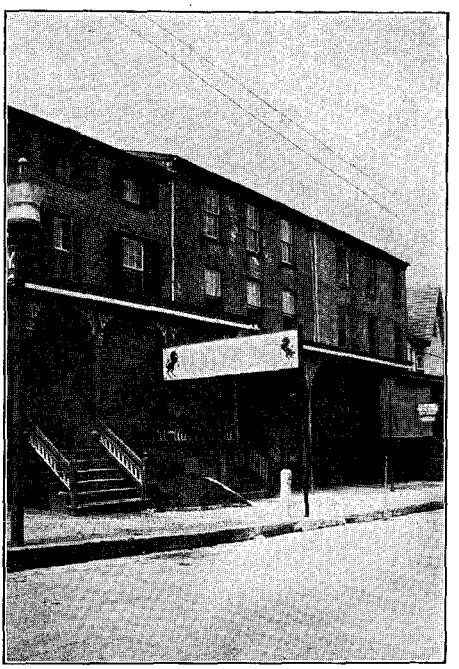


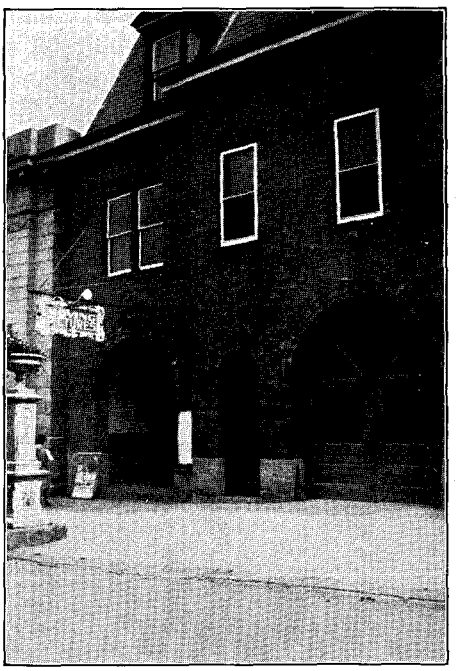
THE CHIEF MEETING PLACE OF THE CHARACTERS IN "THE STORY OF KENNETT"

than farm, and learned to know every tree and fence corner in the county.

The physical aspect of this locality remains largely as he knew and pictured it. The gentle rolling land and occasional hill, over which horse and hound pursued the fox in those days, is still marked by the same patches of forests and fields. The blue level at Toughkenamon, the oak woods of Avondale, the hedges of hawthorn or blackthorn are still to be seen; and the roadways on which Sandy Flash committed his midnight robberies still follow the same winding courses, though they have been rebuilt in recent years to accommodate heavy automobile travel.

The Story of Kennett is a delightful old-fashioned romance in which a poor ploughboy wins the sweetheart of his choice after her father has forbidden the courtship, because of the hero's reputed illegitimacy. The father has made a family arrangement for the betrothal of the girl to another man, but it later develops that this man is the hero's lawful parent, and not his rival. In the course of the story the desperado, Sandy Flash, plays a conspicuous part, and is finally betrayed by his paramour, Deb Smith. A fox-hunt in the beginning and a wedding in the closing chapter are said to be surpassing delineations of the English life which obtained in Pennsylvania in the early nineteenth century.

The people of Kennett Square took especial interest in the novel, for it contained events they remembered and people they knew. Searches were still being made for the treasure which Fitzpatrick, the original of Sandy Flash, was supposed to have hidden thereabouts, and the old horse which Gilbert Porter rode in the fox-hunt was easily recognised as an animal of local fame. Dougherty, the Irish hostler of the Unicorn Tavern in the story, was actually an accomplice of Fitzpatrick, it is said, though in reality he was employed at a tavern in another village in the county.



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE UNICORN INN, ON SITE WHERE MARTHA DEANE'S HOUSE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE STOOD

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Friends of Taylor's boyhood admit that truth and fiction were so skilfully interwoven that they could not disentangle them, but they also tell of a romance which was actually unfolded before their eyes and which was far more touching in its pathos than any the author ever succeeded in creating in his fiction. This was the romance of Bayard Taylor and Mary Agnew.

Taylor himself knew what it was to have his love for a young woman opposed by disdainful parents. When they were children attending the little school together Mary Agnew asked the teacher, "May I sit beside Bayard," and as they grew older the friendship that was born of the teacher's patience ripened into a wholesome love which could not be discouraged. All of the young poet's ambition was inspired by the girl, who was waiting for him to make good. The older residents of Chester County remember the blushing, diffident youth, and with him they always associated that gentle and beautiful young woman, of soft brown wavy hair and dark blue eyes.

BAYARD TAYLOR

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Bedouin Song.

From the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hear my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that never shall die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Oct. 29, 1853. Bayard Taylor.

Mary Agnew's parents objected to Taylor because of his poverty. He was a dreamer, they believed, and an idler. Repeatedly he sought to establish himself to the contrary, but without avail. At seventeen he had a poem published in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and had mastered Latin, French, and Spanish. Yet he was not making a living, and probably never would. Why didn't he get out and do something for himself if he was so brilliant? they asked.

Taylor was trying to do something for himself. He became apprenticed to the publisher of the *Village Record,* in West Chester, and while learning to be a printer spent his leisure time writing poems. One day he gathered together a bundle of manuscripts and took these to Philadelphia, making the trip on foot. Publishers there, however, would not become interested in his writings, so, after some hesitation, he brought out a small volume at his own expense. Then followed a campaign of solicitation among his friends back home. Miss Edith Pennock, now living on Linden Street, Kennett Square, who then lived on an adjoining farm, remembers how Bayard came among them and asked them to buy a copy of *Ximena,* "for only fifty cents." He wanted money, he said, so he could go to Europe and write a book of travel. Many of the Quaker people did buy copies, "just to help the Taylor boy along," says Miss Pennock, and he finally got enough together to pay his passage across the sea in the steerage of an old sailing vessel. All the time he was abroad correspondence with Mary Agnew was forbidden, though an occasional missive passed between them through the medium of friends, and Taylor knew that she was waiting.

When he returned home he brought out *Views Afoot,* with some success, and then started publishing the Phœnixville *Pioneer.* Indications now were that the

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author was to be secure in his finances, and the opposition of Mary Agnew's parents to him was withdrawn. The engagement was announced. It was then Taylor wrote that if he had enough money, "Mary and I would go to Europe, and Greece would not be missed this time; and—then we would build a beautiful homestead in Kennett, where life would grow to me like a sweet dream of poetry, for I would have no golden threads snapped, no fast-ripening fancies trodden under foot by contact with coarse and jarring natures."

But his fancies were soon trodden under foot, for the golden threads were fragile. Only a short time after Taylor had been assured that Mary Agnew could become his wife her health began to fail and it was said she had consumption. The time set for their wedding had to be postponed, and later it was again put off. Meantime Taylor had obtained a position on the New York *Tribune*. In August, 1850, the young woman's health became such that a change was deemed necessary, and it was decided she should marry Taylor and live with him in New York, where she could have better care. The plan was carried out, but she died a few months after the wedding.

Taylor was then twenty-six. Up to that time his whole ambition had been inspired by the girl. His poems all turned to her, and it was for her he wanted to become great. It was she he had in mind when, on receiving at seventeen a personal note from Dickens, he wrote in his diary:

> It was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it, that as he, an humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, an humble pedagogue, might by unremitted and arduous intellectual and moral exertion become a light, a star, among the names of my country.

YANN NIBOR: "LAUREATE OF THE FLEET"

BY EDWIN L. MATTERN

IF THE very wise man of whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun speaks in his letter to the Marquis of Montrose was right in believing that, "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," then Yann Nibor is a figure in France more to be reckoned with than most of her law-makers. For, while he has no *carte blanche* as a producer of French ballads, he does occupy a special field of verse, to the exclusion of all competition. He has wisely limited himself to songs of the sea, and of those who rove upon it, whether fishermen, sailors upon merchantmen or those attached to ships of war. To-day, with his country in armed strife against other nations, and its navy in active engagements with its enemies, it is his ballads that stir the heart-chords of these rough, hardy fighters and urge them on in their dangerous and difficult service to whatever lot may befall them.

Perhaps most of us are prone to think that these French tars sing only "La Marseillaise" to inspire patriotism, but in times of bloody conflict national hymns and anthems give way to more rollicking airs. This was illustrated in our war with Spain, when "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" eclipsed "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" in popularity with the men at the front, just as "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" and "Deutschland Ueber Alles" have now pushed "God Save the King" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" into the background. So, wherever the French fleet may be at the present time, whether in the Dardanelles, the Channel, or the North Sea, it is "Les *Quatre Frères, et l'Ella,*" "La Boîte de Chine" or some other song of Yann

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Nibor that resounds from the quarter-deck.

Yann Nibor in plain, everyday life is Albert Robin, his pen-name being merely the common nickname for the Breton fisherman combined with an anagram upon his own surname. At St. Malo, the quaint walled Breton city, famed for its corsairs and its adventurers, this poetic interpreter of the sea was born October 4, 1857. His birthplace was one of those old dwellings, with timbered front, carved with rude and fantastic designs, upon the Rue de Boyer, a narrow defile of a street near the Porte des Beys. Cradled within the sound of the mighty waves that dash against St. Malo's stone girdle, reared in surroundings peopled by sailors and fishermen, and in an atmosphere where all the talk and everybody's activities recall the sea and its lore, it is no wonder that from his earliest years his destiny seemed fixed. His ancestors had been sailors for ten generations, and, though his father at the time of Yann's birth had forsaken the life of a mariner to become a cabinet-maker, still the voice of the siren had not become so weak that Yann could not hear it. Newfoundland fishermen shared the family residence that his father had inherited, and no lad of spirit regaled with their tales of exciting adventure and histories of their grim battles with storm and shipwreck could avoid, even if he wished, an irresistible attraction toward a career that demanded such coolness, courage and heroism. But days and years must come and go before the ambition of the child could be gratified.

In the meantime, as his father earned but three francs a day and there were five young mouths to feed, Yann must needs find some means of helping to meet the family budget. So, at ten years of age, he became a choir-boy, gaining thereby the munificent sum of twelve francs per month as well as free lessons in singing. He did not realise until much later the value of this instruction, nor its influence upon his future, for to be taken away from school two or three times a week to sing at funerals does not create the most pleasant emotions in a child, nor appeal to his sense of the useful.

Then in 1870 the Franco-Prussian war came. Yann longed to enlist, but boys of less than thirteen were not acceptable. Finally, however, the minimum age was reached, and in December, 1870, he began his three years' apprenticeship as a *mousse* upon the school-ship *Inflexible*. In July, 1873, having passed his examination creditably, he was assigned as *chef timonier des mousses* to the *Océan,* the flagship of the Mediterranean squadron of evolution. For five years he served, rising to the rank of second mate at twenty-one, an unusually rapid promotion for the French navy. During three years he was attached to the *Magicienne* in the Pacific. He proved not only a hard and faithful worker, but in the hours free from duty his songs did much to drive away the dull monotony of life aboard the vessel.

At last, home again, he resolved to quit the sea and seek employment in Paris, the goal of all French youths. Fortunately, twelve hundred francs were in his pocket when he landed in the metropolis. Like many others before and since, he sought work fruitlessly, and had made up his mind to return to the navy, when, accidentally, he met his old commander of the *Magicienne,* who gave him a temporary berth at the Ministry of the Marine. Soon afterward the place became permanent, and he has been there from then until now. For the past twenty years or so he has held the title of Librarian of the Ministry, but his skill as a poet has extended his name and influence far beyond the confines of the Central Administration.

Yann Nibor found himself through a book. In 1885 Jean Richepin's *La Mer* appeared. It fell into the hands of Yann. He literally absorbed it, memorising every poem. Then he declaimed the *Trois Matelots de Groix, les Haleurs* and others to the students. They heard him with the wildest enthusiasm, for he not only spoke the verses, but acted them as well, emphasising their truth and

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beauty, and making real and vivid their intense human elements. In the presentation of those in dialogue form he was particularly happy, by reason of his ability to mimic each character by gesture and intonation. He coupled his rare art with an intimate knowledge of the *dramatis personæ*.

Thus he began as a singer of other men's songs. In July, 1889, he read in the newspapers of St. Malo of the loss of the brig *Quatre Frères* and the schooner *Ella,* with one hundred and seventy-nine men, off the banks of Newfoundland. The whole horror of the tragedy at once pictured itself before his eyes. It haunted him so that he must of necessity visualise it for others. So he wrote "Les *Quatre Frères et* l'*Ella,*" and sang it for the first time at a *grande fête* of French and foreign students upon the terrace of Meudon. Its dialect, with the mute *e*'s elided, its simple direct narration, its imagery and its pathos made instant appeal, despite its faults of form and rhetoric. It betrays Richepin's influence, as the music is arranged upon an air of the *Trois Matelots de Groix*. It runs after this fashion:

Su' les *Quat'-Frèr'* et su' l'*Ella,*
Yavait cent-soixant'-dix-neuf gas!
In' troun' dérin' tra, lonlaire!
In' troun' dérin' tra, lonla!

I's sont partis de Saint-Malo,
Tous ben portants, vaillants et biaux
In' troun' dérin' etc., etc.

YANN NIBOR, BARD OF FRENCH SAILORS

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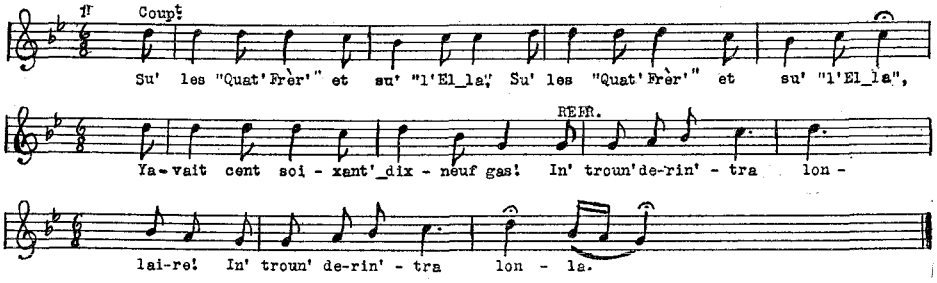
Pour aller à Terr' neuve, au bane,
Pêcher la morue et l' eap'lan.

Mais jamais on n'les r'verra pus!
Les pau' p'tits gas sont ben perdus!

Ceux qui sont les pus malheureux,
C'est les marmaill's, les veuv's, les vieux.



Car, cet hiver, yaura pas d'pain,
Et, pus d'un crèvera de faim.

Mais yen a qui se régal'ront,
C'est les poissons qui les mang'ront!

Allons, Pell'tas et Terr' neuvas,
Faut pas s'fair' de la bil pour ça,

Faut boire à la santé des gas,
Qui sont coulés, au fond, en tas.

Car, comm' les *Quat-Frèr'* et l'*Ella,*
Faut s'attendre à passer par-là.*

It loses most of its charm through translation, but this is hazarded as its meaning:

Upon the *Quatre Frères* and the *Ella,*
There were one hundred and seventy-nine tars!
They departed from Saint Malo,
All healthy, brave and handsome,
To go to the Banks of Newfoundland,
To fish for cod and caplin.

But nevermore will one of them return,
The poor little tars are all lost;
Those who are the most unfortunate,
These are the brats, the widows and the old.

**Chansons et Recits de Mer:* The first line is repeated in singing and the two-line chorus, beginning "In' troun', derin', etc., follows each stanza.

For this winter there will be no bread,
And more than one will die of hunger.
But there are some who will make feast!
These are the fishes that will eat them.
Let us away Pelletas,* Newfoundlanders

Must we grow angry on account of this?
We must drink to the health of the tars
Who have sunk to the bottom, in a heap!
For, like those of the *Quatre Frères* and *Ella,*
We must expect to go the same way.

No doubt this offers much scope for criticism as poetry, but no one can deny that it is vivid and moving. It must be borne in mind that it is written for sailors, particularly Breton sailors, those "grand dreamers and unconscious poets without voice," as Loti calls them, upon a tragic incident which has similarly at one time or another touched most of their lives. It is not verse simply to be read, but needs a dramatic singer, schooled in an environment where such catastrophes come often, to make real its deep pathos and calm resignation. These Breton fishermen know that each year the sea exacts its toll of four or five per cent. of their number. Conscious of their probable fate, they accept it without complaint or whining, and Yann Nibor has correctly voiced their sentiment that it is idle to repine, even under the rigourous circumstances of their perilous calling.

Since then he has written many poems, which have been collected and published in volumes entitled *Chansons et Récits*

*A labourer who unloads salted codfish, but used colloquially for a fisherman.

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de Mer, crowned by the French Academy, Prix Montyon; *Gens de Mer, Les Cols Bleus* and *Nos Matelots.*

As another example, take "La Boîte de Chine," beginning:

Adieu, mon p'tit gas, va j'seu ben chagrine
De t'voir t'en aller au Tonkin, là-bas;
J'seu ben veille à c't'heure et j'courbe l'échine,
Tu n'me r'trouv'ras pus, quand tu t'en r'viendras.

"Have no fear, grandmother," the boy replies; "I will send you from down there a beautiful Chinese box with a dozen pretty silk handkerchiefs." Unconvinced, she reaffirms that she is too old for such nicknacks. "They were all right thirty years ago, but I am soon to sleep near your sea." "Like an old Turk, I am going to fight," he responds, "and when I return from among the Tonkinese, with my hundred francs of military reward, I will marry, if I wish, the daughter of a *bourgeois.*" She then places about his neck her old scapulary that the curé had said would bring good luck. He departs. At Tonkin he fights "like a dog," cutting down a mass of "dirtyheads with long pig-tails," but receives himself a ball right through the heart. Six weeks later the old grandmother had the little wooden box of her boy, but it contained only an old scapulary, stained with blood and pierced by a Chinese bullet. With her little box the poor old woman couches herself in her great *lit-clos,* her heart torn with anguish. The next morning she is dead, having upon her mouth the bit of cloth that brings good luck.

Allons, mes mat'lots, faut boire un s'cond verre
A la bonn' santé d'la vieille et du gas
Qui repos'en paix sous leurs six pieds d'terre.
Y repos'rons-nous? . . . Voilà c'qu'on n'sait pas!

The dominant note is sadness, but that is part and parcel of the Breton character. One looks in vain for any humour. The sea has no comedies for Yann Nibor. His pen is inspired only by shipwrecks, men overboard, the mourning of widows and children of drowned sailors, sorrowful farewells and more sorrowful returns—by all the hardships and sufferings that fall to mariners. Everywhere, though, the moral of devotion to duty, and, in *Les Cols Bleus,* of patriotism, stands forth in bold relief. The Government has recognised the value of this influence and sent him to Toulon and other naval stations to sing to the men of the fleet. He has evoked tremendous enthusiasm, for the sailors realise that he brings them truth, garnered from experiences like their own, and expressed in their vernacular. Each is a snatch of biography couched in the coarse and barbarous, yet forceful, jargon of the forecastle. They are all sea-pieces painted by the brush of experience, and not the cold, dry sketches of an observant landlubber.

In "Les Albatros" he tells with brutal, graphic frankness the story of an unfortunate sailor who, falling overboard, was immediately attacked by a flock of these monster birds, and before assistance could be rendered, devoured before the eyes of his comrades. It is badly rhymed and its two-line stanzas march rather lamely, and yet, as Adolphe Brisson says, at the close its imagery reaches a very high plane of tragic art:

Et, quand ces vorac's fur'nt repus
Quand du pauv' bougre i' n'restit pus,

Su' la boué', qu'sa pauv' carcass d'os,
Alors tout' cett' band' d'albatros

Dans les gros naug's noirs s'envolit,
L'coeur gai d'avoir le ventre empli!

Mon mat'lot, les sal's albatros,
I's n' lui ont rien laissé qu' les os!

Jean Aicard, the Academician, in his *Portrait de Yann Nibor,* has given a highly realistic picture of the poet's recital of this gripping piece:

Attention! Yann has begun:
"Au Cap Horn!"

With a voice formidable, a voice of command, with a voice which explodes as bombs

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explode, and which makes jingle the glasses upon the closely set table, he has begun one of his recitals of the sea.

One cannot gainsay it. Yann is a sailor.

* * * * *

"Au Cap Horn!"

From the moment that he roared these three words, "Au Cap Horn," I pray you to believe that there was no more of Paris, no more of the banquet-hall about his hearers. The tables started to shake, and the lamps also. . . . You are on the sea. You hear the foaming billows spending themselves against the bows of the boat. Ah! the fine breeze!

All this Yann Nibor alone can give to us.

His absolute fidelity to fact impresses itself at once upon his readers. We feel that every incident is merely an excerpt from the log-book of his experience. The range of his ideas is limited. There is perhaps little that is inherently novel about them. Like all Bretons, he dotes upon his little corner of the earth. He sings of it longingly and of the house, the wife, the child and the old folks. He voices the sorrow of those left behind, and the mourning of those who scan the sea in vain for the return of their loved ones. The sailor in danger, his sufferings from hunger and cold, his silent fatalism, his generosity and self-denial for his comrades, are the simple chords upon which he plays. All are in dialogue form. All tell a tale. There is not a line of description. He purveys rough, undressed truth—truth that many times is "stranger than fiction." His verse certainly lacks literary refinement and elegance, and justly so; for, if it possessed them, it would not ring true nor be poetry for sailors.

If, as we are told, his fellow-Breton, Théodore Botrel, has been honoured by the French Minister of War with the title of "Laureate of the Trenches," for inspiring the men in the field by singing his patriotic songs, Yann Nibor should be officially acclaimed the "Laureate of the Fleet." We presume, however, that he prefers to be the bard of all French sailors, and not assigned merely to the fighting branch. Besides, as he is already a chevalier of the Legion of Honour and an officer of the Academy, new titles are probably not the subjects of his anxious thought in these trying times.

He is no doubt satisfied if he has been able to express the feelings and sentiments of his sea-folk with sincerity. That he has succeeded is attested not only by the enthusiasm with which his songs are greeted by any group of sailors, but also by the opinion of that most literary of sailors, Pierre Loti, the godfather of Yann Nibor's first poetic child. Here is the judgment pronounced upon his work by this expert in all things relating to the sea:

To those who have loved my sailors and my fishermen, I have only this to say: Read or sing these poems; they are still more faithful than all that I have ventured to write. They are this to such a degree that, in perusing them, I seem to hear, as on board, some bold voices, frank and rude, with accent Breton, spinning yarns, chatting, and exchanging repartee in the appropriate vernacular of the sea, with those elisions that add liveliness and strength.

Yann Nibor deserves a larger audience. None of us will probably ever hear him sing his songs, and so the value of his tone and gesture and physiognomy will form no element in our appraisal of his merits. Nevertheless, as dialect verse, saturated with truth and sentiment, his strong, rugged poetry, despite its obvious faults of rhyme and diction, is worthy of close acquaintance because of its high content in human qualities.

Perhaps François Coppée was not dreaming, but had a real vision when he penned this prophecy:

Do not doubt that the most of our poems of high pretension will be plunged into a deep oblivion, when a cabin-boy of Roscoff or Concarneau, great-grandson of a foretopman, to whom Yann Nibor, on board the *Suffren,* had taught one of his songs, will still sing it a hundred years from now, as, squatting beside a stranded bark, he mends an old net.

The future alone can tell.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART II

Modern realism in the age of Anne—modern English prose style—the parents of the English novel—Daniel Defoe and his realistic romances—the style of Gulliver's Travels—the three ways of telling a story—Richardson and the psychological novel.

THE men of Queen Anne brought prose fiction from heaven or hell to earth, and gave us the novel. Of all centuries, the eighteenth holds the primacy as the Century of Beginnings; and perhaps for this reason we of the twentieth have a higher regard for it than the Victorians expressed. During the fifteen years of the present epoch, there has been a noticeable rehabilitation of the eighteenth century; so that it already seems strange to remember that sixty years ago "the age of prose and reason" stood low in public esteem. We know now that the English Augustans, with all their limitations, had a sense of fact that is worth having. Their world was a real world, and they made the best of it. Its pleasures were real, its pains were real; and when they spoke of the comforts and social delights of urban life, they knew exactly what they were talking about. They were like the Parisians; in all spheres of art, they rated cerebration higher than passion. They hated mystery and enthusiasm as being somehow symptomatic of a sloven and unkempt mind; they loved clarity, regularity, and the restraint that accompanies good breeding. The reaction against the Puritan religious excesses of the imagination was still powerful; and the wearisome sectarian controversies of the seventeenth century had developed a kind of polite scepticism, which took the shape of a general conformity to the Church of England. This earth was good enough, without supersensual speculation; and the best thing in this earth was London. They took the cash, and let the credit go.

One reason why Queen Anne literature is so clear is because it isn't deep. Writers avoided difficult themes, and confined themselves to subjects entirely within the range of limited minds. Those men were all realists, whether they wrote verse or prose—Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Defoe, Prior, Gay, Parnell, Arbuthnot—they looked down and not up. It was an age of criticism; and while it is not true that poetry is a criticism of life, the novel most certainly is. It was by no accident that the novel was born at that time. Those intensely modern, sophisticated, clear-headed folk, with a dominant sense of fact, had precisely the right equipment to produce realistic fiction. This is shown by the astounding result—the first three English novelists will rank for all time in the highest class. In the English novel there is no early development from crudity to perfection, from simple to complex; the thing began with an immortal masterpiece.

The history of literature is full of paradoxes. English literature is instinctively and primarily romantic, as French literature is not. Yet every attempt of the English—from *Morte Darthur* in 1485 to *Waverley* in 1814—to produce a prose romance, was an ignominious failure. It is an extraordinary fact, that with the single and glorious exception of Malory's *Morte Darthur,* there is not one work of prose fiction in English up to the time of Defoe that is worth the time and attention of the general reader. For I certainly would not read, nor advise any one to read *Euphues, Arcadia,*

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Rosalind, Jack Wilton, or *Oroonoko,* for their intrinsic value. The fact that most of those works were once "best sellers" has not saved them; they live now only in their historical significance.

The novel, next to the realistic play, is the most concrete and "natural" form of literature; and it did not appear until there was an adequate medium of expression. A simple, flexible, smooth-running English prose style did not exist until the latter half of the seventeenth century. The first person who had the knack of writing conversationally—that is, writing in a manner that reminds one of the speech of human beings—was the professional poet, Abraham Cowley. He wrote prose with his left hand; but he was left-handed. Cowley was a born prosateur, as his poetry proves. His pretentious odes are like sign-posts pointing in the direction of poetry, which do not move themselves. His cumbersome, nickel-plated epic, *Davideis,* seems like Saul's huge armour, with David rattling around inside of it. But the prose parts of his essays, which he wrote just to please himself, have all the charm of the conversation of a cultivated gentleman. The great Dryden went to school to Cowley; and although he acknowledged again and again his debt to his teacher's verse, he really owed more to the prose. No writer who ever lived was more a man of his own age than John Dryden; and he seems to have perceived that Cowley had a real command of a truly natural and essentially modern prose style. What is meant by this will be immediately apparent by comparing a passage from Milton with a passage from Cowley.

From the *Areopagitica:*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

From *A Discourse Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell:*

It was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called protector. And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great that it was said to have brought some very curious persons (and no doubt singular virtuosos) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed than either the dead man, or indeed death itself, could deserve. . . . The vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made; much noise, much tumult, much expense, much magnificence, much vainglory; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight.

Dryden, with his love of what was rational and unaffected, seems to have adopted Cowley's method of prose composition, and carried it to perfection. Dryden is called the Father of English prose: he left to his successors a prose style that combined simplicity, ease, and distinction; a model followed immediately by Defoe, Swift, Addison and Steele.

The English novel of manners had for its parents the Character Books and the Periodical Essay. With the decay of the Elizabethan Drama, the Character Books became popular. They were collections of sketches of familiar types of people; the object of the writer being to give in as small as possible space a complete pen-picture of A Scholar, A Courtier, A Milkmaid, A Soldier, or whatever representative of humanity he happened to select. Although this spe-

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cies of literature was ostensibly objective, it was really self-conscious to the last degree. The author put his own personality into each sketch, filling in the outline with pungent comment. These character books helped to satisfy the natural curiosity of readers about human nature, especially after the opportunity to see human nature reveal itself on the stage was gone. A particular group of persons was isolated, and their main characteristics sharply emphasised; an undercurrent of satire salting the sketch. Thus it was natural that Samuel Butler, the famous author of *Hudibras,* should have been a prominent contributor to this school; although the most successful member of it was Bishop John Earle, who, in his *Microcosmographie* (1628) produced a portfolio of university portraits many of which would even to-day be recognised instantly as faithful likenesses. The Character Books flourished in the seventeenth century, and furnished all the material for a realistic novel except the fable.

This was supplied by the periodical essay, which reached fruition in the *Spectator* (1711), where the manners and customs of the day were accurately reflected. Here the Character Sketch ceased to be static, as in the Character Books, and became dynamic. It was just the difference between the photograph and the moving picture. A person or group of persons was picked up, and carried along through certain familiar experiences. This method reached its climax in the popular Sir Roger de Coverley papers, where in portraying the varied activities of this charming gentleman in town and country, the author was forced into actual narrative, which just misses being a connected story with a formal plot.

Thus, with the sharp isolation of character, singled out, plainly labelled, a pin stuck through it to fix it in place, and then microscopically analysed—together with narrative sketches of contemporary scenes in town and country life, we have the two parents from whom our modern realistic fiction came.

Although Defoe certainly wrote the first English novel, there was a story published in 1680, that differs from a genuine realistic novel only in intention. This was *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman,* by John Bunyan. It is a faithful picture of a contemporary man in a contemporary environment; a history of the times and manners related in a downright, straightforward style; and the restraint in the account of the death-scene shows exquisite art. The author wrote the book as a religious tract; otherwise it might rank as the earliest novel in the English language.

The first English novel is still one of the most popular—*Robinson Crusoe,* by Daniel Defoe, published in 1719. Defoe was fifty-eight years old when he wrote this story; and he had been scribbling steadily for over thirty years. He was a consummate realist, with a keen sense of fact; he had a telescopic imagination, and a microscopic eye. In subject-matter, *Robinson Crusoe* is wildly romantic; in method and in style, it is studiously realistic. For even in his romances, Defoe had the realistic manner, just as Victor Hugo in his realistic novels had the romantic style. Defoe describes life on a remote island as George Gissing would describe a London street; Victor Hugo writes of the sewers of Paris with superbly picturesque eloquence. Defoe's genius for detail is what has made his masterpiece such a hot favourite with boys; the matter-of-fact boy never thinks to ask, Is it true? because he knows it is true, every page of it. Boys are immediately tied to the wheels of his narrative, and follow like slaves.

The enormous popularity of *Robinson Crusoe* has buried its author's name and overshadowed all his other works of fiction; I suspect that not merely boys, but many men and women of some culture, would find it easier to give the name of Robinson's servant than that of his creator; and how many general readers know *Moll Flanders* and *Captain Singleton?* I remember a good talk on books I enjoyed once with a distinguished Bos-

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ton physician, who, though he had been brought up on *Robinson Crusoe,* did not know the name Defoe, and did not suspect that the author of *Crusoe* had written other novels. He was much interested, and carefully wrote down the titles for subsequent perusal. Yet it is true that if Defoe had never written his island story, he would still rank as the first English novelist, and as a realistic author of genius. For *Moll Flanders* (1722) and *Roxana* (1724) are shining examples of absolute realism; they are, in the strictest use of the word, as truly realistic novels as is *Jonathan Wild* (1743) or *Mrs. Martin's Man* (1914). They give accurate pictures of the slums, with plans and specifications.

Even in his story of sheer imagination, dealing with a region as remote from Defoe's experience as Paradise, the author sticks faithfully to the realistic method. In *Captain Singleton* (1720) Defoe took his readers across the Dark Continent. The book is filled with amazingly good guesses, many of which have been verified by explorers; and although, to those who really know the interior of Africa, the Captain's experiences might often arouse laughter, the whole thing sounds convincing enough to the tenderfoot. To me indeed it seems far more truthful, and perhaps is, than the majority of "books of travel" I have read. For Defoe was a skilful and an artistic liar, who had considerable respect for his audience; whereas many travellers and explorers seem to underestimate the intelligence and overrate the receptivity of those who stay at home. I suspect that this book had a greater influence on Stevenson than any other of Defoe's: we know from the former's statement that he studied the literary style of the first novelist with assiduity. To test the result, I read through *Captain Singleton* and immediately after read *The Master of Ballantrae;* and it was astonishing to see such extraordinary resemblance free from all taint of plagiarism.

Every historian of literature will say that Defoe came closest to actual fact in his *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), which has constantly been cited as showing the marvellous power of his imagination. Librarians and cataloguers who have classified it as "history" have been treated by the critics with a tolerant smile, for is not such acceptation a tribute to the author's genius? It has remained for Dr. Watson Nicholson to discover and to prove that Defoe's work is not imagination, but rather the coherent assembling of facts and figures. Even in Defoe's wildest romances, he always seems to have his "sources": which, instead of being old ballads and poetic chronicles, were more like city directories, vital statistics, and cash accounts. I always used to wonder how it had been possible to describe that Plague Year with such convincing detail, when Defoe was simply sitting at his desk, spinning it all out of his imagination, and "making it up as he went along." But Dr. Nicholson has studied the originals, and the comparison shows that Defoe stuck adhesively to his facts. Thus the famous *Journal* is history, after all, and not fiction; only it is history narrated by a great artist.

For of all the works of Defoe, the *Journal of the Plague Year* shows the most complete mastery of prose style. The following passage is a proof that this author could occasionally bring off the rarest of all accomplishments in any form of art—he could make the finished result an absolute realisation of his intention.

A certain citizen, who had lived safe and untouched till the month of September, when the weight of the distemper lay more in the city than it had done before, was mighty cheerful, and something too bold, as I think it was, in his talk of how secure he was, how cautious he had been, and how he had never come near any sick body. Says another citizen, a neighbour of his, to him one day, "Do not be too confident, Mr. ———, it is hard to say who is sick and who is well; for we see men alive and well, to outward appearance, one hour, and dead the next." "That is true," says the first man, for he was

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not a man presumptuously secure, but had escaped a long while; and men, as I said above, especially in the City, began to be over easy upon that score. "That is true," says he, "I do not think myself secure, but I hope I have not been in company with any person that there has been any danger in." "No!" says his neighbour, "was not you at the Bull-head tavern, in Gracechurch Street, with Mr. ———, the night before last?" "Yes," says the first, "I was, but there was nobody there that we had any reason to think dangerous." Upon which his neighbour said no more, being unwilling to surprise him; but this made him more inquisitive, and as his neighbour appeared backward, he was the more impatient, and in a kind of warmth, says he aloud, "Why, he is not dead, is he?" Upon which his neighbour still was silent, but cast up his eyes, and said something to himself; at which the first citizen turned pale, and said no more but this, "Then I am a dead man too," and went home immediately, and sent for a neighbouring apothecary to give him something preventive, for he had not yet found himself ill; but the apothecary opening his breast, fetched a sigh, and said no more but this, "Look up to God;" and the man died in a few hours.

Never was there a better illustration of the superiority of concrete instance over abstract statement and general description. The above paragraph gives a clearer impression of the ravages of the plague than long chapters of rhetorical emphasis could have done. If only preachers and philosophers would sit at the feet of Defoe! Compare *The Varieties of Religious Experience* in interest (and in importance) with the majority of works on metaphysics.

Our first English novelist set a notable example to his followers, in objectivity. Neither Flaubert nor his disciple Guy de Maupassant succeeded in holding themselves more aloof from their characters than did Defoe. It is amusing to remember that he called *Robinson Crusoe* an allegory and pretended that his slum stories had an ethical basis; if we had only his novels, we should know no more about his character and opinions than we know of William Shakespeare.

A work that surely owed something to *Robinson Crusoe,* though emanating from a far greater mind, was *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). This is probably the best-written work of fiction in the English language, for there has never lived a writer who had a more absolute command of prose than Jonathan Swift. He wrote with such astonishing ease and perfection, that it seems as if even his most secret thoughts and meditations must have taken a correct literary form. It was a fine compliment to the new art of the novel that the greatest genius of the age should have selected that form for his satire against the animal called man. This work of candid pessimism and bitter cynicism stands next to *Robinson Crusoe* as a juvenile favourite; because its marvellous imagination is made vivid by the same realism in details, and the drawings in the first two books are exactly according to scale. It is impossible to doubt either the veracity or the accuracy of the traveller. Both Bunyan and Swift would be included in the highest rank of English novelists, if their purpose in writing had not been so far afield.

Defoe was fifty-eight when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* Swift was fifty-nine when he wrote *Gulliver,* and Richardson was fifty-one when he wrote *Pamela.* Possibly one reason why the earliest forms of the English novel were so superbly developed—for the paradox is a truth—is because their makers were themselves so mature. The novel, which is a critical analysis of life, has usually been successful only when it has been the fruit of experience, and when the author has learned the technique of style in other forms of composition. Of our greatest English novelists, only one—Dickens—published a good novel before the age of thirty.

Professor Raleigh, in his admirable little book *The English Novel*—which combines the terse condensation of a manual with the easy and luminous style

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of good armchair talk—calls attention to the three modes of novel composition. The author may tell his story as an invisible and omnipresent mind reader, he may put the whole thing into the speech of the leading character, or he may depend exclusively on epistolary correspondence. One might add that many authors employ all three in one; the story is told by the novelist, with the introduction of much conversation, varied by occasional letters. The first method is not the best for youthful readers; for they must ask, as I used to ask on reading a sentence like "Geoffrey was thinking deeply of a new plan of escape,"—how does the author know what Geoffrey is thinking about? Telling the story in the first person, as in *Lorna Doone* and *David Copperfield,* restricts the range while heightening vividness; the great difficulty being that we know the narrator bears a charmed life. John Ridd is sure to emerge successfully from the most unpromising situations; and the reader has more curiosity than suspense. Professor Moulton says that many people read novels with only a sporting interest, to see how the books end; this method should dull their attention. Dickens evidently felt the danger of this system, for the first sentence in *David Copperfield* reads, "Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show." In *Treasure Island* Stevenson really solved the problem; he obtained all the advantages of this method with none of its drawbacks; for the story is told in the first person, but by one of the least important characters. Thus we have constant vividness, with no sense of security. The third way, having the whole novel consist of letters, is valuable only for mature readers; but perhaps it is the best for revelation of character in its most elemental passions and most trivial caprices. Perhaps it is also best for creating and maintaining the illusion. In a way, too, this plan combines the excellences of the second and third methods. When a story is told in the first person, it is like reading a long letter from one character, as the first paragraph of any such novel will prove; in a series of letters by different hands, one gains all the vitality of direct discourse, with the advantages of a varied company, any one of whom may meet a tragic end.

It is rather interesting to remember that our first three professional novelists adopted in their respective masterpieces the three different styles of fiction. Defoe had Robinson Crusoe tell his own story; Richardson developed the character of Clarissa in a series of letters; and Fielding wrote the "history" of Tom Jones. We have here an interesting comparison of three great artists at work. I suppose that if most critics were asked to state a preference, they would say, "The greatest of these is Fielding." If they were asked to name the least didactic, once more they would say Fielding. Yet I believe that the art of Defoe and Richardson has more aloofness, more objectivity, more severity and more sincerity than the art of Fielding; and that however anxious Defoe and Richardson may have been to strengthen the forces of conventional morality, however "preachy" they may have been by nature, their two masterpieces are distinctly less didactic than *Tom Jones.* For the method according to which *Robinson* and *Clarissa* were written forbade the intrusion of the author; whereas Fielding, by adopting the scheme most popular among his successors, gave himself full liberty to interpose in the story, to comment on its progress, on the characters, on life in general; in doing this, he established a bad precedent in English fiction; for English novelists have been notable for didactic and sentimental interruptions in their narratives, and for a condescending attitude toward their readers; both of which habits aid in destroying the illusion and lead to downright insincerity.

Enormous is the difference between Richardson's prefaces and Richardson's novels. His prefaces are like the rhetorical and tedious preliminary remarks

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delivered by the lecturer while the lights are on; and we begin the first chapter with the same relief and expectancy that the audience greet the extinction of the lamps and the language, and see the snow-capped mountain leap into view. For however the orator may rave and moralise about the mountain, the mountain itself is objective. The moment Richardson leaves his damnable faces and begins, he is an absolute artist. No novel that I can think of has a more direct opening than *Pamela;* the attention of the reader is instantly captured; and in the first paragraph both the heroine and villain are presented. At the end of the preface, Richardson withdraws from the story—even as the alloy left Browning's famous ring with one spirt of the acid. If we did not know the greatness of Richardson the novelist, Richardson the preacher would block the way. Let us compare the opening sentences of the preface to *Pamela* with the first words of the novel.

If to Divert *and* Entertain, *and at the same time to* Instruct *and* Improve *the Minds of the* YOUTH of both Sexes:

If to inculcate Religion *and* Morality *in so easy and agreeable a manner, as shall render them equally* delightful *and* profitable:

If to set forth in the most exemplary Lights, the Parental, *the* Filial, *and the* Social *Duties:*

(All this is followed by seven other ifs.)

We turn to the first page of the story.

Dear Father and Mother,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mentioned to you, and left us all much grieved for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I feared, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forced to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualified above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: but God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienced at a pinch, put it into my good lady's heart on her death-bed, just an hour before she expired, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow), she could only say, My dear son!—and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela—And these were some of her last words! Oh, how my eyes run—don't wonder to see the paper so blotted.

After another paragraph, she signs the letter, and then adds a postscript:

I have been scared out of my senses; for just now, as I was folding up this letter in my late lady's dressing-room, in comes my young master! Good sirs! how was I frightened! I went to hide the letter in my bosom; and he, seeing me tremble, said, smiling, "To whom have you been writing, Pamela?" etc.

Richardson felt the necessity of writing apologies for his great works of fiction. But his apologies are written in a cramped and intolerably formal style, full of canting generalities. The instant he begins his story, it is as though he threw off a mask, resumed his natural voice, and narrated without any didactic ardour. For the letters in the story never begin with generalities, but are intensely concrete and intensely dramatic. The difference between the tone of the prefaces and the tone of the story is like the change in many a parson's voice when he has finished the grace before meat, and begins to talk about the weather.

The immense length of Richardson's novels is part of his scheme, and yet he does remind us of the after-dinner speaker who was pleasantly introduced by the toastmaster as an orator of excellent initiative, but totally lacking in terminal facilities. I sometimes think that his novels were not meant to be read by individuals but by dynasties and generations; the grandfather puts in a

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bookmark and dies, and his mature son takes up the burden at that point. Yet the proof that Richardson was correct in his proportions is seen in the fact that every attempt to abridge his novels has been a failure. Much better never to read *Clarissa* than to read it clipped. Its length is an essential feature of the plot.

Richardson had the genius for expansion shown by Robert Browning in the *Ring and the Book;* there is more than one close analogy between *Clarissa* and that epic. The whole story can be told in a dozen lines; but in each case the author has expanded it into volumes. There is not now any interest of suspense; the poet gave the whole plot away at the start, and every modern reader knows what happened to *Clarissa.* The object of the artist in each case was complete psychological analysis; which could not have been achieved except by accumulation of detail. Richardson is the originator of the psychological novel; and in two respects he has never been surpassed—in the tireless patience of his analysis, and in his unflinching march toward the inevitable tragic close.

(*To be continued*)

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE DECEMBER BOOKMAN

The third article in Professor Phelps's series will deal with Eighteenth Century progress. The outline of Part III will be: Contemporary fame—Fielding the humourist—his insincerity and its bad effects—comic men and tragic women—naturalism in Smollett—Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith—Sterne and sentimentalism—the sentimental novel in the twentieth century.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IX—THE "CENTURY," BORN "SCRIBNER'S"

NEW YORK had no sooner knocked into a cocked hat the Philadelphia brag of the greatest circulation than another heady project for silencing her ancient rival occurred to her. The war, which threatened the security even of *Harper's,* kept it in cold storage for a decade, but age did not wither it. Philadelphia had been able to keep going at once several magazines of the same rank; the metropolis could never demonstrate her literary supremacy until she did the same. The jeers of her sisters were at last beginning to penetrate. New York—they said loftily, hugging their Hobson's choice—may publish literature but she does not read it; better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox which is eaten only by your neighbours. The only appriate retort was not for the moment forthcoming and must be relegated to the misty future. But in the meantime why not demolish Philadelphia's sole remaining brag?

New York's one great magazine still left some conspicuous fields of activity untouched. Family circles had been known to take in more than one magazine even in the old days when magazines were all about the same. Perhaps there might be room, even at some of the firesides pre-empted by *Harper's,* for a periodical with different aims—more national certainly, and perhaps less preoccupied with finding a common denominator. So thought Charles Scribner, head of a New York publishing house, and so thought the man who became his editor. In two items, they agreed, lay their best chance—finer illustrations and native writers. For the rest they would feel their way.

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THE NEW WOOD CUTS

The feature of illustrations, ran the editorial announcement in the first number, has been adopted to meet a thoroughly pronounced popular demand. In the last number before it became the *Century* there was another editorial announcement. "Its superb engravings and the era it introduced of improved illustrative art, have been the chief factor in its success. This feature is attributable to Mr. R. W. Gilder and Mr. A. W. Drake. The effects achieved excited great curiosity both in this country and in England. Mr. Smith may legitimately claim to have revolutionised the cut-printing of the world. It took a lawyer turned business man to discover that damp paper is not the best for printing cuts on." In those eleven years they had heard the intellectual protest against "picture-books" grow small by degrees and beautifully less, until save for a few stalwart souls it had ceased altogether to spell that fatty degeneration of culture once so profoundly feared by those who grudged that others should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. One might almost forget that such ideas were ever entertained by sensible people did we not in our own day behold austere persons raise the same objection to their children's acquiring knowledge easily (and more lastingly) by means of the "movies." The revolution which *Scribner's* effected, like every other successful one, owed much to its coming at the right moment.

It was the good fortune of the magazine to be born with the rise of a new school of American art, and it has probably never happened to any periodical to hold a relation so intimate with the arts of design or to be a means of diffusing correct julgments and principles. By means of the revolution wrought in wood-cut illustration by this magazine, it has been possible to give significance to art-judgment by fac simile reproduction. When it was founded eleven years ago, the art of wood-engraving was almost stationary. The illustrated periodicals were hardly better than they had been for twenty years. The wood-engraver who aspired to do good work himself found himself embarrassed by the lagging of his partner, the designer on wood. A dozen years ago, one of the leading engravers declared there was not an illustrator on wood in New York who could draw the human figure correctly. It was manifestly impossible to make a really great illustrated magazine under such conditions. *Scribner's,* therefore, had recourse to a method already in use for certain purposes—that of photographing on wood. This was not then considered the correct way to obtain an artistic picture. By degrees, the change was wrought, and the individuality of painter and designer retained. Protests were many—the pictures were positively ugly, it was alleged; but by degrees people came to prefer their real beauty to the old conventional properness. Never before by means of any art or device had the excellence of a great picture been carried by multiplied copies. In a country like ours, where galleries are few and worthy paintings rarely to be seen out of the great cities, the educational service of such art-work as *Scribner's* is incalculable. The London *Standard* said of the Portfolio of Proof Impressions from Scribner's: "It is impossible for an Englishman to look through this collection of engravings without a deep feeling of humiliation. The wood-engraving stands now at the head of all methods of reproduction. A dozen years ago steel prints were thought to be the chief means. To have attained this is to work an ultimate revolution in the world's art-culture."

DR. HOLLAND AND HIS POLICIES

In June, 1881, Dr. Holland wrote a retrospect for his magazine just undergoing its second baptism. Mr. Charles Scribner had applied to him thirteen years before to take the editorship of *Hours at Home,* a periodical the publisher had started some years earlier. Holland, however, believed it to be moribund. Happening sometime later to meet Mr. Roswell Smith in Europe, he spoke of the offer and said he would be glad of the opportunity to undertake a new one of his own. Mr. Smith, who appears never to have considered the sub-

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ject before, replied that he would like to manage the business end of such an enterprise. Together the two went to Scribner and unfolded the project, and they found him favourably inclined.

Naturally it was his wish to have the new magazine emanate from his book-house. I refused, however, to have anything to do with a magazine that should be floated as the flag of a book-house, or as a tributary or subordinate to a book-house. It was agreed that a new concern should be formed. Mr. Smith had no knowledge whatever of the publishing business, and I had none save that which I had acquired in the publication of a country newspaper, with the details of which, however, I had little to do. It was deemed desirable by Mr. Scribner that the magazine should bear the name of the book-house. I was glad to have the prestige of the name, he was glad to have the advertising which the new magazine would thus give. But in another respect it was not a selfish matter at all. Through long years of the most brotherly intercourse I had come into very affectionate relations with Mr. Scribner. But we—the two parties—regarded the enterprise and operations of the magazine house from radically different standpoints. We, the majority interest, had no interest whatever in the book-house; we were organised to do our own business and neither to do nor to mind any other man's. We felt that if we should desire to publish a book, we ought not to be called upon to consider whether we were affecting the business of any other concern whatsoever. This difference was the inspiring cause of all the recent changes that have taken place in the proprietorship of the concern.

If Charles Scribner relinquished his pet project, to have a magazine of his own in the same way that the Harper firm had one of its own, it was because he was confident that Dr. Holland was worth the price he unaccountably exacted. Scribner knew more than anybody else but Bowles of the *Springfield Republican* how much Holland was worth to him as an editor. Holland had gone on Bowles's paper as assistant in 1847 for a salary of $480, which was increased the next year to $700. The "Letters" he wrote for the paper were so popular that the subscription responded at once. But in spite of their history and of a didactic home-spun quality as dear to the heart as to the head of the American publisher of the period, Holland was unable to find a publisher until Scribner consented to hear them. Their success at once showed Scribner that their author had guaged rightly the widest audience in the country—the practical intelligent people who wanted to better themselves. The New York *Evening Post* said at his death that no literary man in America was so accurately fitted for the precise work of developing a great popular magazine. He had the immense advantage of keeping on a plane of thought just above that of a vast multitude of readers, each one of whom he could touch with his hand and raise a little upward. "No other man in this country," said Robert Collyer, "could have built up *Scribner's* as he did, making it fill a place uniquely adapted to the great mass of the American people." This was his ideal—to speak to the heart and mind of the average man. His proudest title was "The Great Apostle to the Multitude of Intelligent Americans who have Missed a College Education." To them he preached constantly, and in the most neighbourly of fashions. One of his great texts was temperance, but he had no intention of remaining the stock moralist which so long contented his more prudent rival, *Harper's*. Not only did he criticise severely the political and social abuses of his time—still a preposterous rashness for a popular magazine; but, bolder still, he did not care how many sects squinted at his theology. That we fail to extract any heretical doctrines from the wholesome but somewhat stodgy "Bitter Sweet" today, does not subtract from the audacity of an editor who dared to risk subscriptions by publishing the poem in a day when he knew it would flutter all the dovecotes. He knew how to feed the virtuous and yet give them cakes and ale also—a born editor. This Charles

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Scribner seems to have divined from the start, when he allowed a man to step from a subordinate position on a small city newspaper into his office and dictate the terms on which he would assume control of an old publisher's new magazine. "I risked in the business," wrote Holland afterward, "all the money and all the reputation I had made, and it is a great satisfaction that I did not miscalculate the resources of my business associate or my own. Although the *Monthly* started without a subscriber it never printed or sold less than forty thousand copies a month. The highest task we set ourselves was to reach one hundred thousand, now we are looking forward to one hundred and fifty. That two men utterly unused to the business should succeed from the first in so difficult a field is, in retrospect, a surprise to themselves."

These two men, though of a progressive cast, were on account of their inexperience the more desirous to make haste slowly. A magazine, too, which had absorbed *Hours at Home* and *Putnam's* at the very outset naturally owed something to its digestion. *Putnam's,* as we have seen, prided itself on possessing opinions; and the *Riverside Magazine,* which was the next candidate for assimilation, was a juvenile which prided itself on forming them. In five years another set of readers inured to catholic discussion of ideas came in a body to swell the subscription list. This flock had been shepherded by Edward Everett Hale in *Old and New,* a magazine begun under the auspices of the Unitarian Association, with an idea then quite radical even for so unorthodox a creed. "We took the ground," says he, "that literature and politics and theology and religion might be discussed within the same covers and read by the same readers. If you please to take the language of the trade, we believed that the stories and the poems in our journal could float the theology and the religion. In eleven volumes I edited the journal. At the end of that time we had more than one competitor in the same path; especially *Scribner's.* The Unitarian Association had long since tired of us; for it was impossible to make the directors of a denominational society understand that we were doing their work—as we were—better than they could do it themselves. For myself I was tired of the strain of editorial life; and *Old and New* was merged into *Scribner's.* This is the reason why 'Philip Nolan's Friends' was printed in that magazine." The author of such narrative poems as "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina" would of course have been congenial to Unitarian readers anyway, and they would have remained unstirred by the heresies therein ventilated. It is ironic to find that Dr. Holland did not escape the common fate of reformers any more than Scribner himself kept his well-known professional morality above reproach by publishing him—for when Stedman came to publish in the magazine his series on the American Poets, Dr. Holland very strongly objected on moral grounds to including his paper on Whitman, which proved, indeed, to arouse a great deal of controversy. It has been ever thus in the history of human thought; always reformers have dreamed themselves the only sane pioneers, and to adventure beyond their last stake is to pass the frontier of safety.

Intending to occupy a field which *Harper's* had not entered—the discussion, as well as the exposition, of ideas —still it was many years, said the *Century* as it made its debut, before *Scribner's* thoroughly grasped and adopted the scheme for presenting, as the best of all magazine material, the elaborate discussion of living, practical questions. "Also we made only one attempt in the old series at popular studies, and now we know better how to manage it. There is nothing that opens before us now more attractive than this field of illustrated historical research and representation." Many years was it, also, before the magazine ventured to depart from the old custom of recapitulating each month the progress of civilisation. Literature, Home and Society, the World's Work

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were sanctioned summaries of which only the first possessed much claim to be included in a magazine that no longer sought to occupy the place of a newspaper as well. Another slow evolution from the old to the new was the gradual cessation of self-consciousness about the names of contributors. More than a decade later than the first *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic,* it had begun with printing names in the Contents; then an important name or two appeared in the body of the magazine at the top of the article; then less important ones were tucked at the end; and finally every author, small and great alike, was allowed his place in the sun at the very head and front of his offending. In the first number the only names permitted to appear with the text was that of George MacDonald, who was running a serial. Gradual also, although it featured and paid for American material from the outset, was its relinquishment of the English reprint. "The system of reprinting English serials, which had proven itself the deadly blight of native literature," reminisced the *Century,* "was tried for a year or two and then wholly given up. One of the things which tended to give *Scribner's* a distinctive character of its own was its discarding of English serials and its cordial encouragement of every sign of originality and force in the younger American writers."

THE "CENTURY" AND THE NEW SOUTH

It was the good fortune of the *Century* to come into existence at the moment when a renascence was preparing in American literature," said that magazine modestly in its fourth volume. But indeed, this renascence seems more due to *Scribner's* than to any other one force. It is true that it had come in with a new era; that the war had pushed the old and narrow American life into a premature antiquity, and that many new periodicals and journals sprang out of this mental reaction. But most of them perished; and the new writers, thanks to the unfair competition with English authors, could find for their fermentation no outlet in books. It was because the pages of *Scribner's* were open to these youngsters that they lived to grow up. Especially was this true of the Southern writers, and the service of *Scribner's* in this respect and its wider service in helping the wounds of the war to heal—in accordance with the newly discovered medical treatment by drainage—cannot be overestimated. Their War articles were not only superb journalism, but splendid patriotism also. In the chronicle of the war by the leading generals, each side will discover the true mettle of the other, the magazine ventured to hope. It was in 1873 that it sent a special train through the South with the purpose of securing a series of articles. "The discussion now going on in the *Century* about the re-organisation of society in the Southern States," they said, "is of the utmost value in putting the North in possession of the facts and the South of a temper, to which inherited views and party spirit have blinded both sides."

One of the articles in *Scribner's* stated the general situation. "A Northern business man who had published an Army and Navy Journal or something of the sort during the war, when he found his occupation gone, tried to exploit the local patriotism of the South by getting up a series of Southern textbooks, with results that will not be forgotten by the investors. Magazine after magazine was started. But the new generation began to recognise it was necessary to seek a wider public. It was not until Southern men began to write for Northern magazines that the South became a factor in the literary life of the country."

The first Northern magazine open to them was *Scribner's,* both in stories which represented their life and articles which stated their point of view. Immediately after the war there was in the South as in the North the usual ebullition of literary energy. But in the South it was much increased by the desire to present their cause aright to the world. The activity in starting new

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magazines as vehicles for the passionate desire for expression was proportionately even greater in the South than in the North, where, as we have seen, it was abundantly fruitful. But these magazines naturally had even greater mortality. The South had never been able to support periodicals, and now that it was impoverished it was far less able to do so. The writers, too, of such a literature as the South felt the need of to represent it aright were far less able than formerly to work for nothing, even had the magazines been able to continue, on their short rations, to afford them a medium for their patriotism. To exploit this patriotism had been their publishers' frank and commendable object. *De Bow's Review* began the last of its many series, "devoted to the restoration of the Southern States." The *Southern Review* dedicated itself "to the despised, the disfranchised, and the down-trodden people of the South." In Charlotte, Atlanta, Raleigh, Charleston, and New Orleans other magazines took up the cry—the children of the new generation must be educated in the old ideals and the North must not be allowed to misrepresent their fathers to them. The most successful of these short-lived magazines was the *Southern* of Baltimore, which lasted five years. In addition to its English reprints, it introduced several young Southerners in original work. The chief of these were Margaret Preston, Malcolm Johnston, Sidney Lanier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Maurice Thompson, Professor Gildersleeve, and Professor Price. But the *Southern* in spite of the best intentions could pay nothing—Malcolm Johnston, for instance, gave them his Dukesborough Tales, which afterward reached a wider audience and brought some return to the author. All of these people were shortly publishing in *Scribner's* at the regular rates. On the trip which the magazine planned in 1873 for the purpose of its articles on the New South, was discovered in New Orleans one of the story-tellers of the New South, George W. Cable; and within six months he appeared in its pages. Within half a dozen years John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page, and Joel Chandler Harris were coming to the front. Mrs. Burnett was one of *Scribner's* greatest finds. In 1881 the editor in calling attention to the fact that seven articles by Southerners had appeared in one number, said, "We are glad to recognise that there is a permanent productive force in literature in the Southern States. We welcome the new writers to the great republic of letters." So much was the *Century* a patron of the new authors that its "dialect" stories seemed to many readers decidedly overworked; and they longed for pages less hen-tracked.

The *Atlantic* and *Harper's* quickly followed *Scribner's* lead, the former exploiting Maurice Thompson and Charles Egbert Craddock and printing in series George Cary Eggleston's "A Rebel's Recollections." *Lippincott* and the *Independent* made the fame of Sidney Lanier. Of this last periodical Maurice Thompson became literary editor in 1888, though Southerners had long singled it out for special condemnation on account of its bias. In 1890 Mr. Walter Hines Page of North Carolina even entered the sanctum of the New England holy of holies, the *Atlantic*.

All this change of attitude, North and South, had been brought about by *Scribner's*. It had not only opened its doors to Southern writers, but it had gone to them and invited them to come in. To the opportunity thus afforded, the disappearance of the truculent, professional, and provincial spirit of Southern literature owes its first impetus and its gathering strength. Mr. Edward Mims in his *Life of Lanier* gives us some interesting details of this, as well as an excellent resumé of the situation.

In the period 75-85 the old order of Southern writers passed away. Paul Hamilton Hayne best represents the transition to the new group. This began to write, not in the attempt to create a distinctively Southern literature, but because the new literature, unlike the old, was related directly to the life

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of the people. Sentimentalism was superseded by a healthy realism. They were (for the first time) willing to be known as men who made their living by literature. They did not want to be sectional but national in spirit. Joel Chandler Harris said, "What does it matter whether I am Northerner or Southerner. Literature that can be labelled Northern, Southern, Western, or Eastern is not worth labelling at all. Whenever we have a genuinely Southern literature, it will be American and cosmopolitan as well." All of the new writers had little patience with the former literary methods and criticism of the South. As early as 1871 the *Southern Magazine* in a review of Southland writers had written: "We should be courageous enough to condemn bad art and bad workmanship no matter whose it be; to say, for instance, to more than half of the writers in these volumes 'Ladies, you may be all that is good, noble, and fair; you may be the pride of society and the lights of your homes; so far as you are Southern women our hearts are at your feet—but you have neither the genius, the learning, nor the judgment to qualify you for literature.'" In 1874 Hayne condemned in the same magazine the provincial literary criticism which had prevailed. "No foreign ridicule, however richly deserved, can stop this growing evil until our own scholars and thinkers have the manliness and the honesty to discourage instead of applauding such manifestations of artistic weakness and artistic platitudes as have hitherto been foisted on us by persons uncalled and unchosen by any of the Muses."

Scribner's in providing Southern writers with an approved and profitable Northern vehicle created a new national attitude in both North and South; and shaped a literature it had gone far toward creating, by banishing its provinciality.

But the War articles performed a great service to more than the nation at large. They lifted the circulation of the *Century* to a high figure and they made much money for the book publishing end of the two firms. Told by the actors themselves on both sides and illustrated with an excellence never attained before, they naturally attracted enormous attention. Those contributed by General Grant were, on account of his prominence and some special circumstances, particularly profitable. Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine gives an account of them in his *Life of Mark Twain*. Mr. Gilder told Twain, he says, that the *Century* editors had endeavoured to get Grant to contribute to their War series, but that not until his financial disaster, as a member of the firm of Grant and Ward, had he been willing to consider the matter; that Grant now welcomed the idea of contributing three papers to the series and that the promised payment of $500 for each had gladdened his heart and relieved him of immediate anxiety. (Somewhat later, adds Paine, the *Century* Company of their own accord added liberally to this sum.) Twain went to see Grant about book publication and was told that they had made him a proposition for his completed memoirs. Grant had not thought the proposition good enough, but when Twain told the General what offer, in his person, the American Book Company of Hartford would make, he took the General's breath away. Yet Grant demurred, saying that the book ought to go, other things being equal, to the man who had first suggested it to him. Then said Twain, "I am the man, and you should place your book with my firm," and recalled to him a conversation to that effect. After much discussion the General agreed, though he felt that Twain was bankrupting himself by the royalty he offered. All this got into the papers, and Mark Twain publishing General Grant became the most talked of event in the book world. To increase the advertising the project received, certain newspapers persistently circulated rumours of estrangements between Grant and the *Century* and between Mark Twain and the *Century* as a result of the book decision. Nothing but the most cordial relations and understanding prevailed, says Mr. Paine, but all this greatly fomented public interest in the General's *Century* papers, which in that

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respect were already record-breakers. And as if this were not fortunate enough, it was increased by another happening. The public knew that General Grant was dying as he wrote or dictated his story with Mark Twain hovering around to encourage him. It appeared that at one of their sittings they discovered that Mark had cleared out of camp once in Missouri just in time to escape capture by the man whose book he was now going to publish. The *Century* got wind of this extremely picturesque anecdote, and at their request Mark wrote for their War series the story of his share in the Rebellion and particularly of his war relations with General Grant.

The good fortune and fine editorial sense in all this attended the succeeding leaders of the magazine. Kennan's Siberian papers proved another enormous sensation, and won the magazine the proud distinction of being forbidden to enter Russia. The next sensation was greater still, although the public had time to moderate their transports in the four years that the articles ran. This was the *History of Lincoln* by his two secretaries, which had been in cold storage for twenty years awaiting Mr. Smith's sagacity. As early as 1867 Hay and Nicolay had tried to get *Harper's* interested, but neither it nor any of the book publishers would listen. "We shall have to write it and publish it on our own hook some day," said Hay. When after a score of years, the *Century* asked them to set about the work in earnest, they received the largest price any magazine had paid up to that date—fifty thousand dollars. *Harper's,* interested at last, again had to yield to her rival. During negotiations Hay wrote to Nicolay: "I do not believe Gilder will want the stuff for his magazine. It is not adapted for that; there is too much truth in it. We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbering sentiment of course. But we ought to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their harps about one side or the other—Gilder was evidently horrified at your saying that Lee ought to be shot; a simple truth of law and equity." John Hay wrote another record-maker for the *Century*. The success of *The Bread-Winners* exceeded that of any previous American novel. Its anonymous author set everybody guessing. A Western Doctor of Divinity declared that he wrote it and that the publishers never paid him. But this, the customary fate of anonymous hits, is not so amusing as that the once anonymous *Atlantic* refused it because the author would not sign it.

A MARRIAGE AND A DEATH

Before taking the most important step that can happen to a maiden magazine—changing its name for better or for worse—*Scribner's* in 1881 published a pamphlet modestly relating her birth, breeding, and expectations. "In the height of prosperity she was about to assume a name of broader significance. The magazine whose ways are not the ways of the present time cannot live on its old reputation, but must stiffen and die with the infirmities of age. (Like a theatrical star, only constant contact with the public can keep her young!) There were those who predicted that she would die by the severe law of natural selection as had died *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam's*. The starting of a magazine in face of able and established competitors is always a most venturous and difficult task. So it had been with her. It was fortunate perhaps that her conductors and editors were inexperienced in the conduct of periodicals. Lack of skill was more than made up by their freedom from bondage to old ways of doing. It did not take them long to discover that the methods and men then in vogue were not sufficient. A new magazine must find new men. It was thought necessary to make it cheap in the beginning, but before the close of the year it was found that a three dollar magazine could not afford the highest excellence, and the second year began with a most perilous change for a new periodical. It was

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enlarged and the price raised to four dollars, at a moment of great popular excitement and no little financial stringency. But after a temporary check it was soon again on the high road to prosperity. New methods of engraving were ventured upon in the face of a shower of adverse criticism. The steady increase in circulation of from ten to twenty per cent. a year made it possible to augment its facilities in every direction."

In short, the young woman was putting herself on record before taking a decisive step. In spite of her efforts to have it all understood, people had got the idea that she was married to a book-publishing house, and she didn't propose to stand it any longer. She was a maiden bright and free, no guile seduced, no force could violate, and she didn't propose to take unto herself a mate unless it were Father Time itself, the everlasting. And so, to the confusion of library-boys until time itself shall have an end, *Scribner's* was going to become the *Century*. For her scorned and reputed spouse, some while afterward, having caught the habit from his long quasi-relation, married a maiden of the name he had grown used to; and generations yet unborn will complain therefore of mistaken identity.

Here is Dr. Holland's last announcement in the old *Scribner's:*

> The present Mr. Charles Scribner and I have ceased to be proprietors, and Mr. Roswell Smith has acquired about nine-tenths of the stock. The remainder has been divided among the young men who have done so much and worked so faithfully to make the magazine what it has been and what it is. I am glad they own it, and that it is Mr. Smith's design that they shall have more as they win the ability to purchase it. I owe so much to these men that I shall greatly rejoice in any substantial rewards that they may reap for their long and faithful service in building up the interests of the concern.

And here is the first announcement of the new *Century:*

> Names do not make magazines but magazines give significance to names. We wholly sympathise with readers in their sentimental regard for our old names and wish it were never to be dropped, for it means more to us than it ever could mean to a subscriber and reader; but the reasons for the change are imperative. *Scribner's Monthly* started eleven years ago without a subscriber; the *Century* starts with virtually one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. The former was begun without experience and with everything to learn; the latter lifts its fresh ensign upon a field of conquest. The former was obliged to go out among the men and women of letters and ask for contributions, which, in many instances, were doubtfully or questioningly rendered; the latter is overwhelmed with voluntary offerings of the best material from the best pens. The former sought in vain among artists and engravers for such illustrations as would satisfy its wants and realise its ideals; the latter begins with all the talent at its command which *Scribner's Monthly* helped to discover and develop. The same business manager is at the front, and the same editorial force controls and directs the pages, the same man directs the art department who made *Scribner's Monthly* famous as a reformer in the arts of designing and wood-engraving.

But it is destiny which disposes. Almost the last word Dr. Holland had written for the magazine he founded was, "With the burden of business responsibility lifted from my shoulders, I hope to find my hand more easily at work with my pen." Before the Far West saw the new fawn-coloured dress of the *Century,* replacing the too prosaic blue of the old *Scribner's,* the pen had dropped from his hand forever; and the issue which announced that its life was likely to continue, with unchanged name, perhaps for centuries, announced that the life of the editor was concluded.

THE "CENTURY" AND ADVERTISING

The service the magazine rendered for Southern writers and for the reunion of the whole country sinks, however, almost to insignificance (if one may say so without being accused of cynicism!) beside the beneficence of an-

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other achievement, the end of which is not yet. It began the modern system of magazine advertising.

The history of periodical advertising in America presents three stages, that of the newspaper, of the weekly, and of the monthly. The stupendous development of American journalism, in which it has outstripped the world, would have been impossible without advertising patronage. The growth of newspapers, we are told, has been about a thousand per cent. in each half of the century. Newspaper advertising began as a habit with the last decade of the eighteenth century, but it cannot be said to have increased even proportionately until the third decade of the nineteenth, when it suddenly leaped forward with giant strides. This was by reason of the establishment of the New York *Sun* in 1833, the *Herald* in 1835, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* in 1836, and the New York *Tribune* in 1841. Even for a long time after advertising space was regularly set aside in newspapers, however, the majority of them did not have any regular rates for advertising. Newspapers depended mainly upon subscriptions or graft (the latter the more dependable part of their income) and they got what they could for advertisements as extra revenue. "In the seventies," says Mr. George P. Rowell of *Printer's Ink,* "advertising had in the ordinary run of papers little standard of value. Conditions now are in every way almost inconceivably different. John Wanamaker spends more money for advertising every week in the dailies than A. T. Stewart did in a year."

It was Robert Bonner who first made the newspapers and the public appreciate what could be done with advertising. He would take a whole page of a paper, and say in it over and over again, "Fanny Fern Writes Only For The *Ledger.*" My success, he cried aloud frankly and reverberatingly from every housetop, is owing to my liberality in advertising. "I get all the money I can lay my hands on and throw it out to the newspapers," he said, "and before I can get back to my office, there it all is again and a lot more with it." But his returns for this sort of advertising were due merely to the novelty of advertising in bulk and with display—when the novelty wore away, as it happened in book advertising fifty years later, the method was no longer effective. Other advertising of his, however, was far more subtle and ingenious; and each new device for attracting attention to his weekly hit the bull's eye. They were legion. Godkin mentions one in a letter to a friend in 1858.

> The great topic of the quidnuncs for the past few days has been Edward Everett's extraordinary undertaking to write for the New York *Ledger,* a two-penny weekly magazine circulating nearly three hundred thousand copies. It is filled with tales of the Demon Cabman, the Maiden's Revenge, the Tyrant's Vault, and a great variety of "mysteries" and "revelations," and, in short, barring its general decency of language, belongs to as low and coarse an order of literature as any publication in the world. By the lavish use of puffery à la Barnum, the proprietor, a journeyman printer four or five years ago, has amassed a large fortune. He offered to pay over to the Ladies Mount Vernon Association—a project in which Mr. Everett is greatly interested—the sum of $10,000 in case the latter would undertake to write one article every week for one year. To the astonishment of the whole Union the ex-ambassador, ex-secretary, ex-president of Harvard University, ex-editor of the "Greek Reader," the scholar, the exquisite, the one aristocrat of "the universal Yankee nation" has accepted the proposal. Bonner will no doubt shortly fill whole sides of the newspapers with announcements of the fact.

But whether it was because Bonner heroically maintained at home an idealism he could not exercise abroad (amazing figure!) or whether advertising in weeklies had not yet in his estimation become profitable, or whether his ingenious advertising mind had determined that the money lost in not accepting advertising in his own paper was money well spent for the most unique advertising he could get under the circumstances

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—the surprising fact is that he never even in the day of the *Ledger's* colossal success inserted a single advertisement. The paradox—as Gonoril might say—makes speech poor and breath unable! Certainly some weeklies had already begun to make fortunes out of advertising, under that pleasantest of systems which allowed them to get all of their text for nothing. Nor was the English reprint their only gratuitous fodder. Mr. Rowell remembers the *Waverley* of Boston, which lived entirely upon the effusions of romantic misses and young men at college, and never paid one cent for its contributions. It was a weekly, sold for ten cents and it charged one dollar a line for its abundant advertisements. This admirable plan is by no means archaic, even if the international copyright law cuts off one source of free material and the vanity of young persons is now less easily appeased. A great many weeklies and monthlies exist solely for advertising purposes, especially in States where public opinion is not exacting in the matter of patent medicine and other questionable advertisements. Mr. Rowell raises a humourous eyebrow over the dozens of papers published in Augusta, Maine, the capital of the State, for prices ranging around twenty-five cents a year, and queries why the Post Office law should be so flouted. It is interesting to recall, as an example of how difficult it is to draw the line, that the *Delineator* was established, says he, for the purpose of advertising the Butterick Paper Patterns and with no other purpose. Yet bare as it was of other features, it early found more than a hundred thousand women glad to pay the subscription price in advance for it. The question of admitting it to the mails puzzled the clerks in the Post Office Department, but if they ever excluded it, the time of its exclusion was brief. Of so little account was considered the advertising it printed that the man who supplied the printing-ink took his pay in advertising space: at last accounting, the magazine was charging six dollars a line for advertising.

All this is quoted not to show the guile of the advertising man from the very start (where, oh where is the need?) or the continuous performance of his growing importance (humiliating task for the scribe!), but to emphasise the fact that magazines did not once conceive advertising worth their attention nor did advertisers consider magazines worth their consideration. Mr. Rowell, who founded one of the earliest advertising agencies and made in 1869 the first permanent lists of newspapers and periodicals for agency purposes, says that circumstances led him to buy a space on the outside cover page of *Our Young Folks* for the period of a year, hoping to sell it at a profit. But no one wanted to buy it and he had to use it himself. His advertisement after lying dormant for some time brought him in the end an advertiser, and he doubtless made the experience of assistance in furthering the as yet undeveloped work of the agency. This, then, was the condition of magazine advertising. To account for it, in face of the successful demonstration which advertising had already made in newspapers and some semi-literary periodicals, is not easy. It may have been because of the scorn of or indifference to the business end of the enterprise which had so often characterised even those magazines which tried to keep their feet on the ground and their heads out of the high air of idealism. From the very beginning most of them had genuinely disclaimed motives of commercial success—they had striven to mould minds and create a literature. To many such, advertising seemed sordid; and, indeed, they held themselves above all the details of the commercial side. One might have expected, perhaps, the most extreme cases of idealism in the pioneer publishers, as they appeared in State after State; and it is noticeable that everywhere the pioneer sentiment on advertising was contemptuous. The cruder the country the loftier the aspirations of its volunteer editors. But to Chicago in 1850 (though certainly crude and new enough) one would not have

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looked for juvenile idealisms—she already knew herself the capital of the northwestern Empire and had no illusions as to the foundation of her greatness. Consequently it is a striking illustration of the current literary attitude which was afforded by a miscellany called *Garden City*. This was founded by Sloan, the patent-medicine man, who had so profitably advertised his patent medicines in the *Gem of the Prairie* that he desired a magazine of his own. Mr. Fleming tells us that for the first few numbers he even printed in his literary pages a "Sloan's Column." But although the magazine had its origin as an advertising medium, it gradually curtailed these notices of the proprietor's wares and throughout its last years admitted very little advertising of any kind. One is perhaps not surprised to hear that in 1854 it was merged into a Boston periodical, seeing how long it had been heading for the heights of sublimity. And even in Chicago there appeared something peculiarly base about advertising which made other schemes for self-support the less of two evils. The *Chicago Magazine* frankly announced that it expected to get revenue "daguerreotyping leading citizens and near-by towns," yet it said magnificently at the same time, "We respond to the wish of a contemporary that we might be able to dispense with advertising as an avenue of public patronage; but at present the law of necessity must overrule the law of taste."

What then demolished this elegant delusion? Both Mr. F. W. Ayer and Mr. Rowell, heads of our oldest and best advertising agencies, unite in saying it was *Scribner's*. The new order of things began in 1870 with the success and policy of this magazine. Yet like most new orders, it made its way slowly and in the face of opposition. The early *Harper's* was as conservative and as tentative in its attitude toward the innovation as it had been about introducing opinions into its pages. Mr. Rowell narrates an experience in *Forty Years An Advertising Agent:*

> *Harper's* in 1868 not only did not seek advertisements but actually refused to take them. The writer remembers listening with staring eyes while Fletcher Harper the younger related that he had in the early seventies refused an offer of $18,000 for the use of the last page for a year for an advertisement of the Howe Sewing Machine. I have stated that *Harper's* was established for the deliberate purpose of advertising the books published by the firm. In the early days the reading matter was largely made up of what might be called advance notices of forthcoming publications. Advertisements from outsiders were declined. The tempting proposition of the Howe people would have removed from the last page the prospectus that told on what terms the *Magazine,* the *Weekly,* the *Bazar,* and the *Round Table* could be had either together or separately.

It is not clear why advertisers were so long content to let the magazine field go unessayed. If magazines had a way of failing, so had the weeklies and the dailies; and readers who paid a quarter and more for their periodical were perhaps more likely to patronise the local firms and the railroads that were the first advertisements to venture into the monthlies. The reason is probably to be found in that unprogressiveness of American business which seems to us today so antediluvian. That advertisers conquered their inertia at all appears to have been due to the industry of *Scribner's* in approaching them and the new Advertising Agent in corraling them. It was the latter who made possible the enormous growth of advertising. How enormous, Mr. Ayer figured out in 1894. That year the December issue of the *Century* had one hundred and thirty-four pages of advertising. *Harper's* in 1882, after thirty-two successful years without them, yielded to the inevitable and began to insert them: in December of 1894 it carried one hundred and forty-four pages. At the page rate of $250, the advertising income of such an issue would be $36,000. Putting the average amount at ninety-two pages a month, the advertising receipts of this one magazine

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would reach $276,000. It is estimated that the December, 1894, issue of the six leading monthlies represented $180,000.

Yet indispensable as the work of the agency had been in building this volume of business, the slowness of some magazines to appreciate the value of the service more than matched their early reluctance to advertise at all. Mr. Rowell gives an instance of this.

> We were paying *Harper's Weekly* as much as five thousand a month, but as circulation statements from the office fell short of being definite, there came a time when the rating accorded by our directory failed to be satisfactory, and I went to Franklin Square to talk the matter over. I explained that we had to have the same sort of statement from one paper as another, what we asked from the Bungtown *Banner* we were obliged to require from *Harper's Weekly*. There was a pause. The gentlemen looked at each other, and one quietly said to the others: "It seems to me if Mr. Rowell talks that way, we don't want to continue to do business with him;" and the others in a rather indifferent way appeared to coincide with that view. There was nothing more to be said and I came away. And the next advertising order sent from the Rowell Agency was refused. By and by the rule was rescinded but in the meantime we had gotten out of the habit of recommending the papers, and a time came when instead of sending advertising to it to the amount of five thousand a month, I doubt if so much as that went to it, upon orders from our agency, in some periods of five years. When, a long time after, the old house of Harper and Brothers failed, I could but wonder whether the firm had been as successful in shutting off streams of revenue from numerous other sources.

By the end of the century the advertiser had become enthroned. There were agents who humourously suggested that the magazine of the twentieth century would contain just enough literary stuff to float the advertisements, and who recalled that friends of theirs resembled Gladstone in finding the latter more interesting than the former. Perhaps a prophetic eye or two had even discerned a distant day when an established magazine might change its make-up entirely for the sake of exploiting its advertising. *Century* and *Lippincott's* had long since lured the readers to adventure hopefully in the vast hinterland of their advertising section by spreading artfully the dijected members of an illustrated comic throughout its length. Possibly this was the germ of an idea that was to scandalise the high brow and pucker the low in the early years of the twentieth century. Wiser than most, *Harper's* may, in resisting the advertisement for so long a time, have recognised the little rift that by and by would make all the music mute. Who knows? "The securing of contracts for advertising," blandly remarks a recent book on the subject, "is the main objective in a modern magazine. The receipts from purchasers at news stands and from subscribers cover only a small percentage of the total expenses of the production. The kind of goods most advertised are staples of home consumption. Hence the people who must be reached by a magazine whose publishers wish to make it a medium for a large volume of advertising, are the home-maintainers. To get this advertising, you must have in the literary pages the stuff that will appeal to the people interested in those 'ads'!"

This leads us to one of the most interesting back-actions in the history of our periodicals. Godkin suggests it is an article in the *Atlantic* January, 1898.

> The idea that the newspapers utter the opinions of which their readers approve is being made less tenable every year by the fact that more and more newspapers rely on advertising rather than on subscriptions for their support and profits; and agreement with their readers is thus less and less important to them. The old threat of "stopping my paper" if a subscriber came across unpalatable views in the editorial columns is therefore not so formidable as it used to be. The advertiser rather than the subscriber is now the newspaper bogie. He is the person before whom the publisher cowers and whom he tries to please; and the

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advertiser is very indifferent about the opinions of a newspaper. He wants to know how many persons see it rather than how many agree with it.

All this seems at first very encouraging. We have, then, the advertiser to thank that we may hear, as often as we do, what is being thought by people whose minds are more enlightened or unfettered than ours. Blessed be the *Century* that in helping itself so helped us all, when it founded modern magazine advertising. But Godkin's next sentence plunges us into despair again. "The consequence is that newspapers of largest circulation are less and less organs of opinion. In fact, in some cases, advertisers use their influence to prevent the expression of opinions. There are not many papers which can afford to defy a large advertiser."

If for "newspapers" you may read "magazines" (and possibly etiquette might even have caused the *Atlantic* to substitute the former for the latter word, had it been written), how drunk is now the hope wherein a moment ago we dressed ourselves! There is something quite dizzying about this transfer of moral sensitiveness from the family-circle to the factory. What *are* we coming to? Oh *Century, Century* (as Sir Isaac said to his dog Diamond), if only you had known what you were doing! What avails the most beautiful temple to the Muses when you have unlocked the gates to the Barbarians?

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART III—THE REMNANTS OF BOHEMIA. (IN TWO DIVISIONS—DIVISION I)

Illustrations from photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE HUNT FOR BOHEMIA

IN ONE of his two hundred and seventy-odd stories O. Henry introduced a certain restaurant which will be visited more intimately in the course of the present article. "Formerly," he said, "it was a resort for interesting Bohemians; but now only writers, painters, actors, and musicians go there." That was half irony and half serious. For whatever else Bohemia may be it is almost always yesterday. With the exception of Henry Murger, who has so often been charged with idealising a life that was in reality very commonplace, the men who have been most conspicuous in bringing Bohemia into fiction, such men as du Maurier and Thackeray, for example, have drawn upon their memories, and tinged their pages with the colour born of reminiscence. "At twenty," James Huneker recently chronicled, "I discovered with sorrow, that there was no such enchanted spot as the Latin Quarter. An old Frenchman informed me that Paris had seen the last of the famous Quarter after the Commune, but a still older person swore that the Latin Quarter had not been in existence since 1848." That is just it. Probably the sceptic of 1848 would have contended that the real Bohemia went out with the Hundred Days; the men of 1812 have explained that it had been obsolete since 1789; and so on back to François Villon, who himself might have jeered at it as a memory of yesterday.

For Bohemia is not a country or a neighbourhood. Rather it is a state of mind, or a susceptible period of life, or a glow of reminiscence. There is one figure of a hero that is always turning up in the novels that are being written about New York. It is easy to sketch

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him. In age he is two or three and twenty; he has just come from a university on the banks of a river in Massachusetts, or near a far in-reaching bay on the Long Island Sound, or on the shores of a New Jersey lake, and he has found employment (on a specific salary of fifteen dollars a week) as a promising cub reporter on a paper which is designated as the *Evening Sphere,* or something of the kind. That employment is, of course, merely temporary, only a stepping stone, a bit of preparation for the great, dominant novel of American life he is to write; an aspiration born in the days when he was working for the "Lit," or the "Lampoon," or the "News." In the meantime he is living in a high-stooped, red brick boarding-house on Washington Square South, or is sharing, with another young genius, of similar hopes, tastes, and occupation, something that is called a studio somewhere in Greenwich Village, where the streets cross one another at all kinds of absurd angles. Mentally he likens the boarding-house to the Maison Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot,* seeking to find in some one of his fellow-lodgers a resemblance to Trompe-la-Mort, or Eugène de Rastignac; or the studio to the den in Pump Court, the Inner Temple, where George Warrington and Arthur Pendennis waited for the little printer's boy, and listened patiently to the literary flounderings of Colonel Thomas Newcome. With the appetite of his age he dines at some restaurant at a cost of *"deux francs, cinquante"* with *"dix sous de pourboire pour le garçon,"* or a chop house for "two and sixpence." Matter not the queer flavour of the *gigot* or the toughness of the grilled kidneys. Just a little play of the imagination, and he is in the Café Momus, with Schaunard, Marcel, Colline, and Rodolphe of Murger's *Vie de Bohême,* or in Flicoteaux, of Balzac's *Illusions Perdues,* or in the particular café of the Latin Quarter that was most favoured by du Maurier's Musketeers of the Brush, or joining in the chorus in the Cider Cellar after some particularly unconventional ditty of Captain Costigan. For him it is Bohemia, for Bohemia is singing in his heart.

Well the writer remembers the ardour with which he hunted for Bohemia in the streets about Washington Square in that earlier pilgrimage of fifteen years ago. "You are too late," said an older man discouragingly, "Bohemia passed with the passing of the Restaurant of the Grand Vatel in Bleecker Street and the Taverne Alsacienne, and other similar hostelries. Of course there used to be a Bohemia. The men of the eighties knew it and bits of it survived into the early nineties. Men like Frank R. Stockton and Henry Cuyler Bunner and Laurence Hutton and Edgar Fawcett and Edgar Saltus tasted its joys and its *ennuis.* But now it is gone, all gone," he shrugged his shoulders with disillusionment of the man who has passed his thirtieth year. "And we shall never see it again." Very likely the past to which this pessimist referred was equally sceptical. Very likely the men who foregathered at the Grand Vatel, or the more modest Taverne Alsacienne, where the dinner of four courses *vin compris,* cost thirty-five cents, or at Oscar's, opposite the old Academy of Design, a kind of New York "Back Kitchen" of nearly forty years ago, shook their heads sadly as they deplored the Bohemia that was no more—the Bohemia that had gone out with Pfaff's down on Broadway.

II. THE OLD-TIME HAUNTS

In view of the allusions to the Grand Vatel and the Taverne Alsacienne perhaps a few lines of description will not be out of place. Thirty-six years ago this month a gentleman who has been a frequent contributor to the pages of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. William H. Rideing, had an article in *Scribner's Magazine* on "The French Quarter of New York" as it then was. Naturally there was much said of the two hostelries in question. In the Grand Vatel the floor was sanded, and the little tables were covered with oil cloth, each having a pewter cruet in the centre. Behind a little desk in a corner sat the landlady, a woman of

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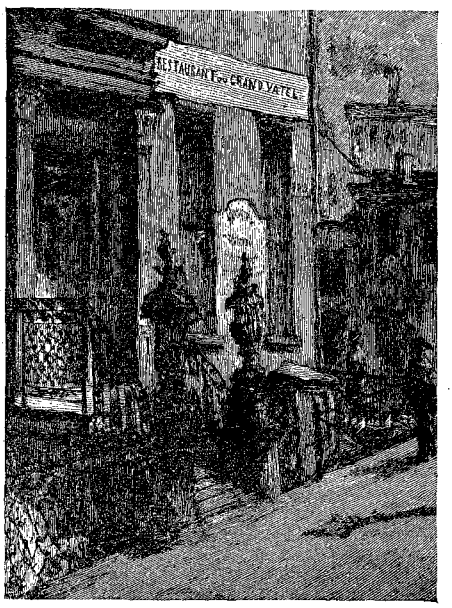
enormous girth, with short petticoats that revealed her thick, white woollen socks. Over her head were perched two noisy parrots of revolutionary tendencies. The sign of the Grand Vatel indicated an exceedingly moderate tariff, thus: *Tous les plats,* eight cents; *café supérieur,* three cents, and *café au lait,* five cents; but the *menu* was such a marvel that it is worth reproducing. A dish of soup and a plate of beef and bread were ten cents; *soup aux croutons,* that is, with toasted crusts, cost five cents; *bœuf, legumes,* ten cents; *veau à la Marengo,* twelve cents; *mouton à la Ravigotte,* ten cents; *ragout de moutons aux pommes,* eight cents; *bœuf braise aux oignons,* ten cents; *macaroni au gratin,* six cents; *celeri salade,* six cents; *compote de pommes,* four cents; *fromage Neufchâtel,* three cents; *Limbourg,* four cents, and *Gruyère* three cents. Bread was one cent extra.

The Taverne Alsacienne in Greene Street was somewhat lower in the social scale. The entrance was a gloomy basement with an impoverished bar at one side and a much worn billiard table at the end. It mattered not what the hour was, whether in the forenoon, afternoon, or past midnight, a circle of men were gathered around the tables absorbed in *piquet, écarté,* or *vingt-et-un.* Most of them were without coats. Keen glances were shot at intruders; for the tavern had a certain clientèle, outside of which it had few customers, and suspicion was rife at an invasion. A stranger in the Taverne Alsacienne in those days was very likely to be a spy or a detective, and the habitués were sensitive under inspection.

When the Grand Vatel and the Taverne Alsacienne that were flourished, the earlier Bohemia that was summed up in Pfaff's was a memory. Yet it is linked to the city of to-day in the person of Mr. Howells, who has recorded how, on his first visit to New York, he supped at the table under the pavement, and was presented to Walt Whitman. The old beer cellar, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, was in the basement of a store in Broadway two or three doors above Bleecker Street. Occasional visitors were Bayard Taylor and Edmund Clarence Stedman, but Artemas Ward, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Willam Winter, Charles G. Halpine, George Arnold, the "poet of beer," who sang "We were very merry at Pfaff's," and Fitzjames O'Brien, the "gipsy of letters"—those were the quaffing, smoking, chanting Bohemians of letters of the year 1860 or thereabouts. They were all young then, or most of them were; living by the pen was a precarious mode of existence; so perhaps about Pfaff's there was the flavour of a real Bohemia.



THE OLD RESTAURANT OF THE GRAND VATEL ON WEST HOUSTON STREET

III. PURLIEUS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

In the changing city to-day there are few more curious corners than that which the reader will find by going down into Greenwich Village half a dozen blocks southwest of the Jefferson Market Police Court. Just where Barrow Street and Commerce Street join there is a little cluster of sinister looking houses of

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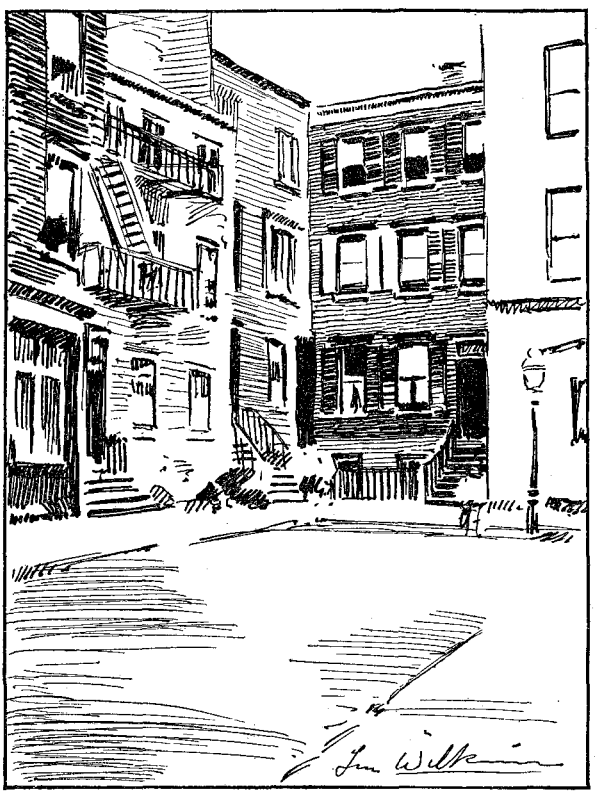
very unusual construction. Years ago Arthur Train found them in one of his city rambles. The buildings and the sordid neighbourhood were laid away in his memory and brought into use when he wrote *The Man Hunt*. In that tale he introduced a kind of Thieves' Court, a resort of yeggmen, into which the hero ventured at night in his city wide search for the missing man. In the tale the cab turned into the little street, "A few gnarled and distorted trees, whose trunks burst out of the concrete pavement, raised their dust-laden branches, prehensile and unnatural, into the starlight. A hundred feet from where the street began it turned sharply to the left, forming a right angle, and debouched again into another thoroughfare. Had one of the ends been closed it would have formed a natural *cul-de-sac*—an appendix to one of the great canals of the city. A rickety gas lamp leaned dangerously toward a flight of high wooden steps in the angle of the street. Strangely enough, when the street turned the house turned, too,



THE "PIE HOUSES" OF GREENWICH VILLAGE. JUST WHERE BARROW AND COMMERCE STREETS JOIN THERE IS A LITTLE CLUSTER OF HOUSES OF VERY UNUSUAL CONSTRUCTION. ARTHUR TRAIN MADE USE OF THIS CURIOUS BIT OF LOCAL COLOUR IN "THE MAN HUNT." OF THESE HOUSES HE WROTE: "STRANGELY ENOUGH, WHEN THE STREET TURNED THE HOUSE TURNED, TOO, SO THAT HALF ITS FRONT FACED EAST AND HALF NORTH. THE NATURAL INFERENCE WAS THAT THE INSIDE OF THE HOUSE WAS SHAPED LIKE A PIECE OF PIE, WITH ITS PARTIALLY BITTEN END ABUTTING ON THE CORNER"

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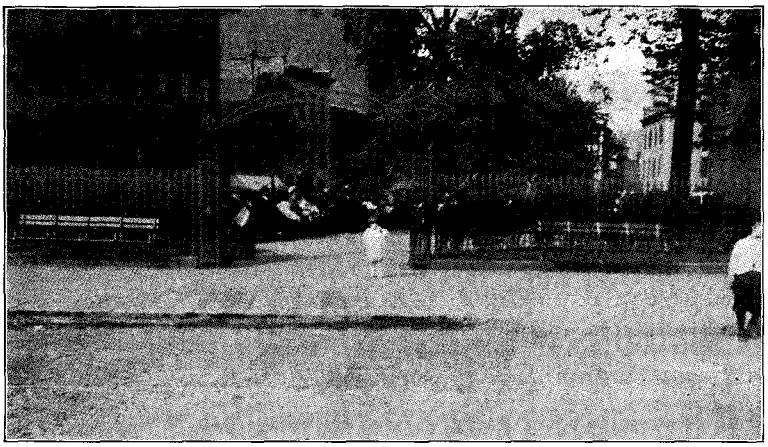

SHERIDAN SQUARE. THIS LITTLE SQUARE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE WAS THE SCENE OF AN EPISODE IN GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON'S "THE ROSE IN THE RING." IT WAS THERE THAT "TOM" BRADDOCK AND HIS WIFE STOPPED ON THEIR WAY FROM HER HOME ON LOWER FIFTH AVENUE TO DISCUSS HIS PROPOSED SUICIDE BY JUMPING IN THE NORTH RIVER. NEAR THE SQUARE WAS THE HOME OF "JOEY" NOAKES, PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS "JOEY" GRIMALDI, THE CIRCUS CLOWN WHO PLAYS A PART IN THE SAME STORY.

so that half its front faced north and half east. The natural inference was that the inside of the house was shaped like a piece of pie, with its partially bitten point abutting on the corner." *The Man Hunt,* written a number of years ago, purported to deal with events of the year 1915, a time of great war. With certain exceptions that strange corner in Greenwich Village remains as Mr. Train described it. The gnarled trees have gone, and from an old inhabitant the writer learned that they were cut down six or seven years ago.

A house of red brick, three stories high, with a stoop of some ten steps, and long French windows on the first floor, in "that red gash of crosstown brick—West Tenth Street—that was the set for the greater part of James Oppenheim's *The Nine-Tenths,* the story of a newspaper for the uplifting of the masses. West Tenth Street has always been a favourite avenue of invasion for the novelist entering Greenwich Village, and at that curious corner where West Tenth and West Fourth Streets cross each other at right angles he is almost certain to stop and point out a paradox. Also in Greenwich Village he invariably contrasts the chaste respectability, the general air of detachment and hushed life of the other days with the slovenliness and dust, the squalid poverty of the present. To the Village Oppenheim's "Joe" Blaine went with the purpose of making a neighbourhood out of a chaos, or organising the jumble of scattered, polyglot lives. It was a new world to him. "So the whole city was but a conglomeration of nests of worlds, woven together by a few needs and the day's work, worlds as yet undiscovered in every direction, huge tracts of peoples of all races leading strange and unassimilated lives."

IV. FROM POE TO PORTER

It is a far cry from *The Fall of the House of Usher* to the twisted streets of Greenwich Village as they are reflected in the pages of the novelists of the last decade and a half. Yet, in passing, it may be recorded that at the very gateway by which the village is entered, in Sixth Avenue close by Waverly Place, Edgar Allan Poe once lived, and there wrote that extraordinary tale. At another time, when he was in his twenty-

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eighth year, he inhabited, with Virginia, his child wife, a modest wooden house that was numbered 113 Carmine Street. It was within a few steps of the graveyard of St. John's, and in the year 1837 Poe had a habit of wandering through the quiet, restful place. A quiet, restful place no more. But even more quiet and restful than it was in the fourth decade of the last century it was when Thomas Payne inhabited it. Then the Village of Greenwich lay far beyond the city, separated from it in the summer by a mile of marshy and untilled land, in winter by a dreary waste with a single road leading across a snowbound way.

But the century and more that separates us from the Greenwich Village of Tom Payne seems not a whit longer than the twenty years of O. Henry's "The Thing's the Play," a tale which revolves about a house near Abingdon Square. "On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold." One night twenty years ago there was a wedding in the rooms above the store. The Widow Mayo owned the house and store. Her daughter Helen was married to Frank Barrie. John Delaney was best man. The ceremony was followed by a misunderstood situation, which sent both men out somewhere into the unknown and left the bride of a moment alone with her twenty solitary years. There are plenty of houses near Abingdon Square where on the ground floor toys and notions and stationery are sold, but the writer confesses that he has been able to find none which seems

ALTHOUGH THE PARKS DIVIDED BY SECOND AVENUE BETWEEN FIFTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH STREETS ARE KNOWN AS STUYVESANT SQUARE, STRICTLY SPEAKING, THAT NAME BELONGS ONLY TO THE EASTERN HALF, THE PARK UPON WHICH ST. GEORGE'S FACES BEING RUTHERFORD SQUARE. NO. 333 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET, AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF STUYVESANT SQUARE, WAS USED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS AS THE HOME OF THE DIRCKS IN "A CONFIDENT TO-MORROW." DIRECTLY OPPOSITE, IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE, NO. 330, WHERE BRANDER MATTHEWS, H. C. BUNNER, AND GRANT WHITE ONCE LIVED, WHICH WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS USED IN "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," AND WHERE BUNNER WROTE "THE MIDGE"

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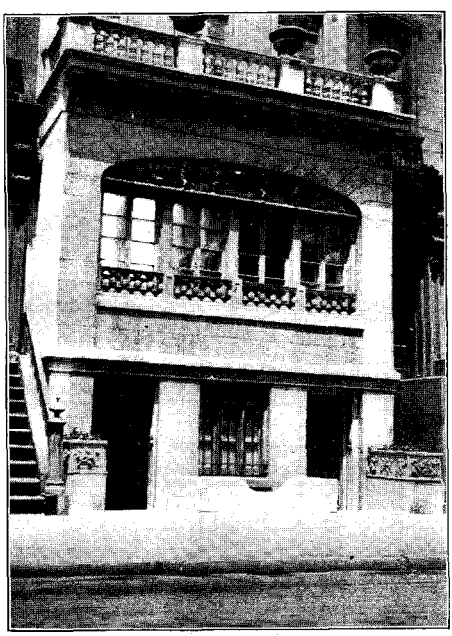
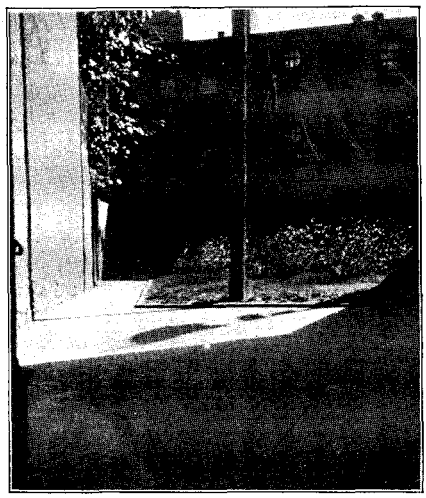
exactly suited to the setting of the tale. Nearby is Varick Street, which plays a part in the same author's "The Unknown Quantity." "Ragged, poverty-haunted Varick Street," O. Henry calls it. There was the bakery of Thomas Boyne, and there, in a squalid brick tenement, Dan Kinsolving, in company with Kenwitz, found the daughter of the man his father had ruined. There, too,—in the red brick district,—was "The Furnished Room," probably the most pathetic of all the stories that O. Henry penned,—the young man invading the great city in a search for his lost love, sensing her presence in the room that the landlady has shown, detecting the faint odour of mignonette.

V. THE WALL OF "THE LAST LEAF"

To the end shy and almost suspicious of the stranger who was not the casual



THE HOUSE BELONGING TO MRS. OSBORN FACING RUTHERFORD SQUARE A FEW DOORS BELOW SEVENTEENTH STREET, IS AN EDIFICE FAMILIAR TO ALL WHO KNOW THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. THE LATE DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS KNEW IT WELL AND USED IT IN "OLD WIVES FOR NEW." IT WAS THERE THAT MURDOCH AND HIS DAUGHTER VISITED



FAR DOWN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEAR THE END OF GROVE STREET, IS AN OPENING LEADING TO THREE REAR HOUSES, THE WINDOWS OF WHICH LOOK OUT UPON AN IVY-COVERED WALL. THERE SIDNEY PORTER FOUND THE INSPIRATION FOR "THE LAST LEAF"

stranger, the acquaintance scraped in a mood on a bench in Madison Square, or Sheridan Park, or at some corner of "that thoroughfare which parallels and parodies Broadway," Sidney Porter was, of all men, one of the most difficult of approach. There was a little circle of his intimates, consisting of such men as Richard Duffy, Gilman Hall, Robert H. Davis, H. Peyton Steger, Robert Rudd Whiting and a few more, to whom he was accessible at any time of the night or day. But even these men knew that it was out of the question to arrange formally a meeting between O. Henry and some one who wanted to know him; knew that at the first hint the quarry would take fright and disappear. So the encounter had to have every appearance of mere chance. Into Porter's rooms on Irving Place the friend would drop, apparently for a word or two of business. With him there would be a stranger, whom the friend had chanced to pick up on the way. Nine times out of ten the friend would not introduce the other two. But after a few minutes' talk, and in response to a prearranged signal,

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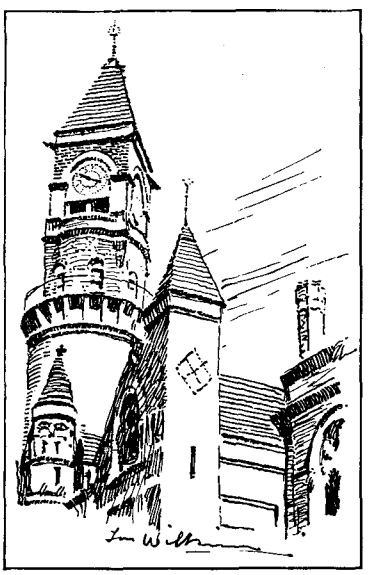
the stranger would remark that he had stumbled on a joint near the Bowery, or on upper Broadway where there was a cocktail mixer who had tended bar in forty-seven cities of the United States. Before he had finished Porter had reached for his hat. The friend was forgotten, and arm in arm stranger and story-spinner sallied forth into the night.

The bait thrown out was not always a cocktail mixer and like experiences. "The most picturesque bit of rear tene-



THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT. OWEN JOHNSON'S "MAX FARGUS"

ment that remains in New York." "That was the hint that I used when the nod came" one man who had found O. Henry in the way suggested told the writer. "And in three minutes we were in the street. I led him down Irving Place to Fourteenth, to Sixth Avenue, past the Jefferson Market Police Court, into Greenwich Village, past Sheridan Park, and down Grove Street to the very end. There, between the front houses, Nos. 10 and 12, there is an opening. Beyond the opening is a triangle, in the middle of which is a tall telegraph pole, and at the back there are three three-story brick houses, the front windows of which look out diagonally at a wall on which leaves are growing. 'There is a story there,' said Porter, 'a story that suggests an episode in Murger's *Vie de Bohême,* where the *grisette,* at night, waters the flowers to keep them alive. The lifetime of the flowers, you remember, was to be the lifetime of that transient love.' He wrote that story, I am sure, in 'The Last Leaf,' and when I see that bare, dreary yard, and the blank wall of the house twenty feet away, and the old ivy vine, I recall the pathetic tale of Sue and Joanna and the masterpiece that old Behrman painted at the cost of his life."

VI. THE TRAIL OF MAX FARGUS

Nine or ten years ago, when the mood of Honoré de Balzac was strong upon him, Owen Johnson wrote *Max Fargus,* a novel which made no marked stir, which was not the most cheerful reading, but which, by virtue of its grim power and straightforwardness of narrative, has won a place on that shelf made up of the books which are never very widely read, but are never quite forgotten. Above all it is of importance in this series because it was New York as not one novel of a thousand is New York. It was the expression of a period in the author's development when his writing hand was moving in the sweeping shadow of *Cæsar Birotteau,* and the second part of *Lost Illusions,* and the brief but unforgettable *Gobseck.* Balzac had searched Paris frantically until he had found the name "Z. Marcas." Owen Johnson prowled doggedly about New York until he had found a definite setting of the scene for every episode of *Max Fargus.* A mere street or neighbourhood was not enough. In that street or neighbourhood there had to be the right house. That house had to have the proper age and architecture. The tale opened in the "House of the Tin Sailor" in one of the side streets east of Second Avenue near Stuyvesant Square. "A third of the way down the block, on the north side, there projected above a doorway the figure of a tin sailor, balancing

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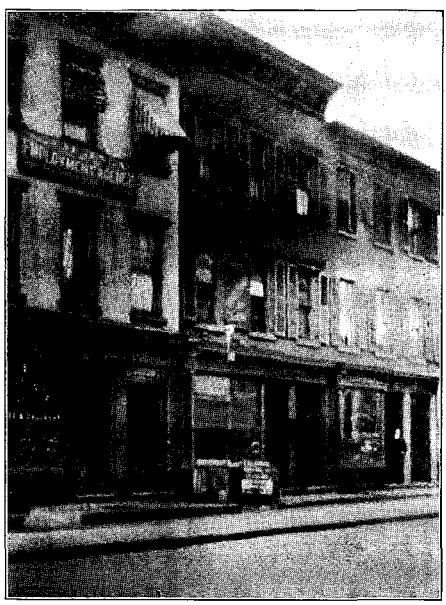
two paddles which the breeze caused to revolve." The house is still there, but the sailor and his paddle are gone—were gone when the author of the novel and the chronicler of these notes together sought the home of Sheila Fargus one day last June.

Even more vivid in the matter of detail were the law offices of Bofinger and Groll, the latter character, by the way, drawn directly from a lawyer known by name to every reader of a New York newspaper. Almost unchanged to-day these offices may be found at the gateway entering Greenwich Village. Go down to the Jefferson Market Police Court, the tall tower of which, in the bygone days, used so to perturb the soul of the old darkey Chad of F. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. Confronting the barred windows of the prison annex, from Sixth to Seventh Avenues, runs a short row of dingy, undersized houses, given over to the lawyers who practise in and about the Court. Ten years ago the lawyers were forced to dispute their foothold with half a dozen small shops. The shops have dwindled, but the lawyers still hold their own and batten upon the unfortunate. In the row the offices of Hyman Groll and Alonzo Bofinger were the most pretentious and immaculate. The glass front sparkled. The gilt announcement arrested the eye. There Groll spun his webs, and Bofinger builded cunningly but to his own ultimate undoing.

From West Tenth Street the trail of *Max Fargus* led down to Washington Square, for it was on a bench at the northeast corner of that Square that Max Fargus was to meet Sheila Vaughn. Bofinger, hot upon the scent, dodged southward from his office amid the filth of Sixth Avenue. "The Square suddenly discovered itself, that smiling barrier which interposes itself between the horrors of Third Street and the thoughtless royal avenue which digs its roots here and stretches upward to flower like a royal palm in the luxuriance of Central Park." At the period of the story the Square had not yet fallen before the vandal march of business, though already the invaders showed their menacing front above the roofs. From the Square the lawyer trailed Sheila to her home; first northward along the avenue, then eastward on Twelfth Street. At this point Mr. Johnson was guilty of a most astonishing blunder. He speaks of the pursuit leading from Twelfth Street north along Irving Place



OPPOSITE THE BARRED WINDOWS OF THE PRISON ANNEX OF THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT IS A SHORT ROW OF DINGY HOUSES GIVEN OVER TO THE LAWYERS WHO PRACTISE IN AND ABOUT THE COURT. IN THIS ROW WERE THE OFFICES OF GROLL AND BOFINGER, OF OWEN JOHNSON'S NOVEL OF THE SEAMY SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE, "MAX FARGUS." AN EXIT IN THE REAR ENABLED BOFINGER TO SLIP AWAY BY MEANS OF THE ADJACENT PATCHEN PLACE

to Fourteenth Street. Of course Irving Place does not run below the northern side of Fourteenth Street. The trail beyond that point led westward to Sixth Avenue, northward a dozen blocks, then westward again, until the woman, thinking she had shaken off any possible inquisitive follower, entered the boarding-house for improvident actors near Seventh Avenue. Bofinger had found out what he wanted to know.

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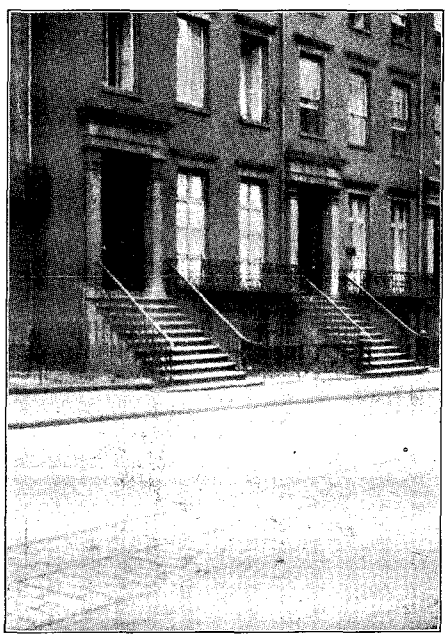
VII. PHILLIPS AND WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH

So rich is Washington Square South with its frontage of decay, degeneration, and poverty, grinning derisively across the Square at Washington Square North, in its associations with the fiction dealing with New York life, that it is difficult



ON WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH, BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, IS THE HOUSE THAT DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS USED AS A BACKGROUND FOR "THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS." THE HOUSE HAS AN ADDITIONAL INTEREST FROM THE FACT THAT PHILLIPS WAS LIVING THERE AT THE TURNING POINT OF HIS CAREER; THE DAY WHEN, WITH NOTHING IN SIGHT BUT TWO ACCEPTED ARTICLES, AND AGAINST THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIENDS, HE GAVE UP NEWSPAPER WORK TO EMBARK ON THE TURBULENT SEA OF NOVEL WRITING

to make a beginning. But let us stop, first of all, before a three-story, red brick structure between Sullivan and Macdougal Streets, a structure that has to do not only with an individual tale, but with the turning point of a career that was as rich in achievement as it was unhappily brief. David Graham Phillips was living in that house when he wrote *The Great God Success,* and there he laid the scenes of a story that was in many ways autobiographical. From the inside he knew the boarding-house with the high stoop on the steps of which the boarders gathered of summer evenings to watch the children sprung from many nations playing in the Square. In the story Howard, the hero, two months out of Yale, finds employment with inadequate returns on the reportorial staff of the *News Record* (The New York *World*) and goes to live in this house, where he meets the girl Alice and experiences one of life's poignant tragedies. David Graham Phillips, in writing *The Great God Success,* was trying his prentice hand, which means that he was in a measure in the imitative stage, and there is a curious echo of Balzac's *Père Goriot* in one paragraph of the tale. Like Madame Vauquer (*née* de Conflans) Mrs. Sands was keeping what might be called *une pension bourgeoise.* And in the Pension Sands, as in the Pension Vauquer, a new lodger, we were told, generally took the best rooms, then slowly or swiftly came the social and financial disintegration, marked by ascending step from story to story until the cubby hole under the eaves was reached. Only occasionally in the tale the characters moved far from the neighbourhood. Just round the corner, in South Fifth Avenue as it was then called, was formerly the Restaurant of the *Chat Noir,* where Howard and Alice usually dined. True, there were occasionally times when they went farther afield, to the Manhattan over on Second Avenue, or to the Terrace Garden far up on the East Side. As has been indicated, it was *The Great God Success* that led Phillips to take the decisive step. It was against the wishes and advice of many of his closest friends. They pointed out that it was giving up a comfortable position in journalism for the uncertainties of fiction. They called it "spoiling a good newspaper man to make a poor novelist." It was indeed a step that called for courage. Phillips's only perceptible resources for the moment were two articles that had been accepted

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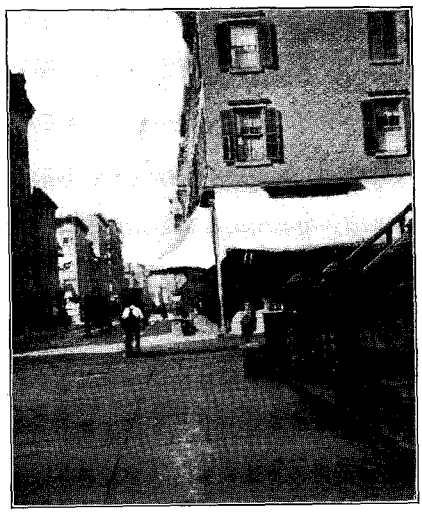
by George Horace Lorimer for the *Saturday Evening Post* at a price of seventy-five dollars each.

VIII. THE TRAIL OF "PREDESTINED"

Few books of the last decade and a half conjure up more vividly Washington Square than Stephen French Whitman's *Predestined,* a very unusual and unfortunately neglected novel of five years ago, and from the Square, to north, east, south and west, lead the trails of Felix Piers in the swift, pitiless years of his degeneration. There was, on the south side of the Square, a hotel which marked a definite step on the way. It was described as a "small hotel, square, flat-roofed, built of green brick, six stories high, the narrow entrance trimmed with exceedingly thin slabs of greenish marble." As a matter of fact, while Mr. Whitman had a definite edifice in mind, a hotel that for years has been housing writing and painting men and women, the description was written in such a way that it served as a thin disguise. On the north side of Eighth Street, close to the Square, an old, white dwelling house had been converted into an Italian restaurant called "Benedetto's," where a table d'hôte dinner was served for sixty cents. It was there, through the tobacco smoke, Felix watched the patrons, their feet twisted behind chair legs, their elbows on the table, all arguing with gesticulations. Sometimes, there floated to him such phrases as: "Bad colour scheme! Bad colour scheme!" "Sophomoric treatment!" "Miserable drawing!" "No atmosphere!" Benedetto's, Mr. Whitman explained, was a Bohemian resort. It may readily be identified as the Hotel Gonfarone at the southwest corner of Eighth and Macdougal Streets. Just one block to the south, on the south side of the street between the Square and Sixth Avenue, was the boarding-house in which Emma lived before Felix took her to wife. It was a house with old window shutters and the brownstone portico crumbling at the pediment. There have been plenty of bits of descriptive writing about Washington Square in the novels of the past fifteen years. Here is a fragment from *Predestined:*

It had been drizzling: the pavements, beaded with rain, showed, under mistily irradiating street lamps, humid footprints. From the juncture of Macdougal Street and Waverly Place, the trees of Washington Square spread out a mass of grey-black



EVERY OTHER NOVELIST WHO INVADES GREENWICH VILLAGE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT CURIOUS CORNER WHERE WEST TENTH AND WEST FOURTH STREETS CROSS. THE NUMBERED STREETS OF MANHATTAN RUN DIRECTLY EAST AND WEST. STRAIGHT LINES, RUNNING PARALLEL, ARE SUPPOSED NEVER TO MEET. YET HERE THE VILLAGE ACHIEVES A PARADOX

shadows underlaid with the horizontal pearly lustre of wet asphalt paths. Here and there, a yellow shaft of light, enlarged in the damp air, streamed past the tree-trunks, and beyond upper branches, illuminated window-panes shone peacefully, their mellow squares etched over, as it were, by delicate traceries of twigs.

On lower Fifth Avenue, two blocks north of the Square, in one of those old brick houses of massive, plain exterior, with Ionic pillars of marble and a fan-light at the arched entrance, that preserve unobtrusively, in the midst of a city that is being constantly rebuilt, the pure

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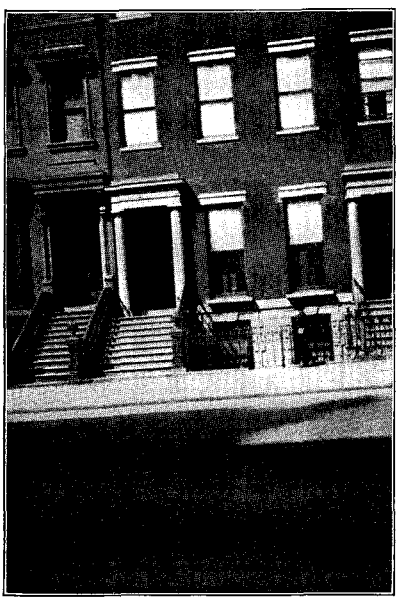
beauty of Colonial dwellings, lived the Ferrols. There Felix had a welcome home in the bright early days before the catastrophe that marked his first step on the downward path. The wretched



THE HOME OF THE FERROLS, OF STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN'S "PREDESTINED," WAS ON FIFTH AVENUE, A LITTLE NORTH OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. IT WAS AN OLD BRICK HOUSE, WITH IONIC PILLARS OF MARBLE—ONE OF THOSE HOUSES THAT PRESERVE UNOBTRUSIVELY, IN THE MIDST OF A CITY THAT IS BEING CONSTANTLY REBUILT, THE PURE BEAUTY OF COLONIAL DWELLINGS. SHUT OUT FROM THE HOSPITALITY OF THE HOME, FELIX PIERS BEGAN HIS MORAL AND PHYSICAL DESCENT.

days of Felix's life with Emma were passed in a flat-house on Second Avenue below Fourteenth Street. The exact building that the author had in mind may be found on the east side of the avenue between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets. The saloon on Fourteenth Street near Third Avenue which Felix patronised was one associated with the name of a former heavy-weight prize fighter. Mrs. Snatt's boarding-house, where Felix went to live after the death of Emma, was on the north side of Thirteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. Three or four years ago the particular house, with a number of others, was torn down to make way for the back of a large theatre which fronts on Fourteenth Street. The trail of *Predestined,* as will be indicated in the later papers in this series, led to other parts of the city, notably the old French Quarter which used to be in the neighbourhood of Twenty-seventh Street, just west of Sixth Avenue, and to a certain apartment in West Thirty-second Street, which was drawn from a studio once occupied by the artist Harrison Fisher.

IX. THE MAISON DE SHINE

More than eight years ago there appeared from the pen of Helen van Campen a volume of short stories entitled *At the Actors' Boarding House.* These tales were of a very unusual quality. "Mrs. De Shine's boarding-house was a microcosm which becomes just as real to us as the Maison Tellier, or the Pension Vauquer," said one critic of the time. "We come to know the blondine ladies washing out their stockings in the wash bowl, or fighting for first place at table, where they are served with ham and eggs and 'cawfy.' We seem to have met the gentlemen who are 'standing off' Mrs. De Shine for an overdue board bill and currying favour with her by petting her weazy poodle, Fido. There is pathos here, and there is humour, and Helen Van Campen has done for one section of New York what was done years ago for another section by Messrs. Harrigan and Hart, of whom Mr. Howells wrote with sympathetic appreciation. No one before has given us so realistic a picture of the existence which centres around Irving Place—the loves, the jealousies, the makeshifts, and the miseries of the vaudeville performers who make up a little world in themselves."

In *At the Actors' Boarding-House* and *The Maison de Shine,* the subsequent book dealing with materially the same people, the boarding-house was represented as being on Irving Place. As

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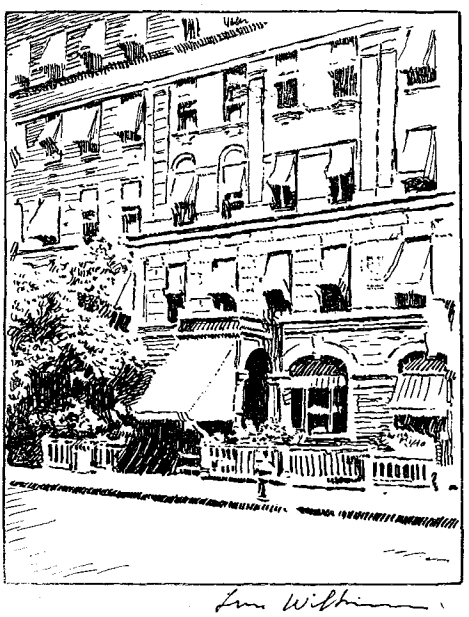
a matter of fact the original Pension de Shine was situated on the north side of Fourteenth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. When Mrs. Van Campen began newspaper work in New York she noticed that vaudeville invariably proceeded downtown, on arriving "on Broadway." The vaudeville people spoke much of that noted thoroughfare, but apparently dwelt in a humbler neighbourhood. So the writer followed vaudeville to its lair, and found, at —— East Fourteenth Street, the sketch team who "worked" for "thirty a week and cakes" and, in just as great numbers, the "single act" or other turn, "who worked steadily at $150 to $200 a week." "They all lived alike," says Mrs. Van Campen. "Seven a week it cost—and seven seemed plenty, upon investigation. I stayed two weeks. During the second week, the landlady, in tears, requested me to depart. I asked the reason of her inhospitable words. 'Last night at dinner,' said she, with visible agitation, 'Berther come in, and ast you four distinct times, "Will you have steak?" An' I stood there makin' signs, an' makin' 'em again. But it didn't have no effect. Mebbe it'll please you to know that I went an' paid sixty cents for sirloin steak—because I ain't a fool, an' I see you didn't like the grub; but kin I on seven a week give them people better? Well, it's just makin' me sick to watch you, an' I got to ast you to leave. It's better so.' I met the landlady a few months ago. She wore at least a million dollars worth of diamonds, and a golden 'front' of great beauty. 'I see you ain't doin' a thing to old Fourteenth Street,' she said affably; 'well, we all got our games, I s'pose—but it does seem as if people's ruther read about Fifth Avenoo. I would.'"

X. THE STORY OF "THE BREAD LINE"

New York's nightly bread line at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway has been made familiar to readers all over the land in a dozen stories by O. Henry. But the bread line has its individual novel some years before William Sidney Porter found his way out of the south and west to the hospitable noises and odours of Jayville, near Tarrytown. That was the book by Albert Bigelow Paine, who later became the biographer of Mark Twain. It was the story of the attempt of four Bohemians, two



ALTHOUGH IN HELEN VAN CAMPEN'S "AT THE ACTOR'S BOARDING-HOUSE" THE "MAISON DE SHINE" WAS PICTURED AS BEING IN IRVING PLACE, IN REALITY THE HOUSE WHICH INSPIRED THE STORIES WAS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF FOURTEENTH STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND SECOND AVENUES. IT WAS THERE, UNCHANGED, THREE OR FOUR YEARS AGO, BUT HAS NOW DISAPPEARED

writers and two artists, to establish a weekly paper, which in the tale is known as the *Whole Family*. The four men had knocked about a good deal in the literary and journalistic life of New York, their daily work had brought them into contact with publishers and editors, and they have evolved a scheme for a weekly which they believe is certain of popularity and financial success. This scheme is broached for the first time as the four are sitting round a table in a restaurant not far from Washington Square. It is New Year's Eve. Barri-

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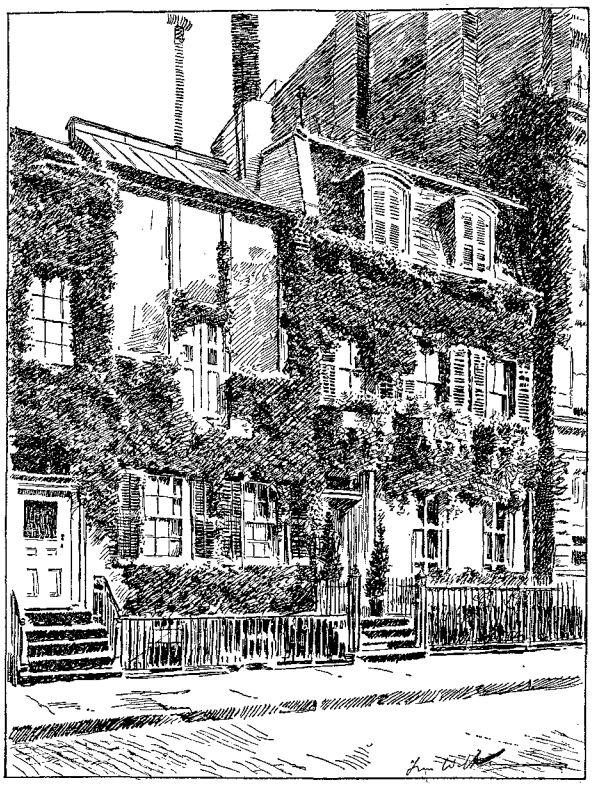

A REMNANT OF THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THAT WAS. THE OLD STUDIO HOUSES FACING SHERIDAN PARK. THESE HOUSES WERE NOS. 90 AND 92. NO. 90 WAS FORMERLY THE HOME OF JULES GUERIN, CHIEF OF COLOUR OF THE PACIFIC-PANAMA EXPOSITION

field, one of the two writers, in his soft, drawly, delightful voice unfolds the idea, pointing out its novelty and arguing its certainty of success. Just before midnight they leave the dinner table, and in high spirits cross to Broadway and move northward toward Grace Church. At Tenth Street they stop to watch the familiar, pathetic spectacle—the Bread Line—that line of waiting, hungry men, each of whom receives every night at twelve o'clock a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread. This is the logical beginning of the story. Its logical end comes a year later, when, having lost everything in the venture on which they had builded such extravagant hopes, they come upon one another on the same corner, driven there by hunger, and waiting their turns.

Quite as interesting as the tale itself is the story of how *The Bread Line* came to be written. The experiences upon which it was based were actual experiences of the year 1897. It is all true, or nearly true. The four most prominent men of the book are Barrifield and Perny, the writers; and Van Born and Livingstone, the artists. The initial letter of the names gives the clue to the real originals. Barrifield is Irving Bacheller; Perny is Albert Bigelow Paine; Van Born and Livingstone are respectively Frank Berbeck and Orson Lowell. The stout, middle-aged man named Capers, who describes to Perny the art of transforming an autumn poem into a Christmas poem, and of changing "the golden rod like a plumed warder closing

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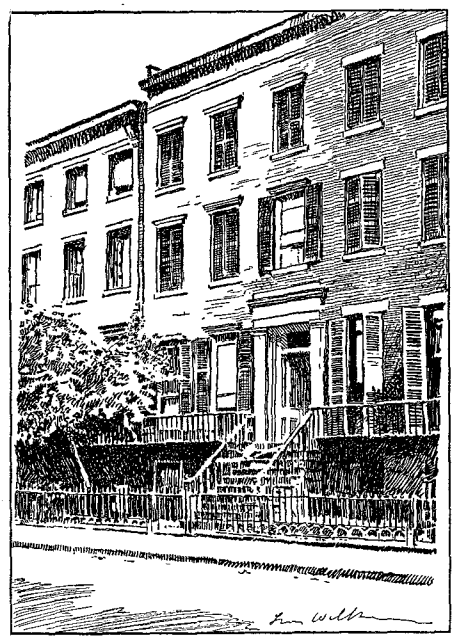
the gates of summer" of September, to the "chrysanthemum, a royal goddess at the gates of fall" of November, was the late R. K. Munkittrick, an inheritance of the New York *Ledger* school of letters, and one of the brightest and most amiable of the lighter verse makers of yesterday. The original of Bates, the dissolute advertising man, had a real existence. Frisbie, was Louis Klopsch, the founder of the *Christian Herald*, in the book called *The Voice of Light*. The Rev. Monte Banks was the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge. McWilliams of *Dawn* was P. McArthur of *Truth*. The *Woman's Monthly* was the *Ladies' Home Journal*. *The Youth's Friend* was the *Youth's Companion*. *The Road to Fortune* was *Success*. *The Whole Family*, the paper about which the plot revolves, was in reality *Youth and Home*, of which the first issue bore the date November 6, 1897. The publication offices of the journal were at 127 Fifth Avenue, where Verbeck, Hamilton King, and Paine had a suite of rooms on the top floor. As Paine was to be the editor, it was decided to have the publication office there, and thereby save rent. 127 Fifth Avenue then had a flight of steps from the pavement to the first floor above the basement. That has been changed now, but otherwise the appearance of the building is the same as it was nineteen years ago. In connection with the correspondence between Mr. Truman Livingstone and Miss Dorothy Castle and their subsequent marriage, it may be said that there was a real "Dorothy" and that since October 20, 1898, there has been a Mrs. Orson Lowell.



A TEMPORARY NEW YORK HOME OF HURSTWOOD, A CHARACTER IN THEODORE DREISER'S GRIM NOVEL OF A FEW YEARS AGO, "SISTER CARRIE"

Realising that these papers have been running to an unreasonable length, and at a period of the year when the demands on our space are greatest, we have divided the third section of this series, which deals with "The Remnants of Bohemia," into two instalments, one of which appears here, the other to be presented in the December issue. While the second part will return to Washington Square, to take up scenes associated with the novels of Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, Thomas Dixon, Rex Beach, Owen Johnson, and others, and perhaps venture again into Greenwich Village, it will deal more particularly with what might be called the "Heart of New Arabia," which is somewhere in Madison Square or Union Square; with that O. Henry land which centres about Irving Place, the Sixth Avenue shopping centre, and certain foreign quarters beyond, and with the ancient aristocracy and the new club land which line the four sides of Gramercy Park.

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WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY ZONA GALE

I SHOULD like to say that the day's work means to me only the "joy of the job." I wish that this were true for all of us. It will be true, some centuries away, or else the race will have failed. But I do not see how the joy of the job can be the whole story, yet, for any one of us.

I have a friend who says:

"Once I asked somebody that I thought ought to know, what they meant when they said 'work.' Never, not if I live till after my dying day, will I forget how mixed up they got me. 'Work,' says they, 'is duty.' 'But,' I says, after a while, 'I don't believe in duty. I believe in joy.' They looked shocked to death. I could see it. But I stuck to it —and I stick to it.

"Only I know something else: That away on ahead of both duty and joy, there sits something or other that is what work really is inside. But that's beyond the A. class. And beyond the High School. And right on up into the universities. I 'most said, into the universalities."

In all of which I agree with my friend.

Evidently, she and I can make the joyful admission that we are free of the old Hebraic idea of work. But this only means that we have perhaps managed so to be born, physically or mentally, that the curse of toil is not individually upon us, as it is upon most of our fellows—a sad admission, after all, when we meant to be so joyful.

Given this supreme special privilege, and what does the day's work mean to her and to me? Not the handling of a tool to get comforts. Not work taken so seriously that every one else is miserable. Not work degraded by failure to recognise it. Not even the brandishing of a weapon to fight for some belief. Not, surely, the unconscious joy of the job, when most of the people of the world never know what it is to have work which is joy, and never, then, know work in the real sense. And not, of course, by any means just a game. What then?

To me the first requisite of the day's work is that it be co-operative. And the co-operators are (1) The rest of the workers and drudges of the world; and (2) all those who are not workers or drudges. And the object of the day's work, whether or not one is conscious of that object, must be one which will affect, however remotely, that whole silent company of the people.

This sense, not of *me, working,* but of *the people, working,* I believe to be the lamp to light all work.

I am always wanting so much to tell it to women, the hundreds of thousands of women, who have the skill to perform a craft or a profession, but whom our system has tied to domestic work which they do not like, or to shop or factory work under conditions which they endure. They have the attitude of heroic, individual resignation. Things, they say, are as they are, and cannot be changed. It is necessary to accept, to renounce all thought of anything else, to go through the routine, as one's duty. This becomes life. And so long as one has the individualistic outlook, this is probably the best that one can do. One's relief then comes in looking forward to an individualistic heaven in which these things shall stop being so, and where there shall be rest and beauty and joy. First, observe, there shall be rest—eternal rest. The cessation of work, which under right conditions should be their greatest joy, becomes the greatest joy conceivable.

But the spirit of the day's work which I mean would say something else, namely: "Things are as they are, but they are

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changing. It is necessary for the time being to accept, but it is essential not to renounce all thought of anything else. It is essential to work for something else. *We are the people, working.*" The day's work then will never consist in resignation to this task or that routine. It will be work with one hand while the other hand is stretched out to make way for those changes which shall transform work for us all. This is the validity of trade unionism, of the woman movement, of community awakening, of all constructive solidarity. These say good-bye to all the individual resignations. These say hail to every form of social growth. And this spirit makes all the difference between the day's drudgery and the day's work.

I confess that I do not see how people go on who have the individual outlook. The amount of the brute courage of endurance which has gone into resignation is enough, discreetly applied, to make the world over. It is the apotheosis of the destructive courage of the suicide or of the soldier. When work shall be done with socially constructive courage alone, and stoop neither to endurance nor to any destructive method, then the ancient Hebraic idea will begin to lift from the day's work of the world.

If I made a *credo* for the day's work, it would be something like this—and it would not be a *credo,* either, beginning *I believe,* but rather a *cognosco,* beginning as Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *"credos"* begin, with *I understand:*

I understand that my day's work is not much; but that the day's work of the race is everything.

I understand that individual relationship to spirit and to the rest of the race depends largely on the day's work of the race.

I understand that the growth of the race into its next form is largely conditioned by the day's work of the race.

I understand that as long as one man, woman, or child is missing what the day's work might be, I, too, am missing what the day's work might be.

Since a subject such as this is bound to be personal anyway, I am going to risk including a letter which came to me lately. It said:

"Could Calliope Marsh [a character in some stories of mine] tell me whether or not it is necessary to be happy?

"Or is doing one's duty enough?

"I have reached a place where happiness and duty seem to be as far apart as the poles, and Calliope doesn't seem to say anything to help me.

"Can you?"

I quote the letter because it is the quandary of so many, and because I believe the answer to be:

"Neither is enough."

According to this definition of the day's work: Duty is not enough. And happiness is not enough. But the sense of *the people, working, the people, growing,* can be as intoxicating to the worker as any mob spirit. It is *the* mob spirit, which can make every day's work the real adventure. It lets one live not only to-day, but To-morrow.

I never pass foundry or factory or mill without wishing that they all knew. And every movement toward solidarity among workers, however crookedly expressed, is a precious thing, to be fostered, because it brings on the sense of *the people, working.* For a while groups of these workers will be at one another's throats, just as individuals have been at one another's throats. But how can that trouble anybody? We are by that much nearer to the great common day's work, the sense of which some of us are sharing now.

For the special privilege of creative work is that this work is essentially social from the beginning. All creative work, if it is well done, bears some special part in the genetic growth—and not merely organically, but magically, making short cuts for the race. From this truth the creative worker cannot get away by any babble about "art for art's sake." He can't help himself. If he does his work truly, he has done a social act. He has entered into the Common Day's Work. In him, therefore, this sense of co-operation, of *the people,*

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working, may have its best developed expression. To him it is given most directly to play the game with zest, and to savour its joy.

Looking from the edges and the wings of all this, this is what the day's work means to me. I should not want to feel that, no matter how widely I miss playing the game, I had missed knowing the rules.

THE DIVERS

BY AGNES LEE

Divers of bodies,
What did you see,
Amid the waters,
The sluggish waters,
The swaying company,—
You, the divers,
The Eastland divers?

Our weighted forms
Pierced the maze of a myriad swarming creatures,
A twining, grappling, headlong humanity.
We saw young girls
Pinned to the mire of the murky, the charnel river,
Like fair fresh flowers on the filthy breast of a hag.

Beautiful babes
Nestled within the dregs of the sluggish river.
Shadows, shadows, shadows, fading and looming,
Rose and re-rose,—
Manhood, womanhood, childhood turning together,
Wan human fish upwavering shoal on shoal.

Down again, and down again,
And up with living or dead again!
For we are divers,
The Eastland divers.

Divers of souls,
What did you see,
Amid the waters,
The murky waters,
Confusion, fallacy,—
You, the divers,
The Eastland divers?

Our searching eyes
Pierced the cold intrigue of the powers of error,
Of shadows, shadows, shadows, gliding and fading.
We pierced greed's rule.
We saw greed's hand, immune of abomination,
Push faith below to its death in the circling doom.

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Sorrow we saw.
It shall go pleading forever down the years,
Telling the pitiless price of the frantic lesson.
And still we saw
The dream of a higher law for a higher people,
The dream no charnel river shall wash away.

Down again, and down again,
And up with a slimy truth again!
For we are divers,
The Eastland divers.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT"

MR. H. G. WELLS is a writer of many manners and frequent surprises; yet there is no rashness in the statement that his latest volume, *The Research Magnificent,* is one of the most curious and thought-compelling of his works. He attempts in it, to say so many things and suggests so many more,—things dealing with the largest and most vital interests of life,—that one feels somewhat at a loss to know just how to sum the book up briefly and at the same time maintain a due sense of proportion regarding its salient points. In one sense, it is the life history of an exceptional man, a man who conceives of life as a boundless opportunity and believes that his first and greatest duty to himself is to surmount or break down those hampering limitations through which all human beings are balked in their pursuit of their higher aims. His own briefest term for his ideal is the Aristocratic Life,—and "aristocratic" as he uses the word has nothing in common with rank and title, but means simply doing consistently and under all conditions what he regards as the noblest and finest thing to do, regardless of the difficulty or the danger. As a psychological study of an exceptional man, self-willed, erratic, even slightly unbalanced, this volume is admirable for its ruthless vivisection and penetrating insight. But, on the other hand, while studying the exceptional individual it is equally luminous in its implied criticism of humanity in general, and of the reasons for the great dead level of mediocre and uninspired lives. To be more specific, the story of William Porphyry Benham falls conveniently into three subdivisions, each of which deals in succession with one of the three great human limitations which he meets and overcomes. The first is the Limitation of Fear. Looking back at his childhood, Benham cannot remember a time when he was not terribly afraid, afraid of the dark, afraid of dogs, of cows, of a hundred and one dangers real or imaginary; and his first vague glimmer of the ideal of the Aristocratic Life is when he determines that he will not yield to fear, that the more afraid he is

*The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Story behind the Verdict. By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Making Money. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The "Genius." By Theodore Dreiser. New York: The John Lane Company.

The Song of the Lark. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jerusalem. By Selma Lagerlöf. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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the more determinedly will he force himself to walk into the jaws of danger. To his great joy he makes the discovery that fear precedes the dangerous act, that during the actual crisis the horrible agony of suspense gives way to a strange exaltation, a sense of infinite triumph. Yet all his life fear remains, and the battle has to be fought over again hourly. The second great limitation is the Limitation of Sex, which he discovers in early adolescence. To attain the Aristocratic Life, a man must be free; and Benham discovers that the love of women is a bondage, something that hampers him and disturbs his ideals. Fleeting attachments, loves of a day or an hour, he easily puts behind him; but just as he thinks that he has escaped from the snare of sex, he meets Amanda, a girl "as clean as the wind," who made him feel at first sight as though "there was a sword in her spirit." He had meant to spend years roaming the world; and the sudden thought comes, why should they not marry and roam together? There is a memorable three weeks' honeymoon and then, suddenly, Benham discovers that his glorious Amanda is sadly conventional after all, that her idea of married life is not roaming the world untrammelled, but settling down in London, knowing just the right people and going to endless teas and receptions. And because, in his eyes, she is still desirable, she bends him for a while to her will. But the day comes when he rises triumphantly above this new and strongest bondage, is deaf to her entreaties, and leaves her, lonely and unprotected, while he seeks wonderful and perilous adventures in distant lands. Then, one day, letters reach him which bring him face to face with the third limitation, the Limitation of Jealousy. This, also, he sets himself to conquer, and he knows he can do it in but one way. Jealousy is a suspicion: knowledge will be the cure. He speeds back to England with his mind in a chaos. He finds his wife in another man's arms, and straightway he knows that he has ceased to love her and that jealousy is dead. This brief epitome does not begin to convey an adequate impression of what the book really means. At best, it can serve only to stimulate curiosity. And that is precisely what the reviewer's first duty should be, in the case of a book so unusual, so stimulating and so deeply in earnest.

"THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT"

The series of mysterious crimes hidden behind bungling verdicts by coroner's juries makes up the contents of Frank Danby's new volume which, while interesting as a clever example of the Sherlock Holmes type of story, is a curious and radical departure from the customary methods of the author of *Pigs in Clover*. The character which gives the volume its chief interest is Keightley Wilbur, a young novelist and playwright, master of the epigram and paradox and possessed of an unwholesome love for ferreting out ugly deeds. Keightley Wilbur is first brought to our notice as star witness in the case of Pierre Lamotte, a distinguished writer, who met his death by drowning while a guest on board Mr. Wilbur's house-boat. The two men, together with two ladies, also guests, had, according to the evidence given at the inquest, spent a very pleasant and quiet evening; the Japanese butler had withdrawn after serving dinner. The other witnesses denied any altercation during the evening or any suspicious noise after they had retired. Yet the Frenchman's body was found the next day floating in the river. The coroner's blunder lay in neglecting to call one other witness, a physician who visited the house-boat for a brief half-hour on the evening in question and who could have testified to the fact that he had gone there for the purpose of showing his four friends how to smoke opium. Cross examination might then have led the way to the real story: how the Frenchman, under the influence of the unaccustomed drug, suddenly developed a violent attachment for the younger woman and how Keightley, under the same influence, avenged the insult by

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pushing his friend into the water, never thinking, in his dazed condition, that the other perhaps did not know how to swim. The circumstances under which Keightley subsequently tells real facts to a friend, forms another sub-current of narrative which recurs intermittently through the succeeding stories and is quite outside of the stories themselves. Of course Keightley's morbid interest in coroner's inquests springs from the burden of his own secret crime and from a haunting belief that it will sooner or later be expiated. And, in point of fact, fate does finally exact a heavy toll, although in a somewhat different way from that which Keightley had expected.

"THE STORY OE JULIA PAGE"

The Story of Julia Page, by Kathleen Norris, seems naturally to call for mention while Frank Danby is still in mind, because it succeeds in doing convincingly and with clear-cut, unwavering artistry what the English writer almost achieved in *The Heart of a Child,*—namely, to answer the question whether a female child born in the slums and bred in the gutter, growing up in ignorance and left to shift for herself, can through her own unaided efforts guard herself from temptation and danger and eventually achieve culture and refinement and an enviable social position. Sally Snape, Frank Danby's quite incredible heroine, managed to keep herself technically unspotted through the miraculous intervention of fate, just in the nick of time whenever designing profligates theatened her virtue; and eventually she won her reward by marrying a fortune and a title while the dialect of the street and the music hall were still upon her lips. All of which savoured of a Grimm's fairy tale translated into twentieth century terms. Julia Page, on the contrary, rings true as steel from start to finish. She is a real personality and one that refuses to be forgotten. Like her mother before her she is the child of the working class, fairly successful wage-earners, but shiftless, improvident, hopelessly slovenly. The condition of the home of her childhood, with its grimy floors and walls, its tattered Nottingham lace curtains that fail to hide the fly-specked windows, its litter of soiled and ragged garments, its haunting odour of stale food, leaves upon the reader's mind an insistent nightmare impression of human sordidness. Just how Julia Page received her first incentive to try to raise herself; how the sting of some scornful comment overheard by chance made her realise her own crass ignorance and bad manners; how, in her slow, upward climb, fate just once failed to intervene in an hour of danger; and how, in spite of the fact that she was not technically unsullied, she nevertheless, thanks to her clean soul and brave honesty, won the love and respect of a sterling man,—all this is told infinitely better by the author herself. But what the reviewer wishes to emphasise is the fine artistic balance, the unobtrusive and yet pervading contrast between the beginning and the end; the merciless insistence upon the disorder, the uncleanliness, the lack of thrift in the opening scenes and the exquisite harmony and refinement and perfect order of the English home in which we leave the heroine. Kathleen Norris is to be congratulated upon an achievement of considerable magnitude.

"MAKING MONEY"

In his latest volume, *Making Money,* Mr. Owen Johnson does not seem to have felt the necessity of troubling himself overmuch to achieve a remarkably new and strong and original plot. A reviewer, overlooking the real intentions of the book, and looking only for a sheer thread of narrative, would probably epitomise it somewhat as follows: a young man, full of ambition and the joy of living, is lucky enough to fall in love with one of the daughters of a Wall Street magnate who, approving the girl's choice, determines to give the young fellow his chance to make his fortune. Unfortunately, a sensitive conscience is a bad handicap in Wall Street. The young man develops a precocious genius for the big game, but on one or two vital oc-

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casions he guesses wrong; and while his future father-in-law so manipulates things that the youth himself wins instead of losing, his mistaken advice to his friends has left a sad trail of ruin, disgrace and suicide. Consequently, he refuses to accept the profits of dishonest transaction, leaves Wall Street and starts in at the bottom to learn mechanical engineering, which, if physically dirty, is morally clean. Incidentally, his betrothed, who loves wealth and glitter and adulation, breaks her engagement. But since she happens to have a younger sister who is sane and sensible and not afraid of poverty with the man she loves, everything works out quite as it should. Told in this strain, the story sounds, it must be confessed, rather uninspired. But what Mr. Johnson seems to have wanted to do is not so much to tell a story as to portray a certain mood of youth, a certain phase of human development. He shows us, first, the wonderful pageant of New York, the ceaseless flow down Fifth Avenue of beauty and wealth and ambition,—and all this is seen and magnified through the eyes of a young man, a recent graduate from college, who has returned after a long absence, fired with the golden hopes of youth, ready to take the world by storm and looking upon New York as a great and glorious opportunity. He is rather pathetic, he is so brave, so sanguine, so extremely young; he has such an infinite number of things to learn, such an endless amount of mental and moral readjusting to undergo. Seen from this point of view, the volume is really a history of that readjusting, the story of how a boy grows up into a man. The book does not have the evenness that we expect from Mr. Johnson, and there is a falling off in the sheer writing of it, toward the end, that makes one wonder whether the keen enthusiasm with which he started had not begun to wane. Yet the fact remains that he has handled certain vital issues of life with firm purpose. And one must be a rather hard-hearted and cynical critic not to find a soft place in one's heart for his unconventional and altogether refreshing little heroine, Patsie.

"THE 'GENIUS'"

Mr. Theodore Dreiser is a figure which refuses to be ignored in contemporary fiction. He has an undeniable strength of a certain sort, and he carries on some of the distinctive features of the French naturalistic school in a decade when they are in danger of becoming a lost art. And yet his volumes, especially the later ones, leave behind them a sense of disappointment, a feeling that somehow or other they have just fallen short of being really big. There are, to be sure, big pages, even big chapters here and there. He has the gift of taking the human animal and turning him inside out pitilessly, and then seeming to say sardonically, "There, whether you like it or not, that is what men and women are really like!" He can do this sort of thing with such unblushing thoroughness that there are times when the reader has a sense of physical discomfort in the presence of humanity stripped so bare. The tendency to depict this side of life seems to have grown upon him, reaching, let us hope, its culmination in *The "Genius."* The central character, Eugene Witla, is defined by the author as "an artist who, pagan to the core, enjoyed reading the Bible for its artistry of expression, and Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spinoza and James for the mystery of things which they suggested." But a pagan may still sense the joys of living; he may have deep-rooted passions for the beautiful and the true; he may worship faithfully at some single shrine,—but not so Eugene Witla. He thinks that he loves, not one but many women, successively, simultaneously, as it may happen: but of fidelity he does not know even the definition. He has the promiscuity of a Turk, and the callousness of a slave-driver. Women are pretty toys, to be taken up, played with and tossed aside, when his mood has cooled. To one girl only, Angela Blue, he gives the semblance of loyalty; yet after keeping her waiting year after year for him to fulfil

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his promise of marriage, he does not scruple to seduce her under her own father's roof. And the only reason why he later redeems his promise and makes her his wife is not from any sense of pity or remorse, but from cowardice,—she has threatened to drown herself, and his artistic soul shrinks from the thought of how her dead body would look in the water. It is quite possible that Mr. Dreiser meant to depict a somewhat different character from what he has actually done. It is equally possible that the reviewer has failed to interpret him correctly. The trouble may be partly that he has shown us his hero a little too intimately, and thus has bred the proverbial contempt. It is not unlikely that he has meant him for a sort of American substitute for Maupassant's Bel-Ami,—but there is a gulf between them. The Frenchman understood the great value of reticence and implication. We do not know how many other women than those mentioned in his pages figured in the butterfly life of his amorous hero; but we sense the abiding memory of their vanished faces, the echo of their bygone tears and laughter. Mr. Dreiser gives us no chance for flights of fancy. All the women, and there are throngs of them, who figured in Eugene Witla's life are recorded with the fidelity of a dictograph; one affair endures for seventeen days, another for a specified number of weeks,—passion reduced to the prose of daily entry bookkeeping. As has already been admitted, there are some quite wonderful pages on certain subjects, as for instance the mixed emotions of a young art student the first time that he draws from a female model in the life class, and again, later in the volume, a child-birth scene unequalled in frankness since Zola wrote *La Joie de Vivre*. But episodes of this sort do not in themselves constitute great fiction; they are merely pardonable if the fiction is of big enough magnitude to be its own justification.

"THE SONG OF THE LARK"

The Song of the Lark, by Willa Sibert Cather, is one of those volumes about which opinions may quite honestly differ. To the reader who appreciates a pleasant style, a keen observance of the little things of life, and an indulgent understanding of plain, simple souls, her portraiture of the daily, plodding routine of a Methodist minister's family in a remote Colorado town will bring a few hours of quiet but very genuine enjoyment. On the other hand, any one who demands action, a strong, well-knit plot carefully worked out with an ever-watchful eye for the greatest economy of means, will feel a growing irritation at the placid, casual manner in which things happen, the patient acceptance of life that characterises her people, the phlegmatic temperament of the Swedes, who play a dominant part in the story. Reduced to its simplest elements, this is the history of Thea Kronborg, from her early childhood in the town of Moonstone, until in ripe young womanhood she returns from her musical studies abroad, achieves fame in Wagnerian rôles, and marries a Chicago millionaire, who has the wisdom not to interfere with her professional career. Stated in this form, this story has a rather familiar ring: the poor but worthy young woman with a latent artistic talent, which some man, more or less disinterested, helps to develop, recurs at fairly regular intervals. In the present case a slight novelty is introduced by making the benefactor a wealthy benefactor, a wealthy engineer, who secretly loved her, abiding his time until she should be old enough for marriage, and died leaving a life insurance policy in her name. But, as already intimated, the interest of Miss Cather's story is only secondarily in the plot. She has created a group of real persons; she takes us into their home and makes us share in their joys and sorrows, with a quickening sympathy such as we give to our friends in the real world. And that is a gift that is perhaps quite as rare as a genius for plot-building.

"JERUSALEM"

The central episode which gives the title to Selma Lagerlöf's *Jerusalem,* just

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issued in the English version by Velma Swanston Howard, is based upon the historic event of a religious pilgrimage which set forth in the last century from the author's own district, Dalecarlia. As is pointed out by Henry Goddard Leach, who provides an appreciative and discriminating introduction, the volume is not merely an exposition of the effect upon a prosaic community of a religious revival sweeping them out of their routine, arousing them to forsake home, and land and country, and fare forth into unguessed privations and dangers. It is more than that; it is the tragedy, the futility that the author has suggested between the lines,—the heart-ache of those who went and of those who were left behind. The full intensity of the drama which forms the central thread of the personal narrative is perhaps apt to be missed by American readers, to whom the old homestead is far from being the sacred possession that it is to the peasantry of Selma Lagerlöf's land. Among them "attachment to the land is life itself. Hearts are broken in the struggle which permits Karen to sacrifice the Ingmar Farm to obey the inward voice that summons her on her religious pilgrimage, and which leads her brother, on the other hand, to abandon the girl of his heart and his life's personal happiness in order to win back the farm." To those readers who appreciate the rare blending of qualities that make Selma Lagerlöf the true artist that she is, the concluding chapter is to be especially commended. It is seldom that such pathos, such tragedy, such exaltation has been achieved with such simplicity of diction, such almost stoic self-restraint. It sets the nerves to tingling and wrings the heart, after the fashion of just a few of the world's great funeral marches.

LIGHT-HEARTED NOVELS*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE most outstanding quality of this fall's fiction, take it by and large, is its light-heartedness. There are, of course, many serious novels among its hundreds of books. But they serve only, like an occasional clump of evergreen shrubs in a field of flowers, to make more marked by contrast the general brightness and gayety. I do not remember a publishing season, not even a spring season, in which the purpose of fiction to entertain rather than to stir thought or feeling is always more marked than it is in the autumn, when so large a proportion of the novels looked out upon life with a smiling face. Even from England, England with her decimated homes, her training camps, her millions waiting tensely for the dread casualty lists, comes a goodly number of these gay and laughing stories. With the whole world filled as never before with horror and heartache and its attention absorbed by appalling things, the novelists, like birds breaking into song in the shattered tree-tops of a battlefield, are telling us blithely of love and

*The Old Order Changeth. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Co-Citizens. By Corra Harris. Illustrated by Hanson Booth. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth. By John Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mr. Bingle. By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Prairie Wife. By Arthur Stringer. Illustrated in colour by H. T. Dunn. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Shadows of Flames. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy). Frontispiece in colour by Alfred James Dewey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Wooing of Rosamond Fayre. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Inner Law. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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youth and joyous days and lives that are happy and glad. Let us be grateful to them, for it is good to forget, if only for a little while. Not all of the novels reviewed below forget the serious side of life, or even regard it in light-hearted mood. But most of them aim to bring smiles to the reader's face rather than serious thoughts to his mind.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

Mr. Marshall's story is a markedly serious novel and it dramatises in a life-like way those omens of an uprooting change in English life which the war makes still more menacing. At the end, one of the characters, the son of a self-made multi-millionaire who had bought an old estate, says to another whose ancestors had owned it for centuries:

> You have seemed to belong to it, and we never have. But even that is altering now. . . . But nothing will be quite like it was when the war is over. The changes have begun already and they will grow bigger. But one can leave all that for the present. There are things to be done. When I do come back, if I do, there'll be other things to be done, but they won't be the same as before.

Those sentences give the keynote of expectancy with which all England seems to wait for some birth from the womb of war whose form and significance are as yet unknown. The author emphasises it still more in his closing sentences, when he speaks of the great house of the estate, with all its long history, having been changed into a hospital: "Never had Kemsale looked like that before, never had its innumerable rooms been so full of meaning. The graciousness of the old life and the empty show of the new had alike been swept away. It was shortly to become a house of pain, but a house of healing, too. What it should become hereafter could not yet be foreseen, but it would never again be quite what it had been before." It is evident that in Mr. Marshall's mind Kemsale is symbolical of the nation.

Archibald Marshall has for some years been slowly forging forward toward the front ranks of English novelists, but neither in his own country nor in this has he received the consideration which his work deserves for its artistic excellence, its truthful reflection of whatever phases of English life it essays to picture and its intellectual values. In the first two of these features he is beginning to do for his own generation work which in quality and service is comparable with that of Trollope's for the middle Victorian years, while in its significance, its understanding of tendencies, its intellectual value, it is better than Trollope's, for it shows, in addition to its material picture of life, the moving spirit below the surface.

This new novel, which continues several characters of some of his previous books, makes a minute and careful study of the people concerned in and the events issuing from the sale of a great estate by the spendthrift son of a long line of titled ancestors to an immensely rich man who has risen by his own shrewdness and capacity out of the middle class. There is much detail, exquisitely handled, which in its sum gives full-length pictures of a great number of characters, notable among them being the rich financier and an old squire who embodies the past and clings to the old order.

"THE CO-CITIZENS"

Mrs. Harris is essentially a caricaturist. So thoroughly is her talent controlled by the spirit of caricature that she uses its methods when she does not need them, when, even, they are a detriment. In this new story, as in most of her fiction, she portrays her characters with bold, outlining strokes that are chiefly concerned with and emphasise absurd or more or less offensive peculiarities of appearance, custom or character. Her method makes an excellent weapon, as caricature always does, for the flaying of human faults and frailties, but it is never, as caricature is never, quite true to the reality. Her scene is a sleepy Southern town and her theme its waking up and shaking up by an unusual sort of

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woman suffrage propaganda which enlists almost the whole of the feminine population. The rich woman of the town dies and leaves all her wealth to a "Co-Citizens' Foundation Fund" to be used by all the women of the place in getting woman suffrage for the county. The result is a striking example of the importance to the novelist of his point of view. An author much in earnest might have taken the same theme and made out of it a solemn and intense story without a smile in it from first page to last. But Mrs. Harris views the scene she creates with an amused and satiric eye which never ceases to twinkle even when she is now and then deftly pushing forward something of highly serious significance and her story bubbles with humour from beginning to end.

"PETER PARAGON: A TALE OF YOUTH"

A "tale of youth" it truly is—youthful years, enthusiasms, ideals, fickleness, fineness and general lovableness. Peter is a dear boy from the time he steps into the story at the end of his teens until the story leaves him, a radiant young husband, in his early twenties. He is essentially of fine fibre and of those born to abominate and do battle with dragons and so he comes through the temptations and past the pitfalls of youth clean and fine and with his eyes still on the stars. The author deserves thanks for having put into fiction one young Englishman whose youth is not a continuous beastly mess of fleshly infatuations and experiments. In the gallery of portraits which English novelists have been giving us of late years of their young countrymen, Mr. Palmer's Peter is indeed a Paragon. Nevertheless, he is a very real creation, complex of nature, a manly young fellow, and stands out from the pages, high-strung, vital, very much alive. Almost as interesting as Peter, and quite as well portrayed, is Peter's mother, a calm-eyed, placid-minded, understanding woman as restful as a still country landscape in the sunset light. It is a happy book, shining with the brave, bright, exalted spirit of youth.

"MR. BINGLE"

Although Mr. Tom Bingle titles Mr. McCutcheon's new story and fills the centre of the stage through most of the action, it is "The Christmas Carol," Dickens's ever-beloved "Christmas Carol," that is the real hero. Mr. Bingle is, indeed, a sort of incarnation of the "Carol" and, what with its spirit informing him throughout the year and its bodily presence in his hand and its words sounding from his lips on every Christmas Eve, the story about him is wholly and thoroughly a Christmas story. And, as if to make it even more Christmassy, the author indulges himself not a little in methods and mannerisms beloved of Dickens, prince of all Christmas story-tellers. Mr. Bingle is a hundred-dollar-a-month bank clerk with a heart as big and as warm as his purse is small and thin. He and his wife give all the pleasure their poverty will allow to all the children they can gather together at Christmas time. His kind heart and Christian compassion bring them unexpected wealth, whereupon they begin to adopt children. The story tells how their fortunes rise and fall, with never a change in Mr. Bingle's genial nature and warm heart and kind deeds. Mr. McCutcheon has provided a plot of some ingenuity and complication as the framework of his story, but Mr. Bingle as an incarnated "Christmas Carol" is its chief feature and dominating interest.

"THE PRAIRIE WIFE"

Reading the story of *The Prairie Wife,* which Mr. Stringer allows her to tell in her own words through the medium of intimate letters to an old friend, one is reminded of how seldom it is that a man novelist attempts to write, one might say, with a petticoated pen, and how frequently women novelists endeavour to clothe their pens in trousers. And it must be admitted that the petticoating is usually more successful than the trousering. Mr. Stringer's *Prairie Wife* nowhere betrays the sex of her creator with a masculine note or accent in her voice. She is a temperamental

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creature, too, and feminine in high degree. At the opening of the story she has, after brief acquaintance and on sudden impulse, just married the Other Man and journeyed with him to his shack in the wide wheatlands of Canada, the man to whom she had been engaged until within a day or two of her wedding having received her engagement ring flung "straight against his stately chest." The reader is likely to be puzzled a good deal by the capable and efficient way in which she, hitherto accustomed only to wealth and luxury, rolls up her sleeves and plunges into the housework, the cooking and the washing and ironing as soon as she arrives at the shabby dot on the prairie that is their home. Her spirits are high, she is brimming with vitality and her mood is usually gay and happy. She is something of a minx, too, and leads her big, Scotch-Canadian husband a lively race. She tells with plenty of humour and rattling gayety the story of their first year or so, weaving into the tale the few other human beings that wander across their path during that time, relating frankly the difficulties through which they stumble in the course of adjusting themselves to one another and describing vividly the scenes and portents and events to which nature treats the northwest country.

"SHADOWS OF FLAMES"

A novel of nearly six hundred closely printed pages is a new departure for Amélie Rives. And between it and *The Quick or the Dead* the distance is long, whether measured in terms of time, of knowledge, or of art. In that first story, whose crudities startled a little even while its emotional force and its story-telling instinct stirred admiration, spoke a young, untrained voice thrilling with the inner compulson that bade it express its own instinctive understanding of life. In this last book one hears measured, art-trained tones putting into story form a philosophy of life, telling how it is necessary first to lose one's life if one would possess it truly, to cast aside all happiness in order to be truly happy. So does her heroine pass through the fires with which life disciplines before she can be taught wherein lies the greatest good. And she does indeed have a ghastly time, in the full, grisly sense of that overworked and distorted word. The author's readers are likely to grumble that she might have spared them some of the tortures through which she conducts poor Sophy. And surely the gods of realistic fiction might have been placated with less than two hundred pages of detailed and probably accurate description of the doings of the heroine's morphinomaniac husband and the drug's effects upon him. Three times does Sophy feel the exalting power of love, and each time does it result in the chastening of her soul. The story of it all is told with intimate detail and artistic restraint, with discrimination in the choice and handling of material, with much keen insight into the human soul, with sustained emotional strength and dramatic power. But, as a personal matter, I would much rather read *The Quick or the Dead.*

"THE WOOING OF ROSAMOND FAYRE"

As bright and pretty as its own heroine, with her golden hair and rose pink gown, Berta Ruck's gay little romance reminds one of an eighteenth century comedy, although it is so entirely up to date as to have its last chapters plunged into the war. A lovely girl, irresistibly feminine, is the secretary of another girl, young and wealthy, whose heart and mind and life are given over to good works. She hasn't even time to write her own love letters to her fiancé, doing man's-size work far away in South America. So the secretary writes them for her and unintentionally puts into them some of her own personality. And of course when the young man returns there are complications, which the author has tangled up with real ingenuity. She has a pleasing knack also of circling all around and about a situation, seeing all its possibilities and talking them over with vivacity and humour. She writes with a light and dainty touch and some of her characterisations are both true

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and amusing. If she would refrain from dipping her pen quite so often into romantic syrup instead of real ink she would promise exceedingly well as a writer of vivacious and entertaining fiction comedy.

"THE INNER LAW"

Always seeing life rather tensely and even sometimes austerely, Mr. Harben here mitigates not in the least his insistence upon high ideals and the surety of punishment for those who deny the claims of the spirit. His hero is a young Georgian, of birth, breeding, education and fortune. His aim is to become a poet and his ambitions and the hopes of his friends are high. An uncle, suffering still the pangs of remorse for the sins of his youth, warns him of the taint in the blood of his ancestral line which makes them lustful and weak of will where women are concerned and begs him to keep his spirit master over his flesh. But the young man wrongs a girl of poor family, falls in with bad company and presently goes to Europe, where he lives until middle-age, amusing himself in dilettante ways, seeking pleasure where he can find it and sinking ever lower into the mire of selfishness and self-indulgence. But at last his eyes are opened to true sight of himself and his spiritual re-birth brings him home to endeavour to right, as far as possible, the wrong he had done so many years before. Somewhat stiff and formal in its conversations and perhaps more concerned with preaching its sermon than with faithfully mirroring life and character, Mr. Harben's story must yet be credited with being a serious, idealistic effort to disentangle the spiritual truths of life from their material overgrowths and show how they distil their own punishments for those who ignore them.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. II. III.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE'S "WHAT IS BACK OF THE WAR"—G. H. PERRIS'S "THE CAMPAIGN OF 1914 IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM"—HILAIRE BELLOC'S "THE ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR"*

IN matters of dispute we inevitably decide along the line of our emotional prejudices. When diplomatists are hurling variegated coloured volumes at each other the layman, anxious impartially to get at the roots, has no defence except to assume an attitude and hold to it tenaciously. Yet the more one reads of the new books on the war the more one feels that morality is not a national asset, and that "the wrong is mixed"; that while, emotionally, we may condemn, we must recognise that essential facts are debatable. Certainly such is the impression after reading these three books, which, incidentally, offer an interesting comment on the personal equation. For it seems well nigh impossible to remain impartial, and, as Robert Dunn pointed out in *On Five Fronts,* the observer loses his neutrality the more he sees "the other side." Two of these books are frankly pro-Ally, and Mr. Beveridge's book, in spite of an honest effort, contains a sneaking sympathy for the Teutons. It is more concerned with the human element, too, placing strong emphasis upon the causes, as seen by the leaders on both sides. It is a record of opinion. Hilaire Belloc's brilliant volume is essentially a military history, with special emphasis upon strategy, though he, like Mr. Perris, also analyses the historical causes which has motivated the cataclysm. The latter, in

*What Is Back of the War. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Elements of the Great War. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Hearst International Library.

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fact, steers a middle course in his *Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium*. He discusses the technic of the battlefields as well as the human elements of which they are composed.

Ex-Senator Beveridge's position apparently gave him unusual facilities for seeing the whole German scheme. Though many of the chapters, which originally appeared as articles, deal with conditions on the firing line, the most important sections of his volume are those collating the various views held by the leaders themselves. Among those interviewed were Professor von Harnack, Albert Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American line; Walter Rathenau, head of the General Electric Company; Dr. Albert Südekin, the leader of the Social Democratic party; Admiral von Tirpitz, General von Hindenburg and the Emperor. Nothing is quoted of the interview with the latter, while the other leaders personally approved of the conversations as Mr. Beveridge records them. Three deductions are made: the German people are a unit in support of this war; they believe they will triumph; they feel that England is the arch-enemy who really brought about this catastrophe. One interesting fact may be mentioned in relation to von Bernhardi's famous book: Professor von Harnack, for example, states that he did not even know of its existence till after the war had started. In answer to the accusation that Germany was dominated by this arch-militarist, Dr. Schmidt adds that only six thousand copies were published, not all of which were sold.

In turning from these interviews to those which Mr. Beveridge had with the French and English leaders, one sees how hopelessly divided the world of thought is, and how strong and irrevocable is the spirit of nationalism. In the very picturesque scenes along the French front one notes the same whole-heartedness which comes through feeling one is right. It is this which makes the war such a hopeless tragedy, leaving its settlement to force rather than to ethics, which, indeed, seem sadly confused and trampled on throughout. Yet Mr. Beveridge, in a very suggestive final chapter, is not pessimistic over the ultimate outcome. Without venturing on prophecy as to which side will win, he is certain that there will result, "except in Russia, an immeasurable advance of democracy, expressed in terms of collectivism." The reservation is made about Russia because of her peculiar culture and mission:

> One who has stood within the circle of fire has seen many cherished ideas vanish and favourite phrases lose their applicability. One of these is that this war is a contest between absolutism and democracy . . . democratic collectivism is being forged in the warring countries, more quickly and more firmly than decades of peace have done. . . . Indeed, if only the laws already passed remain in operation after peace, Western Europe will have undergone a revolution in that regard. For stern necessity has forced the practical application of so many hitherto unaccepted theories that almost it may be said that the principle of collectivism is conducting the war. It is natural for Germany to take the lead in this. . . . In France the same tendency is observable. . . . Many persons assert that the government at present is a military dictatorship under the forms of a parliamentary government and responsible ministry. . . . Under the Commandeering Bill, the whole industry of the British Islands may be turned from private profit to public service, with compensation by the State.

As the title implies, Mr. Perris's volume is more a statement of the military history than a compilation of opinions. Though he severely castigates Germany for the violation of Belgium neutrality and her alleged pillage, he cannot help admiring her military efficiency. Beginning with the attack on Liège, he traces minutely the military manœuvres to the battle of the Marne. Several interesting deductions are made concerning strategy: one, that in modern warfare there are no more independent, free-moving armies, and that every part of the battle line is dependent upon every other part; second, that fortifications are not so im-

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portant as an army in the field. This particular question is also elaborately discussed in Mr. Belloc's analysis. Though both authors are compelled to discuss the campaign with the material furnished by Sir John French in his admirable reports, Mr. Perris is less technical. Mr. Belloc has a larger historical background, is more academic and algebraic. Yet a reading of these two books will give a complimentary and clear idea of the large scope of the campaign and the theory of modern strategy. It would be unfair not to mention the very admirable sidelights and anecdotes which continually shift through Mr. Perris's pages, particularly those descriptive of Paris in the early days of the war, and in the various villages after they had been violated. The author makes no attempt to conceal his indignation over the whole German theory of war, though his book is not a sensational seasoning of atrocities. As a former secretary of the Anglo-German Friendship Committee, he writes with a pen saddened over the whole tragedy.

Mr. Belloc is always an Englishman, but his *Elements of a Great War* is an unemotional statement of its mechanics. Intended as an introductory volume to a series which will run throughout the war, this study presents the contending theories and shows the inevitability of conflict. War, as he points out, is a conflict of national wills. The general causes lie in history as these wills have been developed. The particular causes were:

> The curious challenge thrown down to Great Britain by the German fleet *before* the German Empire had made secure its position on the Continent; the French advance upon Morocco; the coalition of the Balkan States against the remainder of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

He then proceeds to discuss the particular occasion of the war. The main part of the book, however, is a detailed examination of the military forces themselves, and a presentation of the way each nation had predicated its manner of fighting. The various theories are contrasted with what actually happened. Then follows a strategical analysis of each battle up to the Marne. To many students this book will be welcome, because it will enable them to gain a sense of the fundamental ideas which compel each combatant upon the field. It is a cold, impersonal presentation of war and how it is fought, yet in many respects the most valuable which has come from England. It shows that mathematics is the controlling fact, and that the true heroes of the war will be angles and trajectory.

George Middleton.

IV V

J. A. Hammerton's "The Real Argentine"—W. H. Koebel's "The South Americans"*

Of making books on the southern half of our hemisphere there seems to be no end just at present. If the northern half of the Americas does not know how the other half lives it will not be the fault of writers and publishers! When two books on a similar subject are published simultaneously, or nearly so, by the same firm, it is a temptation to deal with them at the same time in the scope of the same review. These two books lend themselves well to such treatment, both in the lines of their approach as well as of their dissimilarity. Mr. Hammerton's book is by far the most readable, and—whether from this reason or some other—sounds the most dependable from the point of view of accuracy of observation and statement. At least, this would be the opinion of the general public, which knows little about South America and reads books on the subject for information.

In his preface Mr. Hammerton utters a word of warning on the subject of the many books written on South America lately. He tells us that many of the volumes by American writers are based on

*The Real Argentine. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The South Americans. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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government statistics or are the results of a fleeting visit, and are so apt to be informed by a "spirit of indiscriminate admiration that they present misleading and untrue notions of the countries described." Others, he warns us, are subsided advertisements in the form of books paid for by the governments of the respective republics of which they treat. Many works written in English by Englishmen or Americans are of this nature. The best books on the subject have been written in French or German, he tells us, and he himself makes frequent use of a book by M. Jules Huret.

Mr. Hammerton lived in Buenos Ayres and other Argentine towns for over a year, in intimate business relations with the natives of various classes. A man of trained powers of observation and a practised writer, he has put what he saw and experienced in so well ordered and attractive a form that the picture stands complete and vivid in the reader's mind after putting down the book. It is a picture of a new young nation in a country of only half-developed possibilities, a nation with all the crudeness and raw lack of proportion characteristic of youth, but with all the splendid hopefulness and energy of youth. It is a nation many of whose traits we recognise as having been ours but a short while ago—some of which may still be ours as Mr. Hammerton, who knows and likes us well, hints with kindly humour—but with this difference, that in the main our civilisation is that of the northern race, whereas the Argentine, as indeed all South America, is pre-eminently Latin in character. Mr. Hammerton does not spare his own people, and he acknowledges with engaging frankness that his dislike for certain phases of life in the Argentine Republic may be due to a British pigheadedness. Still there is a ring of truth about his portrayal which renders his chatty pages far more valuable, in really getting at the heart of people and country, than many a weary chapter of statistics would be. The polished simplicity and easy intimacy of his style are of themselves sufficient to recommend his book, even were the subject not so interesting or so well treated.

The book is particularly valuable to North Americans in that the writer's comparisons are largely made on values of New York and our other great cities. He does not deal with the new nations of our southern hemisphere in units of the Old World, knowing how widely far apart such comparisons would lead him. Also, he has an understanding of economics that makes it possible for him to comprehend many things in the development, or lack of it, of the Argentine, which have otherwise remained a mystery to many writers of the type he mentions in his introduction.

It is hard to know where to begin, in the space of a short review, to treat in detail of Mr. Hammerton's book. His intimate glimpses of differing types of South Americans, his vivid and amusing pictures of street life in Buenos Ayres, with its surprises and its disappointments; his really valuable insight into the business life of a busy young nation, and his pages on the economic basis of Argentine life, particularly that vital part of it, the system of land tenure, are all alike interesting and enlightening. Fascinating odd contrasts are shown—the splendid bookshops of Buenos Ayres with their rich stocks (alas for us, England and America are represented largely by light fiction, whereas Germany, France and Spain, send richly of their more solid literature) . . . these splendid bookshops are in the same town which seems about the worst paved of any of the world's best cities, and where a lack of humanity to man and animal shocks the Anglo-Saxon visitor on every hand.

Possibly the most interesting chapters to American readers who are students of our own public problems are those which deal with emigration. The Italian furnishes the great bulk of the emigrants to the Argentine, and his progress there contains in its history many a rare human document. The manner in which the climate and conditions of life react on emigrants of various nationalities, and

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the manner in which various races from the Old World influence the development of the New, is told with keen lucidity.

An important subject which other writers of South America have touched on is well handled by Mr. Hammerton. This is the deep-rooted distrust of all the southern republics for their mighty sister in the north—the North American menace, it is called below the Equator.

> The Republic of the United States, comparatively little known and exercising very small influence throughout South America, is looked upon with increasing suspicion. The making of the Panama Canal, instead of appealing to South Americans as a great new factor in their economic lives, is viewed in many quarters as the first step toward attacking their existence as independent nations. The United States are suspected of an aggressive policy toward the South, and with such diplomats as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt publicly stating at Rio that the United States, in alliance with Brazil, could dominate the whole Western Hemisphere, the road to a better understanding is not made unnecessarily smooth. . . ."

Mr. Hammerton then tells us of the work of the great protagonist of the "Anti-Yankee" movement, Dr. Ugarte of Buenos Ayres. Dr. Ugarte has no difficulty in making out an excellent case for his warnings, as he . . . .

> need do no more than quote from some of the ravings of those American Senators who publicly talk of "one flag from Pole to Pole and from Ocean to Ocean." . . . The excuse for such agitators as Dr. Ugarte is the greater so long as Mr. Roosevelt is allowed at large to make speeches wherein he can undo in five minutes the work of years of diplomacy.

This same subject, the distrust of the United States, which is the one common bond between the republics of the south, is one of the best contributions of the second book on our list, Mr. Koebel's *The South Americans*. He tells us of the immense importance, little realised at home, of President Wilson's wisdom in approaching the southern republics in the Mexican question. It has done much to allay this distrust and to prove to South America that there is saneness and calmness even in official position in the United States. Otherwise Mr. Koebel's book would not in any way compare with Mr. Hammerton's. Its greater scope is confusing in that it gives too much material to be really digested properly. The author is hampered by an irritatingly awkward style, which at times absolutely blurs his meaning. In spite of his German-sounding name his pro-British tendencies are so strong that he wails aloud for two pages about the fact that a British railway in South America has engaged an American manager and makes the matter worse by openly announcing that he was by far the best man they could find. Also, having evidently read his proofs since the war broke out, he apologises whenever truth compels him to tell of something the Germans have done in South America, and he has ignored—to the disadvantage of veracity—as much as he could, the very wide influence the traders of that nation have had throughout the Southern Continent. All his comparisons are made with England, and his book is therefore nothing like as valuable to American students of the subject as is Mr. Hammerton's—even were it as good in other ways. It does, however, contain much information that is of use, notably an excellent description of the famous coffee valorisation scheme of the Brazilian Government. And in spite of the sometimes execrable style, a sentence or two that is worth quoting will creep in. The following, about rubber, one of the great themes of South America, will serve to close our review.

> The most dramatic vegetable product of the Continent is, of course, rubber. In its emotional ethics this mere vegetable approaches the standing of far more durable objects. It seems almost to place itself in the same category as diamonds, precious stones and gold in respect to the human passions it is capable of arousing and the crimes of violence for which its search has been responsible.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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VI

Mr. H. Noel Williams's "The Rival Sultanas"*

This is really a scandalous book, but it is as valuable as it is delightful. In the narration of salacious sections of history, Mr. Williams fills in a more complete canvas than does Mr. Gribble, whose serious intentions are confined to similar areas. He could not of course make more animated the immediate foreground but he gives more attention to dressing the stage and grouping the supernumeraries. But Mr. Williams shares with Mr. Gribble a dexterous habit of making both ends meeter than the gusto of either would seem to admit. He has the same trick of shaking gravely his sinful head ere his mouth has ceased from tittering and his leering is at rest. With one word of censure he rounds off an event which he has developed in his neatest phrases. Indeed, those were the times which try men's minds, for, as Mr. Williams somewhere observes, deference to modern sensitiveness often compels one to go about industriously for an adroit circumlocution. If the author lacks anything, it is not this particular kind of adroitness; and he deserves commendation for making the vehicle of it a substantial account of a historical period.

"It was generally resolved by others whom he should have in his arms," wrote a contemporary historian of Charles II, "as well as whom he should have in his Councils. I am apt to think that his passions stayed as much as any man's ever did in the lower region." But in this the keen Marquis of Halifax was mistaken. Physical enough in all conscience, he found in two of his mistresses a spiritual bond that held when all else snapped. They like the rest had beauty and did no other credit to the good taste on which he prided himself, but he remained faithful to them after his fashion.

The first lady in the long procession flitted unknown across his stage at the ripe age of sixteen, leaving but the usual memorial of her passage—whom Charles, always good to his children, afterwards set up in life. The second, Lucy Walter, he took from Algernon Sidney's brother, but the lady had already formed reckless habits which his as yet undisciplined nature could not tolerate (though he later learned to wink at such indiscretions). Her son he made the Duke of Monmouth, who lived to bite his father. His second known sultana proved worse than his first. Barbara Villier's husband, already somewhat hardened in this respect, was rewarded for his complaisance by the King, who was the soul of honour in the recognition of certain of his obligations. Pepys admired the character of this outrageous creature as well as her beauty, but he thought her rival, who soon appeared, even more entrancing. "La belle Stuart" possessed the feminine adroitness which always seems possible to the stupidest of young ladies —she knew how to keep her lover constantly employed in overcoming her resistance. He really came nearer loving her, therefore, than any of the rest of them. Now, she is Britannia on the copper coin of the realm (and it may be remembered that Britannia needs no bulwarks). Nell Gwyn was the next. Mr. Cecil Chesterton thinks Nell was more sinned against than sinning, but as she publicly called Charles II her Charles the third, this is somewhat doubtful unless her words were more vaguely used than was customary with her. But Nell by no means absorbed all the King's histrionic ambitions, and, as Dryden tells us in one of his frank epilogues, the theatres were often inconveniently closed on account of the temporary absence of the leading ladies. Nell was really more attached to Charles than he deserved, and the hold she retained over him was perhaps due the fact that she never bored him by endeavouring to act the lady. "She was the indiscreetest, wildest creature that ever appeared in Court," wrote old Burnet.

The King, sensitive as ever to his obligations, decided to take the mother of his

*Rival Sultanas. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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child away from the stage, but she was hardly established in state when her successor appeared. This lady the King of France had sent over for his own purposes; and Nell and her predecessor prepared to resist the French invader, but without success. For Louise de Kéroualle had great shrewdness and a baby face—which as all the world knows is an invincible combination. Her predecessor soon dropped out of the running (although she long continued to reap very substantial sums on her past), but Louise, now Duchess of Portsmouth, was never able to oust Nell. Suddenly a second French invader appeared—the Duchess de Mazarin, niece of the Cardinal. Saucy Nelly at once went into mourning in derisive anticipation of her rival's fall. But the new infatuation proved a mere matter of the flesh, and the lady returned to France to continue her most successful career. There were now so many ladies, active and retired, on the King's list that his financial position was growing desperate; and Parliament grew insolent as well as stingy. The Popish plot increased the affection of the people for "Protestant Nell" and their detestation for the Papist mistresses. Yet, as the fight between Charles and his Parliament ended in a complete victory for the Crown, so the Duchess of Portsmouth became supreme again and during his last years performed all the other functions of the neglected Queen. The final ironic touch to the whole situation was added at Charles's sudden death-bed. It was the Duchess who, excluding herself from the room for decency's sake while the despised Queen sobbed over her husband, arranged that his soul should be saved. He had politely refused to take the Sacrament from the hands of the Established Church, and she sent for a Benedictine monk—to whom the King, says Thomas Bruce, made a most hearty and sincere confession. Then he died in his most ingratiating style. His four last words were equally charming. To the courtiers he said, "My lords, I have been an unconscionable time in dying;" to his wife he said, "She begs my pardon! Poor woman, I beg hers with all my heart;" to the Duke of York he solemnly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom, he said, he had loved to the last; and then concluded, "Let not poor Nelly starve."

James—a true Stuart in his sensitiveness to certain obligations—was so kind to Nelly, indeed, that it gave rise to serious fear on the people's part that she might join the Church of Rome. As for the Duchess, James was far too astute to dispense with a lady who had for many years procured the King of England a subsidy from the King of France; but she soon afterward decided to return to her own country, and with her departure free and glorious England emerged from the French servitude.

Graham Berry.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA—LAST INSTALMENT

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will summarise a period of expansion and revolution which makes, by contrast, the mild innovation of the journals of Opinion seem but the first faint stirrings of life. These had only caused some old fogie publishers to open their eyes; the new journals of Exposure made a continent gasp. In this period two hundred and fifty thousand regular monthly buyers of magazines became two million; and the reader of one magazine became the devourer of half-a-dozen and more. A second improvement in the art of engraving made possible the cheap magazine of wide circulation, but this by no means remained the sole reason for its phenomenal success. The Munsey popular movement, the Chap Book-Philistine cult movement, the McClure social investigation movement, with the gradual evolution of the militant article which marshalled the results of months of patient research into a ringing appeal for reform; the emergence of editors from their tradition of cloistered obscurity and their adoption of a heart-to-heart, dynamo-to-dynamo editorial tone—all these are features of the years which ended the old and began the new century.

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THE SERBIAN EPIC

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

In speaking of the Serbian nation, the great Polish poet Mitskevitch remarked that it was destined to become the musician and the poet of the entire Slav race. Had the noble poet lived to see the magnificent efflorescence of the Russian novel and lyric poetry, he would presumably have modified his statement. It is nevertheless true that at least in one respect the Serbo-Croats, ethnically the main branch of the Southern Slavs, lead the race. Among the Slav nations they possess the richest hoard of popular poetry, popular both in its being national and in its having sprung from obscure sources hidden in the masses of common people.

Especially noteworthy are their Hero Songs (pesmas). They can favourably compare not only with the vast body of the Russian Epic, but also with the court-lays of feudal Europe. These ballads are the most articulate expression of the Southern Slav, they are the word that lays bare his innermost soul. Fraught with rough power, rude pathos and vigourous imagination, they reveal an unmistakable directness of vision, a sense of manly reserve together with a delight in decorative idealisation which is so characteristic of primitive epics. Goethe and Jacob Grimm, Bopp and Humboldt hailed the Serbian songs enthusiastically when the first collection saw the print, early in the nineteenth century. German translations were speedily produced and Prosper Merimée, following in the steps of Macpherson, gave his anthology *Gusla*.

In addition to their high poetic value, the Serbian Hero Songs are distinguished by extraordinary vitality. While in Europe, the epic, as a living literary type, was in complete decay, supplanted by other types of literature, the Serbs clung to their old lays and preserved them from oblivion. They owe much to them. As is known, the Serbo-Croats are divided politically, religiously and culturally; until recently they lived under at least half a dozen different governments; they belong to three religious denominations and use three different alphabets. Yet their national unity is still strong, and it is safe to say that they owe it partly to their old "pesmas." The boisterous civilisation with its orgre's boots of progress has long shunned Serbia, and Time passed over its mountains and valleys without disturbing its patriarchal course of living. And the old songs were destined to become the vehicle and the shrine of the all-pervading tradition.

Above all, the songs naturally are the annals of the nation. History furnishes the material and forms the background of all epic poetry. The latter crystallises out of the steady stream of historical reminiscences and in turn reinforces the historical consciousness of a nation. But usually the historic truth is blurred and distorted by the epic mirror, contrary to the opinion of Sancha Panza, that "the ballads are too old to tell a lie." In the case of Serbia, the distortion is comparatively small. Here history and epic story are as one; the Serbian songs are, as it has been said, "history learned by heart," and, of course, beautified and purified in the flame of poetry and in the still of artistic contemplation. The Persian poem of Shah-Nameh reflects the age-old struggle between Iran and Turan; the Russian epic resounds with the echoes of the wars waged against the Asiatic nomads, whose triumphant march across the Steppes lasted six centuries. The historic base of the Serbian Hero Songs is the long struggle with the Turks, which late in the fourteenth century ended in an overwhelming national disaster. The "pesmas" are the chief literary monument of the clash

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between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the clash that fills also the Spanish "romances," some of the Carolingian "chansons de geste" and the Klephtic ballads. These sing the prowess of Klephts and Haiducs, the gallant outlaws and desperadoes who harassed the Turcs in a merciless guerilla warfare in Greece and elsewhere.

Besides being the poetic annals of the nation, the Serbian epic is also the depository of the wisdom willed by ages, it is a moral code in vivid images and concrete examples, a code, with which, it is said, every Serb is familiar. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Montenegrin chieftains in a solemn declaration cited the name of Vuk Brancovitch, the epic traitor, alongside with that of Judas Iscariot. Loyalty to the cause of the nation is the keystone of the whole structure. And it is the contention of Mr. Vesnitch, the Serbian ambassador in Paris, that the Serbian soldier owes his patriotism and valour mainly to his old songs.

The bulk of the Serbian epic consists of separate ballads of comparatively small size. No Homer has welded them together in the fire of his genius. Like the Border Ballads and like the Russian Hero Songs, they are more or less scattered, contradictory and but loosely connected. They fall, however, into two distinct ballad-cycles: that of Marko Kralievitch (Prince Marko) and that of the Kossovo Battle, sometimes styled "Lazaritze."

Marko belongs to the heroic family, whose members are Roland, the deathless hero of Ronceval, the Spanish Cid, Rustem, the Russian Ilya Murometz and so many others. Goethe saw the Slav Hercules in him. He reveals also some family resemblance with the type of national hero which is represented by the Barbarossa of the German Kyffhauser legends, and by his drinking capacity he is worthy of being Gargantua's own brother. Marko is the ideal champion of the nation, the faithful defender of his country against the Moslem. He is too rough, however, for a knight-errant. He lives three hundred years, dividing his waking hours between drinking and fighting, always in company of his goodly steed Sharatz. His sister by election is a nymph ("vila"), one of the spirits inhabiting the woody mountains, the fields and the streams. Mystery surrounds the hero's death. According to one version, he lies asleep in a cave. Nearby his faithful horse eats wheat from a large bag; his sword is hidden under a rock, but little by little it slides out. When the steed will have consumed all his white wheat and the sword come clear out, then Marko will awake and rise to the defence of his country.

Curiously enough, the Marko of history, just as the historic Cid Campeador, falls short of the legendary hero. The real Marko, the son of King Vukashin, who succeeded his father in 1371, was an unscrupulous free-booter. He battled against Christians and Moslems with equal zeal, and did not hesitate to consort with the enemies of Serbia and to bring ruin to his country. Apparently, contrasts coincide not only on the stage. All through the ballads of the Marko-cycle, a gloomy note resounds. It is the mournful echo of the battle of Kossovo, a painful reminiscence of the "disastrous year." In the songs of the Kossovo-cycle the national defeat stands forth either as the main subject or as the general background.

As is known, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Serbia had seen days of freedom and prosperity. But soon after the death of King Stephan Dushan (1356) Turkey began to threaten the independence of the kingdom and finally dealt it a death-blow at the battle of Kossovo. This fatal event took place in June 15-28, 1389, on the plains of Kossovo, a long valley watered by Sibnitza in Northern Albania.

It was an epic battle indeed, a battle of nations. The entire Southern Slavdom took part in the supreme clash. Besides Serbia itself, which gave all its able-bodied men, Montenegro, Rascia, Bosnia, Herzegovine, Valachia sent

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troops, as well as Italy, Germany and France. Volunteers and mercenaries came from Moldavia, Croatia and the Christian clans of Albania. Yet the Christians were far outnumbered by the Turks. The sultan Murad (Amurath) brought 300,000 Turks and Arabs from Adrianople, whereas the Serbian tzar Lazar Greblianovitch had under his command only about 92,000 men. Treason on the part of a Serbian chief who led away his men decided the outcome of the great battle. The Serbs were utterly crushed, the nobility wiped out, the king captured alive and beheaded. The Sultan also fell by the hand of the king's son-in-law, Milosh Obilitch, who in full daylight rode into the Ottoman camp and fatally wounded the Sultan in his very tent.

The defeat proved to be a national disaster. For a time Bosnia and the portion of Serbia ruled by Stephan Lazar's son, enjoyed a precarious independence; then came a time when all the nation sank to the feet of the conqueror and remained in that state for nearly four centuries, the iron of woe and hate in its heart. The fatal event left a deep and dolorous trace in the imagination of the Southern Slavs and scented their tales and lays with melancholy, discreet and manly. Probably as early as the end of the fourteenth century, artless bards began to sing the battle and weave around it legends of crude beauty and vigourous pathos. By and by, the epic types were evolved, that of brave Milosh and his brothers by election, of the wise and pious King Lazar, of the Serbian Mother, the marvel of strength and endurance in sorrow, of the tender and lovely maiden of Kossovo, and of Vuk Brankovitch, the Serbian Ganelon. With the rise of interest in popular poetry, early in the past century, the "pesmas," previously transmitted from lip to lip, began to be collected, written down and studied. Until recently, it is said, they were still chanted in villages under the accompaniment of the traditional "gusla," a one-stringed instrument, which is played like a violoncello; chanted usually by men deprived of eyesight, as Homer was.

The "pesmas," such as they have reached us, show all the signs of old age; they abound in epic "cliché's," to use Remy de Gourmont's catchword, and in countless repetitions and amplifications. No doubt, even in Serbia ashes have covered the glow of the Heroic Age. Yet some of its mountain districts seem to be the only place of the Western world where the traditions of that age still linger on and where the sources of "spontaneous" popular poetry have not entirely dried out. The Serbian language is rich in ample sonorities, it disposes of a variety of intonations and is not weighed down by the consonantic burden, as is the case with some Slav languages. For its musical effect it has been compared to the Italian language. Yet the verse of the "pesmas" is rather monotonous in its trochaic swing; it does not resort to the rhyme, but delights in an occasional alliteration and assonance. The following selection from the ballads of the Kossovo-cycle, translated from the original, claims to be true to the spirit of the Serbian epic, if not to its letter.

THE SERBIAN MOTHER

God Almighty, what a wondrous marvel!
When the army gathered at Kossovo,
All the nine Yugovitches were present
And the tenth, old Yug Bogdán, their father.
Now their mother prays to God in Heaven
For the wings the snowwhite of a she-swan
And the eyes the keenest of a falcon,
That she may above Kossovo hover
And behold her sons among the warriors
And himself, old Yug-Bogdán, their father.
God in Heaven heard the mother's prayer:
Eyes he gave her of a royal falcon,
And the wings the snowwhite of a she-swan.
Lo! the mother soared above Kossovo
And beheld her nine sons' lifeless bodies
Resting near old Yug-Bogdán, their father.
On the brothers lay nine battle lances,
On the lances perched were nine grey falcons,
Nine good steeds stood close by their dead masters,
And as many sad and silent greyhounds.

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Not a single tear she shed, the mother;
Strong it was, the mother's heart the ardent.
With the steeds, the greyhounds and the falcons
To her whitewashed cottage she returnèd.

There the nine fair widows took to moaning,
And the nine young orphans took to weeping;
Infant wept and widow fair lamented,
Neighed the steed and barked the sullen greyhound,
And the falcon claqued its beak the curved;
But no single tear she shed, the mother,
Strong the mother's heart still was, the ardent.

Lo! at midnight at his wooden manger
Damian's goodly charger took to neighing.
Thus the mother questions Damian's widow:
"Daughter dear, what ails the steed the goodly?
Is there no white wheat within his manger?
Does he lack clear water from the Zvetchan?"
"Gracious mother," came the widow's answer,
"Mother to my husband dear, to Damian,
Plenty of white wheat's the charger given
And he lacks not water from the Zvetchan.
But it was his wont to see his master,
Master Damian, just about the midnight,
When for nightly fields he left the stable.
Now he vainly calls his gallant rider
And complains that home he did not bring him."
—Not a single tear she shed, the mother;
Strong the mother's heart still was, the ardent.

When the day had scarcely dawned next morning,
Lo! there came two gloomy ravens flying,
Foam escaping from their beaks the massive,
And their wings with blood of heroes stainèd.
Flying high a human hand they carry
That a ring has on a bloody finger,
And, O wonder! in the lap they drop it,
In the mother's lap the ravens drop it.
Hither turns she it and turns it thither,
And she thus addresses Damian's widow:
"Dost thou know this human hand, my daughter?"
—"Woe to me, 'tis Damian's hand, dear mother,
For I recognize the golden ringlet
That I wore the day of our betrothal."
Then again took Damian's hand the mother,
Hither turned she it and turned it thither:
"Hand, my hand," she moaned, "my poor green apple!
Tell me, woe! where is it that thou grewest?
And where is it thou wert culled untimely?
In my womb thou grewest, grewest sheltered,
At Kossovo thou wert culled untimely."
Haughtily the moaning mother stiffens,
And she slowly sinks, a lifeless body,
Smitten by the battle spear of sorrow,
Sorrow for her sons, the nine young warriors,
And the tenth, old Yug-Bogdán, their father.

THE RISING WOLF

BY HELEN FITZGERALD SANDERS

A TIPI by a lonely lake,
A Pine against the sky,
A solitary Mountain Peak,
Aloof, sublimely high;—

The Rising Wolf we called him,
His muzzle sniffed the blue,
And out of the rock primeval
Were carved his flank and thew.

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Ah! my Love, do you remember,—
It was not long ago,—
We climbed those heights together,
And left the World below;

Up past the floe of the glaciers,
Through scented shade of pine,
Above the thund'ring waterfall
The crest was yours and mine!

Above the Realm of the Cloudland,
Upon the Utmost Peak,
We saw Earth's mighty pageant spread;—
The Vision Dreamers seek.

And we watched the dawn flush kindle
Out of the Void of Night,
Till the grisly Wolf Peak shimmered
All glorified with light.

Ah! vanished is that tipi now,
A wild loon calls his mate,
The lake is cold with loneliness,
The Mountain grim as Fate.

The Heights that used to signal us
Are icy, stern and pale,
For you have gone forever, Love,
Alone I face the Trail!

THE TATLER

Books . . . and Burglars

The following notice appeared in a recent issue of one of our big dailies:

TO FOIL THE BURGLAR

I find that ladies living in flats have very few safe places in which to put their jewelry and they live in constant terror of sneak-thieves entering their apartments and stealing their money and their jewels. My husband is a literary man and his library is full of books. I have taken a book he does not want, cut a square out of the center of the pages large enough to insert a box and in this I insert all my rings, money and trinkets. The book is put in its place on the shelf, and I think a burglar would have to hunt a long while before he happened to strike the book containing the valuables.

The simple suggestion offers much food for thought. It is comforting to know of one literary man whose library is full of books. Many of them have a larger collection of rejection slips than of anything else. But otherwise, the lady is very careless in giving her scheme away. Her idea seems to be that no burglar would take time to go through the entire library, even if the above notice did strike his eye before a planned expedition to the home of some literary man. (Incidentally a burglar who expected to find much in such a place had better confine himself to the homes of the writers of "best sellers" and to those only during the first year of their success.) But the little sentence "I take a book he does not want" is what would

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serve as an excellent guide for an up-to-date burglar, if he be a man of literary leanings himself, or even a great reader—it would not be unusual, burglars have to do something when they are not burgling. And besides, there are many literary men who might not be blamed for trying burglary as a means of padding out a scanty income. It must pay much better than mere literary piracy. Now if our burglar be a man of literary leanings, just think what a snap he would have! He need only acquaint himself with the preferences and usually openly declared likings of the "literary men" in whose homes burglarising would yield anything, and he can put his hands on not more than half a dozen books any one of which is likely to be the home-made safe-deposit vault.

If the home-owner be a novelist, the works of a school which is unlike that he represents would pay investigating, his pet rival's books first of all. If he be a critic or reviewer (by which we do not mean to imply that one cannot be both at the same time, although we admit it is not usual) his likings and aversions are well known. Some reviewers, for instance, would love to have their wives mutilate the latest volume by Harold Bell Wright or Marie Corelli. Others, like one dramatic critic of former renown, would sacrifice all his Ibsens with a shout of glee. Others (here nationality may give the clue) would joyfully hand wifey some of the myriad mutterings about the Great War written by authorities of the side with which they do not sympathise.

And so on, ad lib. A little knowledge on the part of the burglar would be a dangerous thing for the future of the lady's valuables. And there is another heart-warming reflection suggested by all this. Up-to-date burglars who specialise in apartments would simply be obliged to read, and read regularly, all the literary magazines. It would be necessary, to keep themselves efficient. Also statistics tell us that burglary is constantly on the increase. Which is mighty comforting for the literary magazines, although we admit it's tough on the burglar. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard! Who knows! A prolonged course of literary magazines may prove the means of reforming many a hardened crook!

Cornelia Van Pelt.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS

BY BAILEY MILLARD

How the old phantoms fade away! As to life and the conditions of survival the annals of science are full of dead and buried theories the wraiths of which flitted about for a while, but were all laid at last. Up to a quarter-century ago the curious fiction prevailed among physiologists that the dull child was a normal being and that the exceptionally bright one was abnormal and marked for early death. Any physician would tell you that precocity was an invariable indication of cerebral disease, often associated with scrofula, rickets, deafness and delicate constitution and stunted frame. Then, too, there was a popular idea that a precocious child, even if he survived, was not likely to make a high mark in the world, despite his exceptional faculties, as instance after instance had been observed of the reduction of what had promised to be transcendent genius to commonplace mediocrity or worse. It was useless to try to make anything of such a child, for he was doomed from his birth.

The wherefore of these beliefs is now well known. In nine cases out of ten the infant prodigy became the victim of parental pride. His powers were exhibited on all occasions. He was encouraged to cram his brain with all sorts

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of erudition and little care was taken of his bodily needs. To-day the exceptionally bright child is hailed as an object upon which educators and hygienists love to expend their powers of natural educational development. He is no longer placed on the list of the abnormal —the stupid, the epileptic and the idiotic are entered there. His mental faculties are not subjected to high pressure and his physical condition is studied to the end that the mind shall not expand at the expense of the body.

But even under the old faulty conditions of the care and culture of the infant prodigy, the notion that he was unlikely ever to become a person of high learning may now be set down as another popular fallacy, for many such beings have survived that treatment and have become recognised for high intellectual power in later life. Very little has been written upon this fascinating subject, though Francis Galton has touched upon it in his papers on eugenics, and the declaration was made in a lecture a few years ago by Henry H. Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University of Chicago, that "the best studies of the subject show that genius and precocity go together."

Strange it is that the fact has not been recognised through the centuries that a child of great precocity, under any conditions, had a far better chance of becoming a genius than one of merely common mentality, for it is a fact, as is shown by numerous examples to be cited in this brief paper. There is not room for extended reference in any case, though here and there an idea will be given that will tend to refute the notion of the dangers of precocity to health and sanity.

Beginning with the philosophic school, we see that Socrates, Seneca, Horace, Antoninus, Confucius and many other ancient sages exhibited extraordinary abilities at very early ages. To be sure, the childhood of some of these is wrapped in the haze of tradition, but even allowing for the credulity of their biographers, the deduction is that precocity is an almost invariable forerunner of philosophic genius. Confucius played the lute at three, discoursed gravely on prudence and rectitude at five and at seventeen was made inspector of the marts, distinguishing himself by repressing frauds and by introducing order and integrity into the business. He became a moral reformer at twenty. Pascal was an exceedingly forward child. He learned geometry at eight and at fifteen produced a treatise on conic sections which drew forth rapturous admiration from Descartes, himself a prodigy in his early years. At nineteen Pascal invented a calculating machine. None of the men thus far mentioned died young and most of them enjoyed at least fair health, so far as is recorded.

As a child in petticoats, Samuel Johnson could read, and seemed to understand, learned works. He had a most remarkable memory, being able to repeat whole pages from the Book of Common Prayer after one or two readings. His mother said that when he was only three years old he dictated to her this epistle on a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, which he had chanced to tread upon and kill:

Here lies good master Duck,
Whom Master Johnson trod on;
If he had lived it had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd one.

Boswell says that when he expressed grave doubt that a child of three could possibly have evolved this composition without aid, Mrs. Lucy Porter, who was living in the family at the time, "positively maintained the truth of the anecdote." The wise doctors who used to attribute scrofula to precocity could have found proof of their theory in Johnson's case, for he suffered from it for years, though he lived to seventy-three.

"His intelligence was so precocious and his sedateness so remarkable," writes Francis Bacon's biographer of the great essayist, "that the queen took pleasure in calling him her 'young lord

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keeper.'" Bacon's conversation as a youth was "impressive to a remarkable degree." At thirteen he entered Cambridge, which he left with a low opinion of the courses there and of the philosophy of Aristotle as well. His bodily health was not injured by his precocity, so far as is known. He died in his sixty-sixth year.

"I cannot remember the time," wrote John Stuart Mill in a letter during his later years, "when I did not know Greek." His parents said that he learned the Hellenic alphabet at three, knew Euclid and algebra at eight, read all of Herodotus and many other classic authors at nine and at fifteen knew as much as a college don. He was largely self-educated and was publishing articles in the *Westminster Review* at an age when other boys were in Eton. Mill had fair health during the greater part of his life and lived sixty-seven years.

Immanuel Kant, "the little fellow with the big head," was a wonderfully forward child. He was as well-read at seven as most men of twenty-five, and at eight he began to teach. Benjamin Franklin at eight could read and fairly sense sage philosophic works and before he was fourteen he was writing grave essays on the conduct of life. Herbert Spencer was very precocious and virtually educated himself. Karl Witte made such progress in his studies as a mere child that at nine he matriculated at Leipsic University; at fourteen he was made a doctor of philosophy and at sixteen he became a doctor of laws and instructor in the university of Berlin. All of these men lived to good ages, Witte to his eighty-fourth year.

Now as to the poets. What is known of Dante's early life points to the fact that he was forward as a reader and rhymester when a boy. Probably a still greater prodigy as an infant was Milton, who is said to have written creditable Latin verse at the tender age of four! His blindness has been attributed to his early studies, but any overstraining student, not a genius nor yet precocious, is likely to be afflicted with optical disorders. Pope chinned the bar with Milton by composing Greek stanzas at four. He says that he "lisp'd in numbers" and that he could not remember when he began to make verses. It has been fictively said of Pope, as of Pindar, that "the bees swarmed about his mouth while he lay in his cradle." Pope was weak all his life and wore stays.

Goethe developed great mentality as a mere boy. He composed dialogues at six and poems at twelve. Carlyle wrote of Burns as "a prodigy that burst upon the world." While sauntering about as a mere boy near the mud-walled cottage on the banks of the Doon where he was born, Burns rhymed fairy tales and Cunningham says he was "a poet at sixteen." He wrote songs to Annie Ronald, a neighbouring maiden, and to many other fair charmers at a tender age, but it was his convivial habits and not his early mental strainings that probably caused his early death. He did not survive his thirty-sixth year. Byron's precocity, both in love and lyrics, is well known, but there was nothing abnormal about him save his club foot. Keats, Coleridge, Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne were all examples of forwardness as children, and so were Mrs. Browning and George Eliot, both of whom struck the lyre with childish fingers. Save Keats these poets were all of fair physical organism and lived beyond the average age.

When only six Edgar Allan Poe was "noted for his precocity as well as his beauty." He could repeat at that age the finest passages of English poetry with good effect. Poe says, "My voice was a household law at an age when few children are out of leading-strings." He began to rhyme before he was ten, and of some of his youthful sonnets he wrote in his later life, "The date of them is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged."

As further evidencing the relation of precocity to literary genius it may be observed that both Voltaire and Molière are credited with wonderful per-

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formances at very early ages. Voltaire, who lived eighty-four years, wrote verse before he was six and at twelve he composed "Amulitos." In the same year he made a profound impression upon Louis XIV. and his court by his literary power. He talked with incredible wisdom about large political affairs. Father Porée, one of his instructors, says that "the boy loved to weigh in his little scales the great interests of Europe." It is not known how their early mentality affected the health of these two critics, but it may have had some bearing upon their religious views, for both ran full tilt against the clergy and at their deaths their bodies were not permitted to be buried in holy ground.

Chatterton was another case in point. He made all of his wonderfully clever imitations of antique writings before he was fifteen and at seventeen he began literary work, "as though with a hundred hands," pouring forth satiric poems, burlettas and political essays. And yet his biographers do not aver that it was this high pressure writing that killed him in his eighteenth year, but rather his lack of recognition and his poverty. Chatterton never seems to have been young. His intellect was born fully matured and he was equally precocious in other respects. In his letters he speaks of the relations of the sexes in the tone of a sated roué.

Victor Hugo, *l'enfant sublime,* began at eight to write poems, translations and originals, and at sixteen produced works of lasting value. Dickens wrote fiction at nine and published at twenty-two. Scott entered Edinburgh University at twelve and at the same age began to write novels. Kipling may be classed as another example of youthful precocity.

As for Stevenson his mother's diary records that when he was just three he recited "On Linden" "in great style, making a splendid bow at the end." When he was at the same age she records: "6th November, 1853.—I read the story of Samson out of the Bible to Smout and was much surprised by his repeating it almost word for word." In his seventh year R. L. S. composed what he called "songstries," somewhat in the style of Milton's blank verse. Innumerable instances of well-known authors who wrote stories, essays and poems while in pinafores might be cited.

When we enter the realm of science we find, after a little study, that precocity seems almost a necessary beginning to greatness, though there are, to be sure, occasional exceptions. What is known of the lives of Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Darwin, and Ferguson would indicate this, and when we come to Sir Humphrey Davy and the wonderful Thomsons we find still stronger evidences of it. Galileo studied the stars before he was ten and at eighteen he made one of his most important discoveries—the pendulum's measurement of time. Davy's early grasp of chemistry led to his recognition as the greatest authority on gases before he was twenty, and he was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London while in his twenty-second year.

John Dalton, the founder of modern chemistry and the originator of the atomic or corpuscular theory, manifested miracles of learning as a child. By the time he had reached eleven, according to his own and his father's letters, he had gone through a course of mensuration, surveying and navigation. At the age of twelve he taught the village school and continued to do so for two years. After that he was an instructor in a technical school, beginning at the age of nineteen. The only abnormality in Dalton was his colour-blindness. He lived to the age of seventy-eight.

Thomas A. Edison showed much precocity in a mechanical way as a child, and made numerous electrical and other experiments while yet a mere youth. Edison, in sturdy health at sixty-seven, tends to refute the old idea of disease and early death in relation to mental forwardness in childhood.

But perhaps in no other field is the relation of genius to precocity so clearly

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exemplified as in music. Nor, on the whole, is it to be observed that the minds or bodies of the great number of musical geniuses were affected injuriously by their having played or composed during their tender years. Some of the performances of the great composers as mere infants were truly wonderful. At the age of four Mozart played the clavichord with great feeling and finish and composed a number of minuets and other pieces still extant. At six his performances were so remarkable that his father took him to Munich and Vienna, where they were encouraged by the Elector of Bavaria and by the Emperor Francis I. At the age of seven the boy surprised a party of musicians, including his father, by taking part at sight in a trio of stringed instruments. When only nine, symphonies of his own composition were produced in a public concert in London, and while in that city at the time he wrote and published six sonatas. In the presence of the Imperial Court at Vienna two years later he conducted the performance of music of his own composition for a religious service and a trumpet concert. He created unheard-of enthusiasm by his compositions and performances in the following year, and when only fourteen he composed the opera of *Mithridates* at Milan, where it was produced in the same year. By the time he had reached sixteen he was the first clavicinist in the world and had produced four operas, thirteen symphonies, two cantatas, twenty-four sonatas and a vast number of concertos. Mozart's was probably a case of the overworking of the prodigy. He lived only thirty-five years.

Wilhelm Bach was a natural musician, nearly rivalling Mozart in precocity and remarkable for extemporaneous production. He lived seventy-four years and showed no indication of loss of power because of precocity. Although his high genius was acknowledged, he was coarse, rude and insolent, strangely absent-minded at times and he often embraced the flagon. Chopin felt the urge of music at an early age and composed some very pretty pieces before he was fifteen. Beethoven, master of the sonata, showed marked genius at five, and when only seven created great astonishment by his performances on the violin. At twelve he published a whole volume of marches, songs and sonatas. If, as the old pathologists averred, precocity affects the hearing, Beethoven suffered from it, as he became very deaf as he advanced in years. But this defect seemed rather to enhance his musical sensibilities, for it was while in this state that he brought forth those treasures of harmony now ranked among the undying works of art. Edison, who is quite deaf, once told the present writer that the damper effect of deafness heightened musical sensibility and that he could distinguish vibrations and shades of tone unknown to those of perfect hearing. It is evident, therefore, that the world lost nothing by the impairment of Beethoven's hearing, whether it be set down to precocity or any other cause.

Schubert, Mendelssohn, Handel, and other great composers were precocious as children and astonished their contemporaries by their early performances. Saint-Saëns is said to have produced creditable waltzes and gallops at five.

As to the artists, it is known that Titian painted pictures with berry juice at six, that Turner did good colour work before he was ten, that Reynolds drew life-like pictures of dogs and other animals at a very early age and that Millais won his first prize at nine. Millais, perhaps, is the best known example of precocity in a painter. He entered the Royal Academy at the age of eleven and a few years later carried off the gold medal for his "Tribes of Benjamin." So far as could be ascertained, no great artist ever has suffered because of his precocity, which in this field seems certainly to be an almost invariable forerunner of genius, though, as in all other walks of life, the precocious do not necessarily become great. And yet may we not hope that Winifred Stoner and

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William Sidis, the most remarkable of the group of precocious children of this generation, will both make high names for themselves? The Stoner child, though only ten, is the possessor of a college education and is the author of ten books. The Sidis boy, who is known as "the Harvard mathematical genius," astounded the world by lecturing on the fourth dimension to university professors at the age of eleven!

But neither of these children nor the Greek-learned infant Mill equalled as a prodigy that greatest of all *wunderkinder,* Otto Pohlen, of Berlin. This boy, born in the seventies, read, at a very early age, Greek and Latin, written or printed, with great rapidity, pronounced correctly jaw-breaking chemical and other terms in rapid succession and gave many other proofs of extraordinary mental activity, yet he has since been of normal physique and not uncommon mentality.

Fortunately the world now knows how to treat such children. The child wonder is no longer exploited by its parents, taken on display tours and kept under excitement or high pressure. It is kept in wholesome, child-like conditions and its dangerous exploitation is forbidden by the wise family physician, who, unlike the ancient leech, sees no reason to predicate upon precocity the evils of disease and early death.

Modern eugenists account for precocity on the advanced age of one or both of the child's parents at the time of its birth. This is true of nearly all the cases I have cited as well as of those whose names are in the Hall of Fame, and we have very marked examples in the following whose father's ages at the time of the distinguished son's birth are given in each case. Voltaire sixty-five, Franklin fifty-seven, Audubon fifty-seven, Goethe fifty-three, Irving fifty-two, Bacon fifty-one, Shakespeare about forty-five, Milton forty-five, Confucius forty-five, Johnson forty-seven, Edison forty-three.

For over a year the American Genetic Association of Washington has offered a reward of two hundred dollars to any genealogist who would prove that any person of the first rank of intellectuality was descended from a male line that has counted more than two generations to the century. No one has as yet received the reward, and the time limit has been extended to the end of the present year.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

From Point Pleasant, New Jersey, comes the following letter:

Some time ago, I cannot remember the year, you published an account of the death of the Englishman who wrote *An Englishman in Paris.* We have had a discussion down here about its author, some maintaining that it was written by a Dr. Evans, an American dentist who lived in Paris many years and who assisted the Empress Eugenie to escape from Paris. I am quite sure this gentleman did not write this book, and saw, as I state, the name of the man who did. How many years ago I saw this or whether it was lately I cannot say. But I am quite sure you will be able to assist us in the discussion. The Englishman's name began either with a V or an S.

This letter gives us welcome opportunity to talk at length about a very interesting and almost forgotten book. *An Englishman in Paris* first appeared about the year 1894. It purported to relate the experiences of an Englishman of good family and influential connections, who had visited Paris first when a mere boy sometime when Louis Philippe was the King of the French, and who had spent most of his life in *la ville lumière,* who had witnessed the Revolution of 1848, the brief Second Republic, the *coup*

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d'etat, the Second Empire, the War of 1870, and the Siege and the Commune. In the course of these years the narrator had been apparently on terms of the greatest intimacy with statesmen, soldiers, writers, painters, musicians,—in fact, with everyone worth while in the Parisian life from 1840 until 1871. Of these illustrious personages he penned countless anecdotes, with the result that *An Englishman in Paris* was one of the most vivid, picturesque, and comprehensive works of its kind that had been printed in any language.

At first the book was accepted as being the work of Sir Richard Wallace, the noted English philanthropist. There was always a certain mystery about Wallace's birth. Most persons believed him to be an illegitimate son of that Marquis of Hertford from whom Thackeray drew the Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. Either from Hertford or from some other source he inherited great wealth which he distributed generously in Paris, where he lived almost all of his life. What is known as the Wallace Collection was founded by the third Marquis of Hertford, but some of the most valuable pictures were acquired by Sir Richard, by whom it was bequeathed to the British Government at the time of his death in 1900. For a time Sir Richard Wallace was regarded as the author of *An Englishman in Paris*. But after his denial of authorship people began to be a little bit suspicious of the book. It was a little too much "at first hand." The writer always happened to be turning the right corner at the moment of some historical event. The elder Dumas, or Balzac, or Alfred de Musset uttered entirely too many witticisms for his individual benefit. Gradually the truth came out. The book was nothing but a gigantic fake, compiled by a Dutch journalist by the name of Albert Dresden Vandam. Most of the events which he had chronicled as an eye witness had taken place before he was born. In the compilation he had drawn upon every possible source, notably upon the *Memoirs* of the de Goncourts and of Villemessant, the first editor of *Figaro,* and also upon his own imagination. But fake though it was *An Englishman in Paris* was a very brilliant book, a very informing book, a book which should be in every American library to-day. We know of no other single volume which pictures more graphically the life and the men of a period. Vandam followed that book with two others that were authentic, reliable, and comparatively uninteresting. These were *My Paris Note-Book* and *Men and Manners of the Third Republic*. He also essayed a detective story or a mystery story of which we have forgotten the name. Vandam died in the autumn of 1903.

II

From Greenfield, Ohio:

Will you kindly inform me through THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag whether or not the following story as run in *Hearst's Magazine* is published in book form, namely: *The Story of Susan Lennox; Her Rise and Fall.* Also about what would this book cost?

David Graham Phillips's posthumous novel, which began to run serially in *Hearst's Magazine* last May, is one of great length, and was designed to run in serial form for about a year and a half. So far as we can learn there have as yet been made no definite arrangements about the book publication of the work.

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Marie Tarnowska. By A. Vivanti Chartres. With an Introductory Letter by Professor L. M. Bossi of the University of Genoa. New York: The Century Company. $1.50 net.

The life story of the "fatal Russian countess" who has just been released from the Italian prison to which she was sentenced for instigating the murder of her lover. The secret history of this startling and mysterious crime is told in detail. The sincerity of the narrative is vouched for by an Italian alienist who claims that the subject was the victim of a morbid psychical condition.

Philosophy

Affirmations. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

A discussion of some of the fundamental questions of life and morality as expressed in the literature of Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi.

The New Peace. By William Louis Poteat. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Peace as a result of the harmony of science and religion is the author's theme.

The Stoic Philosophy. Conway Memorial Lecture. Delivered at South Place Institute on March 16, 1915. By Gilbert Murray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

A discussion of Stoicism and its application to universal human nature.

Religion and Theology

Biblical Nature Studies. By Andrew W. Archibald. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.

Nature in all its phases is discussed in relation to human interests. Filled with extracts from Biblical sources as well as from profane literature.

The Man Jesus. Being a Brief Account of the Life and Teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

An effort to interpret the time of Christ as Christ Himself understood it. The author gives her opinion of what Jesus did and believed rather than what He is reported to have said.

Mithraism. By W. J. Phythian-Adams. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 40 cents.

A discussion of Christianity's strongest rival in the days of the early church.

Our Palace Wonderful or, Man's Place in Visible Creation. By Frederick A. Houck. Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons.

A study of man's environment, written with a religious purpose.

The Story of Our Bible: How It Grew To Be What It Is. By Harold B. Hunting. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A story of the men and women who wrote and made the Bible as taken from the Bible itself.

A Voice from the Crowd. By George Wharton Pepper. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

A criticism of the preaching from the pulpit, and incidentally of the practice of to-day. Lectures delivered at the Yale School of Religion.

What I Believe and Why. By William Hayes Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The mature convictions of one whose vision includes pre-Darwinian ideas as well as modern scientific research.

Sociology and Economics

The American Country Girl. By Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

An attempt to solve some of the problems of the young woman on the farm.

Economic Aspects of the War. Neutral Rights, Belligerent Claims and American Commerce in the Years 1914-1915. By Edwin J. Clapp and others. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

Discussions of the effect upon this country of the European struggle.

Marriage and Divorce. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 75 cents net.

The President of the Ethical Culture Society reviews the problem, and gives his ideas on marriage ideals. The theme is that marriage is pre-eminently a moral relationship, with both individual and social obligations, and that modern marriage is not a failure.

Socialised Germany. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

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The World Crisis and Its Meaning. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

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contains a definite programme of social ethics and reform.

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American Diplomacy. By Carl Russell Fish. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.75 net.

A history of American diplomacy from the birth of the nation down to the present time.

The People's Government. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.25 net.

The evolution of the state and the citizen's relation to it.

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Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making. By Janet McKenzie Hill. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

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Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Belgium's famous poet, an exponent of Belgian life, describes the effect of the war upon his country.

A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A woman who has been through Belgium gives her impressions of its catastrophe.

"Made in Germany." By Franklin M. Sprague. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00 net.

Germany to blame for the war, with especial emphasis on what the author alleges to be the failure of the United States to perform its duty.

The Soul of Europe. A Character-Study of the Militant Nations. By Joseph McCabe. $3.00 net.

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The author had an exceptional opportunity for visiting and examining the Russian front.

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Familiar Letters: English and American. Chosen and Edited with Introduction and Notes by Edwin Greenlaw. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Company. 40 cents.

Letters selected and arranged chronologically to show the development of the art of letter writing.

The Means and Methods of Agricultural Education. By Albert H. Leake. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

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A Dictionary of Simplified Spelling. Compiled from the Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language by Frank H. Vizetelly. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 75 cents net.

Based on the publications of the United States Bureau of Education, and the rules of the American Philological Association, and the Simplified Spelling Board.

The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin by J. W. Mackail. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 75 cents net.

A new edition of an old translation modified to bring it into accordance with Hirtzel's text of Virgil.

Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt. By G. Maspero. Translated by Mrs. C. H. W. Johns. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Stories told in the days of the Pharaohs.

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The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry: A Study in the Economic History of a Protected Industry. By W. J. A. Donald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

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Not written especially for the student of art, but intended to be of interest to the general reader.

A Book of Bridges. By Frank Brangwyn. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $6.00 net.

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Joseph Pennell's Pictures in the Land of Temples. Reproductions of a Series of Lithographs made by Him in the Land of Temples, March-June, 1913, Together with Impressions and Notes by the Artist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

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Projective Ornament. By Claude Bragdon. Rochester: The Manas Press. Illustrated. $1.50.

A discussion of ornamental effects of the projections of geometrical figures upon a plane surface.

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Piano Mastery: Talks with Master Pianists and Teachers. By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

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The humour and psychology of golf as well as the technical methods of the game.

Nature Books

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Browning: How to Know Him. By William Lyon Phelps. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

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Browning Studies. By Vernon C. Harrington. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

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Escape and Other Essays. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: The Century Company. $1.50 net.

Impressions and meditations on the works and ways of peace, written before the war, and issued as emblems of the real life to which the author believes we should return.

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Studies of man's relation to the soil, both physical and spiritual.

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Three essays, the first being a plea for the artistic interpretation of the photo-drama and for its place in art.

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The heroine, a village beauty, leaves home and follows the modern crowd in its rush to the great cities. After earning her own living for a time she marries the man of her dreams, and awakes from the romance to find herself the wife of a criminal.

The German Lieutenant and Other Stories. By August Strindberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.25 net.
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God's Man. By George Bronson-Howard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.40 net.
A realistic novel of New York life and associations.

The Golden Scarecrow. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
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The Great Unrest. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Company. $1.30 net.
A story of South Africa and of the result of the African environment upon a susceptible youth of typical English home training and education.

Hal o' the Ironsides: A Story of the Days of Cromwell. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25 net.
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A collection of the author's contributions to *Punch*. Humorous sketches and satires on the little tragedies and comedies of everyday life.

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The Heart of a Man. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.
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The Heart of Philura. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.30 net.
Further adventures of the "Miss Philura" of *The Transfiguration of Miss Philura*, etc., fame. "Miss Philura" solves the mystery of the village.

The House of Gladness. By Emma S. Allen. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Superficially a love story. In reality a plea for the education of girls along useful lines. The heroine is suddenly thrown penniless on her own resources, but finally wins out.

Jean of the Lazy A. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A mystery story of life on a Western ranch, and of how the heroine becomes a member of a moving picture company.

Jerusalem. By Selma Lagerlöf. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.35 net.
A novel of Dalecarlia, the author's home in Sweden. A simple picture of the life and aspirations of the Swedish peasants.

Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.
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To escape an unwelcome suitor the heroine dresses herself in her maid's clothing and runs away to Europe. The expected romance and paternal interference follow.

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Maria Again. By Mrs. John Lane. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.00 net.
A new "Maria" book, recording the experiences of the heroine in society and her opinions of the different types she meets there.

The Measure of a Man. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The theme is the problem confronting a young married woman who does not want children. The scene is laid among the wealthy classes of England, and the conclusion is that motherhood is life's crowning glory.

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Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth. By John Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.
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Violette of Père Lachaise. By Anna Strunsky Walling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.
An introspective biography of a young girl who, with her grandfather, lives near the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. She is a complete democrat and becomes a great actress.

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A motor trip under amusing and complicating circumstances.

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When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old. By Katherine Peabody Girling. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 50 cents net.
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An Army Boy in Alaska. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Two young officers of the United States Army build a telegraph line to a new mining field in Alaska.

The Belgians to the Front. By James Fiske. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.
Two boys have adventures in Belgium during the German occupation.

The Boarded-up House. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A mystery story for girls. The heroines make interesting discoveries in a deserted old mansion which lead to the adjustment of long tangled affairs.

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Brief sketches of distinguished figures in American history and accomplishment.

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The latest volume in the *Dorothy Dainty Series,* telling of Dorothy's summer spent at the seaside.

The Dot Circus. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.
A story in verse of a circus, with accompanying blank pictures, arranged in numbered dots, to be drawn in by the child.

The Everyday Fairy Book. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
The adventures of a little boy in a delightful home. In his dreams he meets with fairy adventures.

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The regeneration of a boy under the discipline of a boarding-school athletic competition.

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A story of boarding-school life and sight-seeing.

The Fun of Cooking: A Story for Boys and Girls. By Caroline French Benton. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.
Practical lessons in cooking in the form of a story. The book is especially adapted for girls in their teens.

Gold Seekers of '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A tale of adventure on the frontier.

A Handy Book of Plays for Girls. By Dorothy Cleather. Akron: Saalfield Publishing Company. 50 cents.
Plays suitable for young girls to act.

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An old classic in a new and attractive edition.

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Dramatic incidents in the history of our navy told for children.

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A book of practical instructions for the making of a variety of toys.

In Camp on Bass Island. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Adventures in fishing, boating and swimming, and camp life.

Indian Why Stories: Sparks from War Eagle's Lodge-Fire. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
An old Indian chief tells to children across his lodge-fire strange stories of his world.

In Victorian Times. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Short character studies of the great personalities of the Victorian era.

Kisington Town. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Stories of kings and dragons in the olden times.

Left Tackle Thayer. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of football in a boys' "prep" school.

A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay. By Alice Turner Curtis. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 80 cents net.
The adventures of a little girl in Revolutionary days.

Little Women or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A new and attractive edition, with illustrations in colour by Jessie Willcox Smith.

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Lotta Embury's Career. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The story of a country girl who seeks a musical career, but returns home to find her true sphere.

Mother West Wind "Why" Stories. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The latest volume in the *Old Mother West Wind Series.*

Nannette Goes to Visit Her Grandmother. By Joseph Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A true story of a little girl and her pets.

The Nowadays Girls in the Adriondacks. By Gertrude Calvert Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The adventures of some college girls on a tramp through the Adirondacks.

Patty's Romance. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
A continuation of Patty's adventures, this time on a motor trip through New England.

Peg o' the Ring. A Maid of Denewood. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The third and last story of the *Denewood Series.* The background pictures life among our forefathers of Washington's time.

Places Young Americans Want to Know. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Descriptions of the most notable places in the history, geography and scenic beauty of this country.

Puck in Petticoats and Other Fairy Plays. By Grace E. Richardson. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. $1.00.
Short plays for children to act.

The Puppet Princess or, The Heart that Squeaked: A Christmas Play for Children. By Augusta Stevenson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Arranged for production by children.

A Real Cinderella. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00.
A little orphan girl with a genius for music has a Cinderella-like experience.

Saalfield's Annual. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Pictures, stories and verses for little children.

The Secret Play. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A story of high school life and football.

Six Little Ducklings. By Katharine Pyle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The experiences of the Duck family, its friends and enemies.

The Story of Leather. By Sara Ware Bassett. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
The hero of the story learns the leather business in his father's factory.

The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Animal adventure stories written with some humour and with lessons of patience, amiability, etc.

The Testing of Janice Day. By Helen Beecher Long. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
An up-to-date girl in a typical New England village disturbs its quiet life, but finally wins the approval of all.

Tommy and the Wishing-Stone. By Thornton W. Burgess. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A country boy learns the lives and habits of his various animal friends by being transformed by the aid of the "Wishing-stone" into their kind.

The Trail Boys of the Plains. By Jay Winthrop Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Adventures of two boys on the plains in the days of the buffalo and the outlaw.

Two Little Women. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The life and adventures of two happy young girls in a characteristic suburban town.

When Christmas Comes Around. By Priscilla Underwood. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Short Christmas stories for little children.

Who's Who in the Land of Nod. By Sarah Sanderson Vanderbilt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The little hero is conducted by the Sandman to the realms where live many of the heroes of nursery fiction.

Winona of the Camp Fire. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of the Camp Fire Girls. Boating, fishing, swimming and adventuring in a summer camp on a lake.

The Wishing Fairies. By Madge A. Bigham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

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One fairy for each month of the year grants to some child his dearest wish. Verse.

History

Germany Since 1740. By George Madison Priest. Boston: Ginn & Company. $1.25 net.
A background of German history for students of modern German literature.

The Life of Bernal Diaz Del Castillo. Being Some Account of Him, Taken From His True History of the Conquest of New Spain. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.
The companion of Cortez describes the conquest of Mexico in one of the best original sources on this period, from which this book is largely drawn.

New York's Part in History. By Sherman Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
Showing accomplishments within the State as well as the part played in history by the State.

The Partitions of Poland. By Lord Eversley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.50 net.
An analysis of Polish history from its first partition in 1772 down to the present time, with a discussion of Poland's outlook.

The Road to Glory. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Some dramatic incidents in the history of this country are described.

Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $3.25 net.
Volume I of the translation of Treitschke's works completed twenty-one years ago.

Geography, Travel and Description

Adrift in the Arctic Ice Pack. From the History of the First U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. By Elisha Kent Kane. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. $1.00 net.
The record of a winter spent adrift in the Arctic by an early explorer.

Alaskan Days with John Muir. By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The author accompanied the naturalist on some of his exploring trips, and tells the story of the journeys.

Constantinople Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $5.00 net.
A description of the different aspects of the Turkish capital and its life.

Finland and the Finns. By Arthur Reade. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
A discussion of the national life of Finland.

First Through the Grand Canyon. By Major John Wesley Powell. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. $1.00 net.
A record of the pioneer exploration of the Colorado River in 1869-70.

The Lure of San Francisco. By Elizabeth Gray Potter and Mabel Thayer Grey. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The city, romantic and beautiful, from the traveller's point of view.

The Real Argentine: Notes and Impressions of a Year in the Argentine and Uruguay. By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
A chatty and informal account of the author's year of residence in the Argentine and Uruguay.

The South Americans. By W. H. Koebel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
A book for the student on the social and anthropological characteristics of the South American peoples.

Walks About Washington. By Francis E. Leupp and Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
Glimpses of the city of Washington, its growth, its famous personages, its historical memories and its present day impressions.

Biography

Goethe's Life-Poem. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.
A biography drawn from the poet's own works.

The Heart of Lincoln. By Wayne Whipple. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs Company. 50 cents net.
A sympathetic study of Lincoln's nature portrayed in a series of anecdotes and reminiscences.

Hitting the Dark Trail: Starshine through Thirty Years of Night. By Clarence Hawkes. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The autobiography of one who lost his sight in his early youth, and who has successfully made the best of his affliction.

Isabel of Castile and The Making of the Spanish Nation. 1451-1504. By Irene L. Plunket. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The story of how Isabel of Castile raised her nation to the height of its power.

A King's Favourite: Madame Du Barry and Her Times. By Claude Saint-André.

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New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

From hitherto unpublished documents the author attempts to show that Madame Du Barry has been greatly maligned.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Graham Balfour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An abridged, one-volume edition, with some additions and unfamiliar portraits.

Maurice Maeterlinck: A Critical Study. By Una Taylor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.

A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.

My Life. By Richard Wagner. Authorized Translation from the German. In Two Volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3.50 net.

A new and popular edition of Wagner's famous autobiography.

Recollections of an Irish Judge: Press, Bar and Parliament. By M. M'Donnell Bodkin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3.00 net.

A well-known English barrister recalls the personages whom he has met and the events that have occurred during a long and varied career.

Reminiscences and Letters of Sir Robert Ball. Edited by His Son, W. Valentine Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $5.00.

A picture of the Irish astronomer who made his subject a popular science.

The Rival Sultanas. Nell Gwyn, Louise de Kéroualle, and Hortense Mancini. By H. Noel Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

A picture of the court of Charles II, with a description of the personalities and characters of the women who played their parts in the social and political life of the time.

Bernard Shaw: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.

A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.

The Story of Yone Noguchi. Told by Himself. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. $1.50 net.

The Japanese author tells of his experiences and impressions of Occidental life, as well as something of his own country.

The Story of a Pioneer. By Anna Howard Shaw. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The life story of one of the modern leaders in the woman's world. An inspiring account of trials overcome and of successful accomplishment.

The Voyages of Captain Scott. Retold from *The Voyage of the "Discovery"* and *Scott's Last Expedition*. By Charles Turley. With an Introduction by J. M. Barrie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Largely an autobiography giving Scott's own life and accomplishments.

W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study. By Forrest Reid. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2.00 net.

A critical study with emphasis upon the subject's personality.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Bankside Costume Book for Children. By Melicent Stone. Akron: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Characteristic costumes of all ages described with a view to aiding teachers in preparing children's plays.

The Book of Progress. Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins. Three volumes. New York: Cricks Publishing Corporation. Illustrated. $9.00.

An attempt to give a comprehensive idea of man's present advancement along scientific, technical and institutional lines.

The Complete Club Book for Women. By Caroline French Benton. Boston: The Page Company. $1.25 net.

Suggestions and programmes for work in women's clubs.

Forty Thousand Quotations, Prose and Poetical. Compiled by Charles Noel Douglas. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. $2.50 net.

A collection of extracts from literature on all branches of human interests, arranged alphabetically according to subject.

Letters on an Elk Hunt. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

An American woman's adventures on a journey of three hundred miles hunting elks.

National Humour: Scottish, English, Irish, Welsh, Cockney, American. By David Macrae. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A discussion of the subject with many illustrative anecdotes.

Recent Jewish Progress in Palestine. By Henrietta Szold. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Being the American Jewish Year Book for 5676—September 9, 1915, to September 27, 1916. Edited by Joseph Jacobs for the American Jewish Committee.

The Scout Law in Practice. By Arthur A. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 60 cents net.

Makes available to Scout leaders the author's exposition of the Scout Oath and Law.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October.

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Uptown).	Felix O'Day	The Way of These Women
New York(Downtown)	The Rainbow Trail	Thirty
Albany, N. Y.....	Felix O'Day	The Money Master
Atlanta, Ga.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Baltimore, Md.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Birmingham, Ala.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Boston, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Nurse's Story
Chicago, Ill.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Dallas, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Denver, Colo.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Des Moines, Ia.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Detroit, Mich.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Houston, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Kansas City, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Research Magnificent	"K"
Memphis, Tenn.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Minneapolis, Minn....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
New Orleans, La.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Norfolk, Va.....	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset
Omaha, Neb.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Money Master	The Research Magnificent
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Portland, Me.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Portland, Ore.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Turmoil
Providence, R. I.....	Felix O'Day	"K"
Richmond, Va.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Rochester, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
St. Paul, Minn.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
San Antonio, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	The Rainbow Trail
San Francisco, Cal....	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
San Francisco, Cal....	The Story of Julia Page	The Freelands
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	Michael O'Halloran
Spokane, Wash.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Tacoma, Wash.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Toledo, Ohio.....	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Toronto, Ont.....	A Far Country	Michael O'Halloran
Utica, N. Y.....	"K"	Felix O'Day
Waco, Tex.....	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Washington, D. C.....	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Worcester, Mass.....	Michael O'Halloran	"K"

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
"K"	The Coming Back of Lawrence Averil	Sally on the Rocks	The Money Master
The Harbour	The Turmoil	A Young Man's Year	Me
The Rainbow Trail	Way of these Women	Michael O'Halloran	Eltham House
The Lovable Meddler	The Turmoil	The Money Master	Thirty
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Freelands	The Lovable Meddler	The Harbour
The Rainbow Trail	Thirty	Rose Garden Husband	Shadows of Flames
The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	The High Priestess	The Rainbow Trail
Felix O'Day	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page	Heart of the Sunset
"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	The Freelands
Pollyanna Grows Up	Pollyanna	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail
The Money Master	The Freelands	A Far Country	Jaffery
Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country	The Harbour	"K"
Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"	Me	The Turmoil
Pollyanna	A Far Country	The Turmoil	The Rainbow Trail
A Far Country	Thirty	Thankful's Inheritance	The Freelands
Jaffery	Contrary Mary	Shadows of Flames	Athalie
The Freelands	Research Magnificent	The Story of Julia Page	The Winner
"K"	A Far Country	Bealby	The Harbour
The Money Master	Thirty	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
A Lovable Meddler	"K"	Thirty	The Valley of Fear
Mr. Bingle	Thankful's Inheritance	The Money Master	Way of these Women
A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Anne of the Island	Rose Garden Husband
A Far Country	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Freelands
"K"	Felix O'Day	The "Genius"	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	"K"	The Lovable Meddler
Way of These Women	The Heart of the Sunset	The Freelands	The Story of Julia Page
A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	The Freelands	The Lovable Meddler
The Turmoil	The Harbour	The Double Traitor	The Rainbow Trail
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Landloper	Thirty
The Heart of the Sunset	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rainbow Trail	Athalie
The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset	The Freelands	The Lovable Meddler
A Far Country	The Turmoil	Shadows of Flames	The Money Master
The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Rainbow Trail
Anne of the Island	The Lovable Meddler	Athalie	Open Market
Thirty	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rainbow Trail	Thankful's Inheritance
The Lovable Meddler	The Turmoil	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Freelands	The Rainbow Trail	"K"	The Lovable Meddler
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country	The Harbour
"K"	A Far Country	The Money Master	Hepsy Burke
The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rim of the Desert	Thirty
The Rim of the Desert	A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	The Turmoil
The Money Master	The Rainbow Trail	The Freelands	A Far Country
"K"	Anne of the Island	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Money Master
Thankful's Inheritance	The Money Master	A Far Country	His Official Fiancé
The Heart of the Sunset	The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	The Foolish Virgin
Shadows of Flames	Jaffery	The Harbour	The Money Master
The Harbour	Anne of the Island	The Rainbow Trail	The Turmoil
A Far Country	The Rainbow Trail	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending September 1st:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
3. Hugh. Benson.
4. Memories of the Kaiser's Court. Topham.
5. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.

For the week ending September 8th:

1. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.
2. Bramble-bees and Others. Fabre.
3. Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany. Fox.
4. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
5. The World in the Crucible. Parker.

For the week ending September 15th:

1. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
2. Russia and the Great War. Alexinsky.
3. New Map of Europe. Gibbon.
4. America and the World War. Roosevelt.
5. Bramble-bees and Others. Fabre.
6. Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments. Herts.

For the week ending September 22d:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. Defenseless America. Maxim
3. Hugh. Benson.
4. Selling Latin America. Aughinbaugh.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
6. Interpretation of the Russian People. Wiener.

For the week ending September 29th:

1. What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
2. Socialised Germany. Howe.
3. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
4. The Breath of Life. Burroughs.
5. The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

I Accuse! (J'Accuse!). Anon.
When A Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Contemporary Portraits. Harris.
What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
Ivory Apes and Peacocks. Huneker.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 358 and 359) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list				receives	10
" " "	2d	" "	"	"			8
" " "	3d	" "	"	"			7
" " "	4th	" "	"	"			6
" " "	5th	" "	"	"			5
" " "	6th	" "	"	"			4

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS
Page 48, Advertising Section

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	385
2. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	285
3. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	169
4. The Money Master. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	124
5. The Rainbow Trail. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	116
6. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page) $1.25	79

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